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OUR MEDICINE MEN:

A FEW HINTS

BY

H. STRICKLAND CONSTABLE,

WASSAND, HULL.

The Small-pox Epidemic which, a while since, so unaccountably spread after twenty years of compulsory Vaccination.

HERBERT SPENCER.

It is manifest that the one thing of real importance to mankind is happiness.

BISHOP BUTLER.

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PREFACE.

A few years ago I thought a child of mine would have died from Vaccination. This led me to turn my attention to the question of Vaccination, and to read everything I could find about the practice, with the view to learning whether it is in any degree beneficial, or whether it is only quackery, destined to go the way of inoculation, powdered earth worms, weasels's brains, toad's eyes, pounded egg shells, and all the innumerable doctors nostrums of superstitious times; of which times perhaps ours is not the least superstitious. During the course of my reading I wrote down thoughts that occurred to me upon the subject, together with others leading from it. Hence this book.

ATHENÆUM CLUB,

PALL MALL.

INTRODUCTION.

By "Our Medicine men" I mean our professors of the art of healing, our professors of physical science, and our professors of religion. These are our medicine men because they are the developments of the savage's medicine man. Or to put it after the manner of Mr. Herbert Spencer, as I suppose he would put it, they are three heterogeneous varieties differentiated during the course of progress and civilization out of the homogeneous medicine man of savage and primitive races.

The professors of medicine and of physical science are observed to be usually materialists; that is to say, men whose minds, dwelling mostly on the dead or material side of nature, get to believe in matter, (according to the ordinary meaning of the word) being the all in all.

The professors of religion profess to be spiritually minded—that is to say men whose minds dwell primarily and principally on the living or spiritual side of nature.

Mankind go with the professors of religion. They are spiritually minded in their several degrees. Even the savage who lives a life of brutality, ridiculous vanity, and unceasing self adorning with cow's horns, red paint, cock's feathers, and greasy anointments, never

thinks of analyzing his barbarous emotions till he has reduced them to mere atomic arrangements of matter. His pride and vanity as he struts about in his war paint, and his displays of barbaric passions, are ludicrous and disgusting to any degree. Still they are spiritual. There is no consciousness of matter in his passion for applause. It is spirit (such as it is) dealing with spirit not matter. His soul ridiculous as (according to our ideas) it is, is longing for admiration from the ridiculous souls of his savage spectators. Men at the other extreme of the scale, whether the saint inspired with noble Christian passions, the poet inspired by lovely imaginations of ideal beauty, or the musician in the seventh heaven of rapture caused by combinations of harmonious sounds—these men of course are, for the time being, unconscious of mere matter. That is they are spiritually minded. They are spiritually minded or alive instead of materially minded or dead.

A man is out walking on a glorious summer day. The sun is shining. The birds are pouring out their happiness at the very top of their voices, and the ground is all colours with flowers; so that his soul is filled with joy, and life, and hope, and perhaps he even longs to sing aloud to the glory of God for creating worlds so full of wonderful and beautiful things. At last he plucks a flower. He examines it. He becomes conscious of it as mere matter. He analyzes it; and he discovers that it is only made of sundry gases, earths, and other forms of dirt. At once his joy, his life, his hope depart, and he proclaims forthwith that

beauty is illusion, God, a mere subjective feeling of the mind, and the glories of creation, nothing but protoplasm arising from a fortuitous concourse of atoms. Some day he perhaps hangs himself like Lucretius, and very many others.

In Dickens' novel, Kate Nickleby is described as being charming and beautiful. But the old scoundrel Ralph, her Uncle, says, "Bah ! what is beauty ? There is a grinning skull beneath." That is to say Ralph Nickleby is an analyzing materialist, whose mind is conscious of nothing above matter.

A little girl has a loving old Grandmother whose face is a labyrinth of wrinkles, but the child does not know that there is one wrinkle. "It must be a little fool then" I hear some one say. Yes, but that is not the question ; we should all be fools enough no doubt to any one who could see the absolute truth of things. The question is whether the child is spiritually or whether she is materially minded. I say that she is not conscious that her Grandmother has one single wrinkle. She is only conscious of her Grandmother's ever beaming loving-kindness towards herself. That is to say she is spiritually minded in her degree.

But besides this all created life is spiritually minded with the exception of those who devote themselves exclusively to the analysis and examination of matter. The very pig in the fold yard is spiritually minded in its low degree. Its interest in barley meal is of course excessive, but this interest

may be called spiritual. The pig is not conscious of the meal, nor of itself as material substance. It does not say, as it turns the food about with its nose, "Does this contain saccharine matter, and is it therefore calculated to stimulate to their work my nervous ganglionic centres and thus lay up successive layers of fatty substance upon my ribs."? No, this is not what the pig says. What it says is this, "Is this appearance here presented to my attention likely to afford me sweet sensations such as my soul loveth? Is it calculated to gratify my feelings.? Will it satisfy my hearts desire?" This is what the pig says. That is to say, the pig being completely unconscious of the mere dead or material side of the thing, may be called in its low degree spiritually minded.

Thus we see what spiritual mindedness means in its broadest sense. I know that a common meaning of the term is religious mindedness. But this is only one, though no doubt the highest species of the genus.

Thus also we see how the materialists and men of physical science, invaluable as their work often is, are, looking at the whole animated creation, exceptional developments.

It is always as well, in writing a book, to show the real meanings of words that are used in it.

Of course the materalists will allow that they are exceptional, and will call it exceptional by being superior, and perhaps they are right. Still they may be wrong.

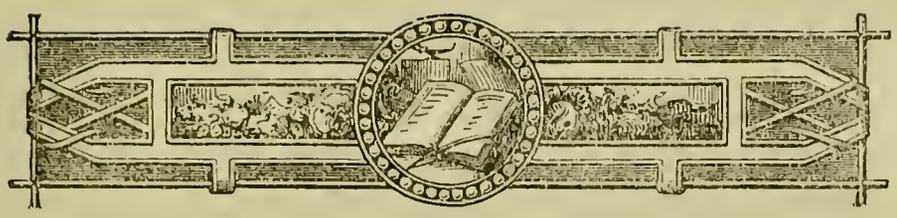
"The mechanical universe," says Mr. Stopford Brooke,

"which we behold with the eye of sense is not the actual universe—the actual universe is a spiritual life in which we ought to live, and in union with which consists our only actual being." Now if Stopford Brooke is right, it would almost look as if the materialist who spends his whole life over the mechanical universe, never is in the actual universe at all.

"We may assume," says Kant, "that this life is nothing more than a sensuous representation of pure spiritual life. . . . That, if we could see ourselves and other things as they really are, we should see ourselves in a world of spiritual natures, our connection with which did not begin at our birth, and will not cease with the destruction of our bodies."

Now if Kant is right it would almost seem as if the materialist lives, not in real or spiritual life, but only in the sensuous representations of life.

It is my intention to give in the following pages a hint or two on these subjects.



CHAPTER I.

I CALL this book "Hints." Any subject which may be discussed is but a fractional part of an infinite whole, of an infinite universe—infinite in extent, infinite in complexity. The complexity is infinite because nature draws no lines; every phenomenon dove-tails into its next door phenomenon, and this again into the next, and so on. So no definition of anything is ever more than true enough for practical purposes. This being the case the wisest man can do no more than give hints. "Le secret d'ennuyer et de tout dire," says the French saying. Now, in the first place, it is impossible to say all upon any subject, for as I have said every subject is only a part of and therefore branches out into innumerable other subjects to infinity; and, in the second place, if it were possible to say all that is to be said, it would be a very sad thing for the listeners. Thus even the wisest man could not, if he would, and certainly he would not if he could.

Again, proof is often expected where only hints can be given. There is much confusion of the mind about proof and certainty. We do not live by certainty, we

live by faith; faith often amounting to practical certainty, but still only faith. No man has any business in strict reason to say "it is certain" about anything, although he can say "I am certain" about a vast number of things. "It is certain" means, that the thing which is called certain can be proved to the understanding of any intelligent person. But no one thing in the world can be proved to the understanding of every intelligent person. All proof must rest ultimately upon premises. But all premises have been denied by extremely intelligent men. Some have denied the truth of Euclid's Axioms. And J. S. Mill, Bishop Berkley, and a host of unusally clear-headed and logical reasoners have denied the existence even of matter, time, and space.

On the other hand we can all with truth say "I am certain" about a vast number of things, meaning by this phrase, faith amounting to subjective certitude. For instance, we all of us, except a few philosophers and a few of the criminal classes, can say I am certain there is a God, but it is only by faith that we can do so. But there is a degree of certainty, even greater than this. There is absolute and complete *subjective* certainty. A grateful man can say, for instance, with absolute certainty, "There is such a thing as gratitude." A Godly man can say with absolute certainty, "there is such a thing as holiness." A poet can say "There is such a thing as beauty." A musician can say "There is such a thing as lovely harmony." But nobody has a right to say of any of these things "it is certain". Who can prove the beauty of musical harmony to the man without a soul for it, however intelligent he may be? But if this cannot be proved to every intelligent person, the expression of "it is certain" is a wrong expression and not true in this case.

These are a few of the reasons why I call this book "Hints."

Subjective certitude where proof to others is impossible, is far stronger than mere mathematical or logical proofs. This is shown by results; for the former leads to actions, whereas the latter by themselves have not strength to do so. They merely satisfy the mind, or rather that small though important part of the mind, the reasoning faculties; and there the matter ends.

Jones is ill, but being hungry he has subjective certitude that he ought to eat something, though he has no proof of it. On the contrary, his Doctor tells him not to eat. But he does eat and lives. Smith is ill, Smith has strong reasoning powers, and considers it proved that if he does not eat he will die. This truth he arrives at from experience and induction. But Smith is not hungry, that is, he has no subjective certitude that he should eat. So eat he does not, and he dies forthwith. So it is in all things, spiritual as well as bodily. The mere logical reasoner proves his point to his own satisfaction, but no action comes of it, for only his reasoning faculty is tickled and satisfied, instead of the man himself being actually though only subjectively certain.

I have endeavoured in the following pages to illustrate my subjects by means of occasional anecdotes. For purposes of illustration old and well-known stories are far the best, because they are taken in at once, and thus throw their light more rapidly upon the subjects they are meant to illustrate. I hope therefore that the anecdotes I have used for this purpose will generally be recognised as very old friends. A few of them may perhaps be looked on as somewhat frivolous, or even calculated to provoke laughter, but I have not con-

sidered this a sufficient reason for omitting an apt illustration, that may help, however little, to elucidate some point that is being discussed.

Some solemn people condemn ridicule. But without ridicule the little vices could not be reached. Heavy indignation for them would be out of place and a waste of force. We should use the right thing in the right place. Righteous indignation for great vices, righteous ridicule for little ones.

Dull reasoners are bored by anything like illustration, imagination, and wit, and they think them unsuited for their purposes. But the fact is they are necessary, because for arriving at truth the whole of human nature is wanted, not only one part, and that by itself not a very high one.

Drs. South and Sherlock were once disputing, as theologians will, when Sherlock accused South of using wit in the controversy, "Well but," said South, "suppose it had pleased Almighty God to give you wit, what would you have done?"

If a reasoner condemns wit, it does not mean that wit is wrong in argument, but only that he who condemns it, has a very limited mind.

"Qui vit sans folie n'est pas si sage qu'il croit," says Talleyrand.

Two wise Grecian philosophers were talking and laughing. At last one of them said, "Stop, we must be solemn, here is a fool coming.

One reason why what are called dry reasoners, who can only analyse, draw inferences, and see distinctions, hate wit, is that from the peculiarity of their minds they are unable to see the force of analogy, of resemblances, of comparison, and of illustration. In these

matters they, with all their cleverness in their own narrow line, are exactly like the village school-boys who were being examined by their master.

"Who was the father of Noah's three sons Shem, Ham, and Japheth?" he asked.

Not one of them could give an answer.

Master—"Let me illustrate: here is Mr. Smith, our neighbour, who has three sons John, James, and Joseph; Now, who is the father of Mr. Smith's three sons John, James, and Joseph?"

Boys (all together, with great eagerness) — "Mr. Smith."

Master—"Certainly, that's correct. Now, let us return to the first question: Noah had three sons Shem, Ham, and Japheth; now, who was the father of Noah's three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth?"

Boys (with one voice)—"Mr. Smith."

Now, these boys were manifestly without the power to see the use of analogy, or even the meaning of it, and thus so far they were like the class of dry reasoners, who may have strong but must have truncated intellects.

A Hint or two about Laughter and its Causes.

To define the causes of laughter is proverbially hard. Philosophers have often tried but with little success. The reason is that the causes are infinite in variety and complexity. Still, a rough classification of them is possible. We will then divide the causes of laughter (for convenience) into five classes, though five thousand would be a truer classification.

(1) Pure joy, as opposed to crying from grief.
(2) Sudden pleasurable surprise.
(3) Two or more incongruous ideas presented intentionally by the speaker.

(4) Two or more incongruous ideas presented unintentionally or from stupidity.

(5) Two or more congruous ideas, which at first sight would not seem to be congruous or related together.

A few instances, mostly well known and therefore well suited to the purpose, of these causes will help us in our investigation.

(1) Pure joy, as opposed to crying from grief.

Every one must have witnessed exemplifications of this cause amongst children, so no more need be said about it.

(2) Sudden pleasurable surprise.

Sidney Smith gives as a typical example of this cause, the child's screams of delight and laughter on its sudden discovery when putting together a wooden map, that the Crimea fits into the Black Sea.

(3) Two or more incongruous ideas presented intentionally by the speaker.

Hood's letter to a little girl, who has gone to the sea-side, is an example of this class. He says,

"My dear Mary,

How do you like the sea? When I was "a boy I loved to play with it in spite of its sometimes "getting rather rough. I and my brother chucked "hundreds of stones into it, but we were taken away "before we could fill it up. When the sea is too rough "if you pour some sweet oil all over it, and then wait "for a calm, it will become quite smooth. There used "to be large white birds, with black tipped wings, that "went about flying and screaming. Do you ever see "such birds? We called them Gulls, but they didn't "mind it. The sea beach, too, used to be covered with "stones. Is it now? The stones are not pretty when

"they are dry, but they look beautiful when they are "wet, and you know you can always keep sucking them. "How happy you all must be! Childhood is such a "joyous merry time, that I often wish that I was two or "three children; but I suppose I can't be, or else I "would be you, Dunnie, and Jennie. And would'nt I "pull off my three pairs of shoes and stockings, and go "paddling in the sea up to my six knees. And, O how "I would climb up the Downs and roll down the Ups, "on my three backs and three stomachs. Have you "bathed yet? And were you afraid? I was the first "time I bathed, and dear me how I kicked and screamed "—or at least meant to scream, but the sea, ships, and "all began to run into my mouth, and so I had to shut "it up. Did you ever try like a little crab to run two "ways at once? See if you can do it, for it is very good "fun. Never mind tumbling over yourself a little at "first. It is dreadfully hot weather here; they say the "glass, even in the shade was 88, which is a very great "age. The last fair breeze I blew dozens of kisses to "you, but the wind changed, and I am afraid took them "all to Miss H.—, or somebody it shouldn't. Give my "love to everybody, and my compliments to all the "rest, and remember

"I am, my dear Mary,

"Your loving friend,

"THOMAS HOOD."

"P.S.—Don't forget the crabs."

Most of Artemus Ward's fun comes under this class. In his farewell address to the Shaker communists, who neither marry nor are given in marriage, he says, "Your "religion is very small pertaters, I must say. You wear "long faces, long weskits, and lead gloomy lives. No "children prattle around your hearthstuns. Here you

"air all pent up by yerselves talkin about the sins of the "world you don't know nothin of. Meanwhile the said "world, which is a very pleasant place of residence, "continners to resolve round on its own axle tree onct "in 24 hours, subjeck to the constitootion of the United "States. Its a unnatural dismal life you lead here. "My Shaker friends, I bid you, adoo."

Again sending his autobiography to the Editor of a newspaper, Artemus says, "I was born in the State of "Maine, of parents. As a infant I attracted much "attention, and the nabers would stand over my cradle "for hours. The young ladies would carry me round in "their arms, sayin I was muzzy's bezzy darling sweety "ittle ting. It was nice, tho' I was'nt old enuff to "properly appreciate it. But time with his relentless "scythe is ever busy. I am 56 years of age now, and "keep a pig. I am not a politician and my other habits "air good. I am an early riser, but my wife (Betsy "Jane) is a Presbyterian. We air in the shear and "yellow leaf now, but I don't forget the time when to "squeeze Betsy's hand sent a thrill through me like fallin "off the roof of a two story house. I have allus sustained "a good moral character. I was never a railroad "director in my life. I can't think of anything more, "Mr. Editor."

"Trooly yours,

"A. Ward."

Again writing about the war, A. Ward says, "I have "already given two cousins to the war, and I stand "reddy to sacrifice my wife's brother rather'n not see "the rebellion krusht. And if wuss comes to wuss, I'll "shed every drop of blood my able-bodied relations "has got to prosekoot the war.

"Always," says Artemus Ward in his advice to young men, "Always live within your means even if you have "to borrow the money to do it with."

Canning being asked why one of the gateways in the park for foot people had been made so narrow, answered, "O, because such *very* fat people used to go through."

Somebody was speaking of the financial embarrasments of the London University. Sidney Smith said, "Yes, their money affairs are in so bad a state, that, I "understand, the creditors have already seized on the "air pump, the exhausted receiver, and the galvanic "batteries; and that bailiffs have been seen chasing the "Professor of Modern History round the quadrangle."

Sheridan was lying drunk in the street. A watchman, going his round, demanded his name. "William Wilberforce," at once, said Sheridan; giving the name of a man universally known at that period for his eloquence, philanthropy, and evangelicalism.

In one of Addison's plays, an undertaker reproves one of his mourners for laughing at a funeral and says to him, "You, rascal you! I have been raising your wages "for these two years past, upon condition that you "should appear sorrowful, and the higher wages you "receive the happier you look."

We now come to class

(4) Two or more incongruous ideas presented unintentionally, through stupidity, or absence of mind, or some other cause.

A few instances of this variety:—

An absent-minded Geologist, who was also an affectionate father of a family, was always chipping fossils with his hammer, of which fossils he kept a large heap of different sizes on the floor of his room. One day his

wife wishing to go out of the room to order dinner, gave the baby to her husband to take care of till she returned. For a time he caressed it in a fatherly manner, but gradually his geological ideas getting possession of him, he at last became completely abstracted and actually looking upon the object he had in his arms as a large and curious piece of oolite, he began gently to chip at it. This made the child restless and inconvenient to hold so in his absence of mind, thinking it a troublesome stone to manipulate, he threw it down on the heap of fossils and took up another, upon which he worked with much satifsaction. Hearing the child roar his wife rushed into the room and found her husband in the act of cleaning out, with the sharp end of his hammer, the interstices of a very fine ammonite, upon the exceeding beauties of which he at once eagerly proceeded to expatiate to her.

A country clergyman of studious habits was walking along a road, and coming to a turnpike asked what there was to pay.

"What for?" said the man who kept the gate.

"My horse to be sure."

"But there is no horse, sir."

"God bless me," said the clergyman, looking down between his legs, "I thought I was on horseback."

A girl, whose parents were Methodists, once informed her friends, on her conversion, that when she found that her ruffles and ribbons were sending her straight to hell she took them all off and gave them to her sister.

"Sambo, have you fed the pigs?"

"Yes, massa, me fed em."

"Did you count them?"

"Yes. Massa, me count 'em, dat is me count em all

" but one ; but dere be one little speckled pig he frisk
" about so much me couldn't count him."

" I would tell you more," wrote a man in a letter to
" his friend, only there is an impudent scoundrel of an
" Irishman looking over my shoulder and reading every
" word I write."

" You lie !" cried out Paddy at once, " do you think
" I'd demane myself to do such an action as that, you
' dirty blackguard, you."

We now come to class

(5) Two or more congruous ideas which at first sight would not seem to be congruous or related together.

Most witticisms, puns, plays upon words, and epigrammatic sayings come under this head. They do not usually cause much laughter but only a pleasant surprise.

Louis XIV. was unceasingly pestered by an Officer soliciting promotion. " That man," said the king in his hearing, " is the most troublesome officer in the whole army." " That," at once exclaimed the officer, " is exactly what your majesty's enemies have often said."

This witticism is a play on or sudden discovery of a new idea connected with the word " troublesome."

A man was boasting of the beauty of his mother, " C'etait donc Monsieur votre pere qui n'etait pas si bien." said Talleyrand, who was present.

" Never," said Lord Thurlow, " expect justice from a company. It has neither a soul to lose nor a body to kick."

Causes of laughter are infinite in complexity, and divisions and sub-divisions might be made without limit, but the above classification will do for practical purposes, just as blue, red, and yellow will do as a broad classification of colours, or as feverish cold, scarlet fever,

typhus fever, small-pox, and oriental plague will do as a rough classification of the zymotic disease which comes from breathing impure air. In causes of laughter, as in colours, and zymotic disease the complexities, dovetailings, and complications between the broad classes are, of course, absolutely infinite. Still, though they are false, we want the classifications for convenience. Nature is infinite in variety. No two cases of disease are absolutely alike ; no two cases of wit or humour are absolutely alike ; no two shades of colour are absolutely alike, so all classifications are false in fact. Still they are necessary. Most causes of great laughter come under the third class—two or more incongruous ideas presented intentionally by the speaker. This class includes for the most part irony, humour, and the various kinds of buffoonery. These things sometimes arise from frivolity of mind, but the best irony, such as that of Thackeray or that of Socrates, arises from depth of mind—a depth which sees through all follies—a depth which sees the uncertainty that reigns in things, and which, therefore, renders the speaker unable to talk with dogmatic and serious earnestness about them. The want of power to see humour always argues a certain shallowness, as in the case of M. Comte. Mr. Mill says of him, " Surely, he never laughed or saw a joke in his life ;" and then he quotes as an instance of the way Comte would gravely propound the most ludicrous things by way of instructions to his disciples with regard to their religious observances, his enjoining upon them, instead of making the sign of the cross, to touch successively with the fore finger those phrenological protuberances of the head, which he supposed to contain the higher faculties.

The clever clear-headed shallow man A will often discuss his point seriously, because he believes, first,

that it is important when it is not ; and, secondly, that he knows all about it, which is impossible. Then comes the wise man B, who talks ironically about it—first, because he sees it is of little importance ; and, secondly, because he knows that there is much about it which cannot be known, and that all positive assertions on the subject however clear are really shallow, one-sided, and dogmatic.

A often gets on well in the world, because he exaggerates the importance and certainty of his own views, ideas, and pursuits. By this excellent provision of Nature, earnestness and activity are secured, and thus the practical business of life is carried on.

One more cause of laughter is so common that it almost requires a class for itself—I mean incongruity of idea that comes from things that are done even though little or nothing be said.

A hen-pecked husband was apt to stay out late at night, though when he did so he always caught it very hot and strong. Coming home one morning about two o'clock, he thought his wife was asleep, but was afraid of waking her by getting into bed, so he very quietly undressed himself, aud sitting down on a chair began rocking the cradle, hoping that his wife would wake and think he had turned out in consequence of hearing the child cry. But his wife was really awake all the time and saw all about it. However, she let him sit rocking in the cold for about ten minutes, and then she said, "Now, come to bed you fool *the baby's not there!*"

Innumerable more instances might be given of this variety.

Laughter is very good in its place ; but, I fear, Sidney Smith was right when he said that those who cause the most of it are rarely the best men. They are, therefore, in general though much laughed at little loved.

I well know that any criticism this book may receive will point out its inartistic discursiveness and its digressions. But in the first place I am not an artist, and in the second place I am not singular in indulging in digressions. "Montaigne," says a Saturday reviewer, "begins his essay upon 'coaches' with 'Lucretius,' and "ends with Atahualpa. But he is not more discursive "than Mr. Ruskin, who ranges in a few pages from "Croydon to Assisi, and from his Aunt in Perth to "Ariadne in Naxos." It may be said that my digressions have often nothing to do with my subjects; but they must have something to do with them or they would not rise naturally in my mind out of my subjects. Again, it will perhaps be said to me, "but your mind may be an eccentric one." Of course it may be eccentric, but it is the only one I have got. One man cannot write a book with another man's mind.

Lowell says somewhere—

> "I'd apologise here for my many digressions
> Were it not that I'm certain to trip into fresh ones."

Much of this book is against Medical Superstition, especially those connected with Vaccination.

I once said to a friend "It makes a good deal of difference in a man's ideas about vaccination if he has lost a child by it." He answered, "No doubt, but it ought not to do so; he ought to judge not by particular instances, but by his reason."

Father Newman wrote an interesting book called "The Grammar of Assent," in which he showed how men are influenced to action, not by reason and logic, but by actual instances which appeal to the imagination and feelings. He quoted, as an instance, the Duke of Wellington proving logically, and convincing the reason of the country, that England could easily be invaded. But it all fell dead. The reason might be convinced,

but nothing was done, because there was no practical belief produced, but only *notional* demonstration. At last some blustering French Colonels talked of actually invading England. Then our passions were excited, we believed in fact and in deed, instead of only nationally, and we at once set up a large volunteer force. Sidney Smith said, "If you want to convince a man, don't argue "with him, ask him to dinner."

I have no doubt that for a man to see his child die from Vaccination, is, and ought to be, stronger evidence against the rite, than any he could obtain on the other side of the question. For what is that other side? It is only a vast quantity of contradictory and contradicted statements and opinions, made and expressed by a number of men who have an enormous pecuniary interest in getting the public to believe them.

Dr. Johnson said that amateur writers have no chance against professionals. I have no doubt, as a rule, he was right. Still, the former have one advantage. Professionals must try to please their readers; their bread and butter depends upon their doing so: whilst a man to whom it does not signify what the public thinks of his writings, says what he believes to be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, simply because there is no reason why he should do otherwise.

Telling unpopular truth to the public never seems to have any effect. Still, unpopular truth should be told; for some good may follow though one cannot tell how. It may be contradicted; or it may find here and there a disciple; or the author of it may be reviled; or he may be held up to the scorn and ridicule of all right thinking persons, in some one of the journals that appear on the last day of every week. In one or other of these ways attention may be drawn to a subject, and thus some small contribution be made towards a better state of things.

Whether it be in any particular case any use writing a book, no one can tell. No one can know consequences. Still if the spirit moves a man to write a book, he should write it. That is his business. Whether people profit by the book is theirs.

In some of my quotations, I have, for conciseness, omitted a few unnecessary words. Life is short, and sentences are sometimes very long.

I have also, now and then, repeated the same things more than once, and purposely requoted some wise sayings of some wise man. This may be bad art in book writing, but instruction is of more consequence than good art. Words of wisdom can hardly be repeated too often, for the human mind is slow to assimilate them. Few quotations are so worth quoting as the most quoted ones; for they are most quoted *because* they are most worth quoting.

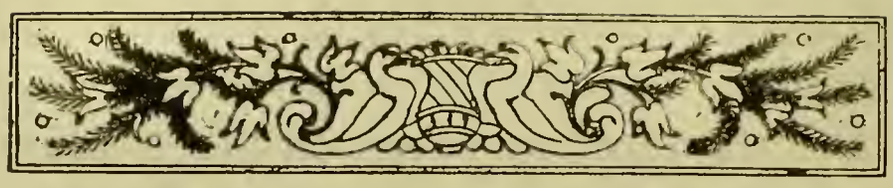
If a doctor or a materialist should take up this book, he will probably soon put it aside as not worth reading; but if he does read it, I cannot hope that he will do so altogether without pain and offence, very much as I dislike causing either the one or the other. But I have written as I have done, from very strong feelings arising out of the consideration of the terrible suffering that is produced in the world by ignorance and superstition. That ignorance or superstition must cause suffering just in proportion to its degree, is mere truism. Every cause must have its effect. Folly, as well as vice, must have its consequences. There is no escape.

Each of the matters I have touched upon are endless. People talk of exhaustive treatment of a subject; but such talk is nonsense. All that even the wisest man can do in a world of infinities and indefinities is to contribute a few detached hints. Strictly speaking there are no

separate subjects in the world. Each so-called separate subject is only a part of a general whole.

The influence of book writing is probably much less than is supposed, (at any rate by the book writers themselves). But the estimate taken on the matter by book writers is perhaps only the old story, "There 's nothing like leather". Setting aside religious and poetical inspiration, books are useful to amuse, to fill time harmlessly, and to record facts; but change of opinion in the world is principally accomplished by change in circumstances, facilities for intercommunication of ideas and the everyday talk of everyday people in everyday life, which talk turns out far more wit and wisdom than ever gets into books. Educated writers of books think they have a monopoly of wisdom, but this is only the blindness of the mole that can see nothing out of its own hole. The wisdom that is in books is but a drop in an ocean. Sir W. Scott said he had heard wiser and more beautiful things said by poor uneducated men and women when exerting a spirit of heroism under affliction than he ever met with out of the Bible.

Books or no books Doctors will gradually drop their superstitions, and Vaccination will die in the course of years as Inoculation has died. But these things will take place probably just the same whether books are written about them or not. Still, nobody can tell what may or what may not be the effect of anything he does, so each one is bound to do what he can even though it be nothing better than writing a book.



CHAPTER II.

Some Hints about Vaccination.

"The small-pox epidemic which awhile since so unaccountably spread after twenty years of Compulsory Vaccination."—*Herbert Spencer.*

I can fancy someone, after reading the following remarks about Vaccination, saying, "This is making a great fuss about mere doctors' questions." But if doctors' questions are not worth making a fuss about, what are? Certainly not political questions, for they are at bottom nothing but money questions. Now surely, matters of life and death are more important than those that have merely to do with the pocket. Of course, there are greater things still. I need not say that matters relating to spiritual life and death are infinitely more important than either.

I say politics are mostly nothing but money questions. Taxation is, of course, nothing but legions of money questions. Towns want country to pay most—country wants towns to pay. By disendowment, Nonconformists aim at some of the Anglican loaves and fishes; not an unnatural aim, though perhaps rather felonious. Communists want other people's money. Agriculturalists want protection for their produce. Manufacturers want protection for theirs. Working men want legislative

permission to blow up competing workmen with gunpowder. Capitalists want protection from strikes. Publicans want to sell adulterated gin without check. Needy Politicians want to be paid for legislating. Rich Politicians want the privilege of legislating to be confined to those who pay most money for it. And so I might go through the whole catalogue of political questions with few exceptions. Education, perhaps, has not quite so much to do with money: and the Ballot question was comparatively a pure one—it was only a bill to ensure the concealment of lies at elections. Voters consist of those who tell the truth about the way they vote and those who tell lies. The Ballot of course is only for the latter. Whether this measure was a good or a bad one is another question.

I repeat, then, that with the exception of questions of spiritual life and death, none are so important to the human race as those relating to bodily life and death, that is, to "mere doctors' questions," especially as the two are so intimately connected. Indeed, so extremely important do I consider the healing art, that I hold that skilful and successful doctoring should be far better paid than it is. A skilful lawyer saves us a disputed piece of property, and we pay him a fee of five hundred guineas. A skilful doctor saves our lives, and we pay him a fee of one pound one shilling.

Circumstances that occurred in my family have led me to turn my attention to the subject of Vaccination. Wishing to learn the truth about the matter, I have gathered together a few facts and opinions upon the subject, from experienced medical men. A few of them are as follows:—

(1) That statistics prove indisputably the extreme utility of Vaccination, small-pox having much decreased since Vaccination has been general.

(2) That statistics prove indisputably the extreme futility of Vaccination, small-pox having much increased since Vaccination has been general.

(3) That cases are constantly found where the only unvaccinated member of a family alone of that family caught small-pox.

(4) That cases are constantly found where the only unvaccinated member of a family alone of that family escaped small-pox.

(5) That in Sweden, small-pox has been extinguished by Vaccination ever since 1863.

(6) That in 1866, in Sweden 5398 persons, all of whom had been vaccinated, died of small-pox.

(7) That the complete absence of small-pox in Ireland is due to Vaccination being well carried out in that country.

(8) That small-pox has been worse in Ireland than in England.

(9) That Vaccination is unnatural and wicked.

(10) That neglect of Vaccination is a crime.

(11) That most of the statements against Vaccination are lies.

(12) That most of the statements in favour of Vaccination are untrue.

(13) That a man who objects to having his younger children Vaccinated because the elder ones have been killed by the operation should not be forced by penalties to consent.

(14) That children should be taken by force out of their mothers' arms by policemen and Vaccinated, and the father, if he objects, should be treated as a felon.

(15) That the opponents of Vaccination being interested, their evidence is worthless.

(16) That the advocates of Vaccination being interested, their evidence is worthless.

(17) That Sir Cullen Eardley died from Vaccination.

(18) That although this is true, he would have died from the scratch of a pin or a tight boot.

(19) That the first Lieutenant and several men (all re-vaccinated) of H.M.S. Octavia, died of small-pox.

(20) That although they died, they had the disease in a mild form.

(21) That the treatment of small-pox being the same now as it was formerly, the diminution of deaths in those who are attacked cannot have anything to do with the treatment, but must be due to Vaccination.

(22) That whereas, formerly, small-pox was treated by copious bleeding, administration of brains of a cock-sparrow, the fat of a he-goat, blood of weasels, and crabs' eyes, by the exclusion of fresh air, and by scarlet blankets, scarlet curtains, and a scarlet coat for the doctor to put on when he paid his visit; at the present time the treatment is in some respects different.*

(23) That Vaccination is the greatest blessing ever conferred upon the human race; Christianity perhaps coming next.

* I read a letter in the Lancet lately on a new mode of treating small-pox. The treatment consisted of washing the patient three times a day.

A few years ago, a German physician announced to his friends that he had discovered a new remedy for disease, which was invaluable, not only as a cure, but also as a preventive, and that he had proved it indisputably by carefully conducted experimentalization on his own person. He kept it a secret for a long time, as medical men have sometimes most unjustifiably done in cases of new and valuable discoveries; but at length he was prevailed upon to give it to the world. He said, "Ich wasche mich."

(24) That Vaccination is the cause of all the ills of life, and that if a person is somewhat decrepid at ninety, and he can be shown to have been Vaccinated in infancy, the decrepitude is completely accounted for.

Thus far had I got in my investigations, when at length I began to see the error into which I had been led by my wish to arrive at an impartial judgment. Examining both sides of a question can possibly lead to nothing but confusion. So I decided to do what I ought to have done at first. I decided to examine and seek for only the opinions of the advocates for Vaccination.

What I learnt was as follows :—

(1) That Vaccination is an almost perfect safeguard against small-pox.

(2) That Vaccination has no protective effect against severe small-pox.

(3) That lymph should only be taken from a healthy child.

(4) That it is no matter whether the child be healthy or not.

(5) That re-vaccination ought to be compulsory.

(6) That re-vaccination ought never to be resorted to because it is apt to produce gouty inflammations, erysipelas, pyœmia, angioleucitis, and phlegmanous tumefactions.

(7) That the last epidemic of small-pox was brought from France by the emigrants.

(8) That it was in London before any emigrants came.

(9) In England, that it was brought from the Continent.

(10) On the Continent, that it was brought from England.

(11) That the more punctures the greater the protection.

(12) That one puncture is as good as a hundred.

(13) That few doctors can Vaccinate well.

(14) That a doctor who cannot Vaccinate well, can do nothing well.

(15) That Vaccination has diminished small-pox enormously.

(16) That Vaccination has never been well enough performed to cause any diminution of small-pox.

(17) That all lymph comes originally from the greasy heels of diseased horses.

(18) That although this is true with regard to most of the lymph in use, some of it has come from the cow.

(19) That the deaths from Vaccination are not nearly so numerous as is pretended.

(20) That in all deaths from Vaccination, either the child had a bad constitution, or the lymph was bad, or the lancet dirty, or the cow or the doctor in fault.

(21) That Dr. Raul, in France, reported 450 cases of horrible diseases being communicated by Vaccination.

(22) That statements from hot-headed Frenchmen cannot be trusted.

(23) That impurity of lymph is easy to tell by the eyesight.

(24) That impurity of lymph cannot be discovered even with the strongest microscope.

(25) That Dr. Bakewell, M.D., is Vaccinator General of Trinidad.

(26) That small-pox is not one of the diseases of Trinidad, such a thing being unknown there.

(27) That people ought to be re-vaccinated because the effect only lasts 20 years.

Do. do. 15 ,,
Do. do. 10 ,,
Do. do. 5 ,,
Do. do. 1 year.

(28) That parents object to their children being Vaccinated from conscientious motives.

(29) That parents object to their children being Vaccinated because they wish them to die of small-pox, in order to be saved the expense of their maintenance.

(30) That re-vaccination is a perfect safeguard.

(31) That five re-vaccinated soldiers died this year of small-pox at the royal barracks in Ireland.

(32) That the medical profession pocket three million pounds a year in Vaccination fees.

(33) That this is overstated.

(34) That this is understated.

(35) That when Dr. A. kills a child, it is (says Dr. B.) because he does not know how to Vaccinate.

(36) That when Dr. B. kills a child, it is (says Dr. A.) because he does not know how to Vaccinate.

(37) That lymph will not bear keeping.

(38) That lymph improves with keeping, like old port.

(39) A good many months ago, when Ireland was free from small-pox, that the fact was due to Ireland being effectually Vaccinated.

(40) Afterwards, when small-pox raged in Ireland, that the fact was due to Ireland being ineffectually Vaccinated.

I could fill volumes with similar contradictory opinions held by the advocates for Vaccination. It is really very disheartening to an earnest searcher for truth to find

such hopeless difference amongst the doctors; but I suppose there is no help for it.

A few years ago, I jotted down from the newspapers, opinions of the cattle doctors about the cattle plague. A few of them were as follows:—

(1) On the Continent, that the cattle disease was imported from England.

(2) In England, that it was imported from the Continent.

(3) That the disease never attacked the lungs.

(4) That the lungs were always more or less affected.

(5) That there was no cure for the disease.

(6) That the only cure was homœopathy.

(7) That the cure for it was water slightly acidulated with tincture of sesquichloride of iron.

(8) That the disease being caused by insects, the way to arrest its progress was to put mosquito curtains in the cow sheds.

(9) That the disease being caused by drovers' dogs, the way to arrest its progress was to tie up the dogs.

(10) That the way to cure the diseased animals, was to wash their faces and to wipe their eyes.

(11) That the best remedy was whisky and port wine given by the gallon.

(12) That this remedy being tried on Miss Burdett Coutts' cows, they all died, after suffering first from "excitement."

(13) That the best remedy was a little weak beef-tea every half-hour.

(14) That the best thing to do on the appearance of the disease was to inoculate all the healthy animals in the tail.

(15) That if this was judiciously done, the tail would

frequently come off, but the life of a valuable animal would be saved.

(16) That the best precautionary measure with every healthy animal was to paint its nose with tar.

(17) That the disease was caused by the introduction, from the interior of Africa, of the insect called the "Tsetse."

(18) That if canvas bags filled with camphor were suspended from the necks of all healthy animals, there need be no further anxiety on their behalf.

(19) That the real cause of the disease was the bite of a small but malignant black spider, common in the steppes of Russia.

These are a few of the opinions of the cattle doctors, exactly as I copied them out of the newspapers. At that time I attributed this want of unanimity to veterinary ignorance, but I am beginning to see that it is a necessary condition of the art of healing. I now understand why lawyers have such an objection to medical witnesses in a law case. They say not only that no two ever agree, but that no one doctor even seems to know what to think himself, so how puzzled the public must be. I myself, am of a confiding, if not credulous disposition, and always anxious to believe what I am told. But what am I to think about Vaccination when I am told so many opposite things? I can only try and make what I can of those facts, about which there seems to be no difference of opinion. But they are very few.

In the first place, then, it seems to be allowed by everybody, that whereas the only object of Vaccination is to prevent small-pox epidemics, there has lately been raging all over the United Kingdom, one of the most fearful epidemics of small-pox ever known, an enormous majority of the sufferers showing by marks on their arms, that they have been Vaccinated.

In the second place, all seem to agree that Vaccination, according to the meaning of the word as understood for the last seventy years, that is to say, Jenner's Vaccination, and Jenner's doctrines about it, for which he received £30,000 from the government—that these things have completely broken down—they are proved to be false.

In consequence of this break-down, the medical profession have discovered some new safeguards against small-pox. They say, that if the Vaccination rite be performed in four or more different places instead of one, and if this be repeated every two, five, or ten years; also, that if this new system be rendered compulsory by the government—that then the country will be safe. This new system of Vaccination will probably treble or quadruple the emoluments of the profession, and if a separate fee be charged for each puncture, the pecuniary gain will of course be enormous; but I am sure if the object sought for be attained, and there be no drawbacks to set off against the advantages, no right thinking person will grudge it.

I see it stated, that Sir W. Jenner recommends annual re-vaccination. This would bring up the emoluments to a fabulous amount. But it is a mistake to suppose that all these sums of money would be a complete loss to the public, though they would of course be a complete gain to the doctors. A great proportion would go back to the community; that is, to the tailors, and shoemakers, butchers, and bakers, in the doctors' employ.

It seems that small-pox epidemics may be expected in the natural order of things, (supposing sanitary matters to remain the same), perhaps three or four times in a century. It of course requires an epidemic to prove

the truth or untruth, of any so-called safeguard against epidemics. Therefore, in about thirty or so years, we may expect the new system of Vaccination to be tested.

Although only indirectly connected with the subject, I must mention one other point where unanimity seems to reign in the profession. I do so, because it always gives me so much pleasure to witness harmony and agreement. It seems then that all doctors agree in thinking that the government ought to appoint more medical inspectors to see that Vaccination is effectually carried out in large towns; and also that their salaries ought to be larger than they are.

Homœopaths and Allopaths do not love one another, but in the matter of state pay to Vaccinators their unanimity is perfect. They are like the two political parties in America, described by the author of the Biglow papers. He says :—

"I don't find Whigs and Demercrats so different as I thought,"
"They both act pooty much alike, and push and scrooge and cuss,"
"They 're like two pickpockets in league for Uncle Samwell's puss."

The liability of the British public to be gulled is proverbial. Statistics show, that of those who took the small-pox in the late epidemic, far the larger proportion had been Vaccinated. This proves as clearly as anything can prove it, that when the doctors told the British public that Vaccination would save them from small-pox, the poor British public was gulled again. Small-pox attacked people exactly as it always had done. The British public and small-pox are like Curran and the mastiff, when the former was a school-boy. This dog interfered sadly with the boys depredations upon a certain orchard. Now, Curran had been told that if any one were to throw the tails of his coat over his head, then stoop down till his hands touched the ground, and

then run on all-fours backwards in the direction of the animal, the fiercest dog would be terrified and put to flight. But upon trying the experiment, Curran found that a dog does not care which end of a boy goes first. "I pursued the instructions," said Curran, "to the best "of my power, and as I could not see in the direction "of the mastiff, I fancied the animal was in full retreat; "but at the very moment I thought myself victorious, "the enemy attacked me in the rear, and inflicted very "serious injuries upon my person. In fact, my expe-"dient did not make the slightest difference; the brute "flew at me exactly as he always had done before." So it is with Vaccination and the British public. The public were told that if only they would put some half putrid matter from a diseased cow into their veins, they would be safe from the attacks of small-pox. The public was simple enough to believe what was told them. They acted upon that belief, and found that the expedient did not make the slightest difference, for the small-pox attacked them exactly as it always had done before.

What is the theory of Vaccination put into plain words?

It is this, as I understand it.

That in the beginning God created the world and he thought it was very good; and so it might have been but for one unhappy oversight. He had made no provision against small-pox. At length, after many ages, the Creator's error was rectified by a country apothecary of the name of Jenner, who found out that, by taking some half putrid * matter from a diseased cow and in-

* According to the best authorities, lymph from an ulcer is "Tissue that has undergone retrograde metamorphosis or become partially decomposed."

oculating men with it, the consequences of the unhappy mistake made at the creation might be completely escaped for all future time, unless, indeed, like many other races of animals, cows became extinct, in which case, of course, the human race would be reduced to its old sad predicament.

Now, I confess, the natural presumption in my mind is against this theory. But after all we must not go by mental presumptions, but by facts—plain unexaggerated facts. It is a pity people always weaken causes they take up by exaggeration. It is impossible for any impartial investigator into the question to doubt that great numbers of children are killed directly or indirectly by Vaccination. But that is no reason for attributing to it every evil that afflicts humanity. Saying such things only ends in creating ridicule, and therefore inattention to their cause. I know when people feel strongly, it is hard to avoid exaggeration. Nor do I expect parents who have lost their children by the rite to be cool and philosophical. I know there are people with cold blood and flabby minds who can be so. But one might as well be a cod fish at once. No, I am too well acquainted with circumstances of a similar nature to expect anything so unreasonable. Still the fact remains, that the man who exaggerates injures his cause instead of forwarding it.

But what is the truth, and what are the facts? Every one must judge for himself. Nine-tenths of statistics are worthless, for they are prepared by people who are in favour of one side or the other; and we all know that, in such cases, any tricks can be played, even honestly, with facts, figures, and ingenuity.

Not being a medical man I am without experience; and yet, even I know of four deaths from Vaccination,

two all but deaths, one case of permanently diseased condition, one case of a boy made a cripple for many years, and two cases of horrible sores commencing about the eighth day after the operation and lasting many years. In the latter cases, the parents (my own gamekeeper and his wife) being remarkably strong healthy people. Then what is the use of a doctor, with vast experience, coming and telling me he has Vaccinated a hundred thousand children—that no harm ensued in any of the cases—that not one of them has ever died since—that they all turned out exemplary Christians—and that some of them even lived to become very wealthy men? Of course it all passes by me like the wind, and I care not whence it cometh nor whither it goeth.

One Doctor tells me that no medical man of any repute has ever been opposed to Vaccination. And yet he is an honorable man.

Another tells me that nothing is of any use against small-pox except Vaccination—that cleanliness and purity of air are of no more avail than filth and impurity He too is an honorable man.

Another doctor tells me that the stories about horrible diseases being imparted by Vaccination are completely without truth. He too is an honorable man.

All these are honorable men.

How then are we to account for these astonishing statements?

To any one who did not know what excellent conscientious men doctors as a rule are, and what extraordinary influence unconscious bias will exercise upon evidence, it would really appear as if they were actuated by the Chinese idea of politeness. In China, when a man happens to tell a lie, it is the etiquette and considered the right thing for some one in the company

immediately to tell a bigger one, in order to draw off attention from the first lie. The well-known story of the Yankee and the hen-coop illustrates this Chinese practice, although the hero of it was not himself a Chinaman.

A party of Americans boasting about the energy and enterprise of their fellowmen, one of them said that on his last voyage to Europe when they were about the middle of the Atlantic, they came across a man sitting on the top of what looked like a wooden box, and upon hailing him they learned that he was an American, who had made a bet that he would cross the ocean on a hen coop. Upon this a man at the other end of the table got up and said in a modest and hesitating way, "Gentlemen, I rise because I think you would like to know that the story you have just heard is perfectly true, for the man who . . . I mean that . . . in fact, gentlemen, I am the man who did it. I am the man who crossed the Atlantic on the hen coop."

This is not to illustrate Chinese politeness, for the motive was, of course, different, but my object in telling the story is to show the kind of way they do it in China.

A friend of Sir Walter Scott's once told him some extraordinary stories which he said he had got from Sir Walter's own grandmother, and asked him how he could account for them. Scott thought for a little time, and then said, "Aiblins, my grandmother was an awful leear."

But will Sir W. Scott's explanation or the Chinese custom apply to the doctors, or account for their statements? Of course, they might do so. Still, I cannot believe it of so excellent a body of men as doctors, as a rule, are; so I prefer to think that their marvellous assertions are due to a principle in human nature that

is very general indeed—I mean *unconscious bias produced by pecuniary considerations.*

Besides, I am always extremely unwilling to blame any one individual where the fault lies in a profession generally. Nothing would give me more pain than to hurt the feelings of some probably estimable member of the medical profession whose error really consists in swimming with the stream. There is a story told of Tom Sheridan, who had been disappointed in receiving some books from the firm of Otley and Saunders. He went to the shop in great wrath, and was waited upon by one of the firm. Sheridan at once accosted him and said, "Now, I don't know who you are, and I don't want "to annoy you personally. You may not personally be "in fault, it is your confounded house that I blame. "You may be Otley or you may be Saunders. If you "are Saunders, d—n Otley; if you are Otley, d—n "Saunders. I mean nothing personal to you."

Now, I can truly say that whatever remarks I may find it my duty to make about the profession generally, I mean nothing personal to any one single member of it taken by himself.

Then how, I ask again, are we to account for these statements and innumerable others of a similar nature? I think it can be done by discoveries philosophers have from time to time made in human nature.

Hobbes, of Malmesbury, says, that if it could be proved to be indisputably more universally advantageous to the human race for 2 and 2 to make 5 than that they should make 4, 2 and 2 would make 5 and no one single person would have the slightest doubt about it.

Herbert Spencer says, "That it is not intellect that rules in this world, but desires and character; that opinion does not arise from logic but from wishes."

Hazlitt says, "That with the generality of mankind, belief on disputed topics is determined by considerations of personal ease and convenience in the teeth of logic." In fact, he says, "People generally stick to an opinion that they have long supported, and that supports them."

Rochefoucault says, "L'esprit est toujours la dupe du cœur."

Mr. Lecky says, "That opinions are usually the result of numerous influences, of which self-interest is the most powerful. A man may pursue his enquiry in a most conscientious spirit, but the nature of his arguments will always be determined by the secret bias of his wishes.

Mr. James Martineau says, "That the smallest probability will outweigh the greatest if it fall in with our wishes."

"Few," says C. Kingsley, "can give correct evidence, even about the things they have actually seen. They tell you quite honestly, not what they saw, but, what they think they ought to have seen, or what they would like to have seen."

Loss of the power of judgment always, more or less, accompanies a life's exclusive devotion to one pursuit. Some doctors seem to devote their lives to the one subject of Vaccination. He who devotes his whole life to one subject gets gradually to lose all power of seeing anything else in the universe. He gets to believe in nothing else, and to be unable to understand anything that is said against it, like that immortal Athenian Tanner, who, when asked what a statue of some great general should be made of, said "There's nothing like leather." And I have not the slightest doubt that he honestly believed that a leathern statue would be more durable, and in every way more suitable than one made of either marble or bronze.

A hair dresser once said to me, "If ever I am ill, sir, I gets my 'ead well brushed." And I doubt not he honestly believed in its complete efficacy to cure anything.

Jenner brooded over Vaccination till he seems to have gone rather mad about it. He wanted to Vaccinate all the dogs in England; and it is stated that he Vaccinated some of his own family to death.

Bishop Berkeley laughed at a mathematician for thinking the soul must be "extension," and at a musician for thinking it must be harmony.

Ask a lawyer what is to be done for any one of the ills of life. At once he says "there's nothing like leather." Bring it into court and you will be made happy for ever. So it is in everything.

I look upon this peculiarity of human nature as a providential arrangement for the good of man. Whatever his hand finds to do, he soons learns to take an absorbing and exclusive interest in it, and wherever there is absorbing interest there is almost always contentment and often happiness.

One of the causes why medical men are so often accused of dishonesty, arises from the impossibility of proof in cases of disease, and the consequent loop holes left for the conscience to get out of. To give an instance.

The boiler of a steam engine bursts, blows a man up and kills him.

An action is brought against the owner of the steam engine.

Dr. Thompson is the medical witness on the boiler's side.

Dr. Thompson is in the witness box.

Council: Now Dr. Thompson, can you state that the man was killed by the blowing up of the boiler?

Dr. Thompson: No, I cannot.

Now what loop hole can there be here for the doctor's conscience? Plainly this. He says to himself, "How can I state such a thing? The man may for years have been subject to an affection of the heart. The complaint may have reached its height just at the time of the explosion of the boiler, and he may have actually died of that most distressing complaint, angina pectoris, at the very moment he was up in the air.

Another time a man's head is turned into a pancake by the wheel of a railway engine. Action brought.

Dr. Thompson is now employed by the railway company.

Counsel: Now, Dr. Thompson, I suppose your evidence is to the effect that the engine killed the man?

Dr. Thompson: No, it is not. Then he says to himself, it is impossible for anyone with so scrupulous a conscience as I have, to swear any such a thing. The man may, the moment before the engine reached him, have stumbled; fallen with his head on the rail and died of a fractured skull before the wheel touched him. Perjury is a fearful crime.

Another time it is a Vaccination case.

Counsel: Now, Dr. Thompson, was that child killed by Vaccination?

Dr. Thompson: No, it was not. Then he says to himself, the child died of erysipelas. Of course, I know that was caused by the Vaccination, but I am asked what caused the death, not what caused the erysipelas. Now, Plato says, that perjury is a worse crime than murder.*

* When Plato says that a deliberate lie is worse than murder, he no doubt meant that instead of being merely brutal or animal it is diabolical. That is, it requires the combination of intellect with selfishness and absence of conscience, whereas murder only requires violent animal

Now in all these three cases Dr. Thompson bears false witness, and yet, at the same time, his evidence is honest and conscientious. The mistake people make in judging others is to compare their conduct with ideal perfection. It is quite right that they should do so, but their conclusions will be one-sided, and therefore defective, unless they also compare them with the other extreme. And what is the other extreme? Medical gentlemen, disciples almost to a man, of Mr. Darwin, must say that the other extreme is the conduct of apes. From this point of view, Dr. Thompson's evidence becomes admirable. For if he is really descended from an ape, that he should have a conscience of any kind is marvellous. Where did it come from? The ape has none. But "ex nihilo nihil fit." Indeed his whole conduct in the witness box becomes admirable. That he should attend carefully to the questions put to him, that he should stand decorously in the box instead of perching himself on the edge of it, or chattering gibberish, or scratching himself, or snatching off the wig from the head of the gentleman who is cross-questioning him, or seizing his brief, carrying it to a remote corner of the court, and tearing the leaves out gently, one by one—all this, from a scientific point of view, becomes very wonderful, and shows a development, an advance, and a progress that is simply astonishing.

passions. I must say, I think undoubted perjury ought to be more severely dealt with by the law than it is. Nothing so much as perjury and lies causes the defeat of justice. Now justice is the one thing that keeps society together and renders civilization possible.

"It is not so wrong," says Ruskin, "to kill a man as to cheat him." But after all, true as this may be in the abstract, any enemy I may have need not act upon it. If he must do one or the other, I beg he will cheat me.

These are merely instances to show what may take place in the minds of perfectly conscientious men.

The safety valve to the conscience in such cases, is the impossibility of absolute proof in all human matters. And thus we can account for otherwise unaccountable evidence sometimes given by doctors, certainly, as honorable a set of men as can be found in any profession.

I have no doubt that, if all evidence depended on interested witnesses, justice would be impossible, trials would be a farce, and society would collapse. What renders civilized society possible, is the fact that the generality of witnesses are not interested, or very slightly so, and thus, in no doubt most cases, justice prevails.

"Every lawyer knows," says Mr. Baker (himself a "lawyer) that in any medical case whatever, he can "procure medical experts to swear to diametrically "opposite opinions."

The best illustration I know of that bias of mind which so often leads to false conclusions, is a story the late D. O'Connell was fond of telling. He, O'Connell, was once defending as counsel, a man charged with murder. O'Connell made no speech to the jury, contenting himself with producing, in the witness box, the murdered man alive and perfectly well. The case was in some way connected with politics. Party feeling ran very high. A strong bias was entertained against the prisoner. And in consequence of this bias, the jury, after a short consultation, brought in a unanimous verdict of "guilty."

CHAPTER III.

Impediments to Rerorm in Matters of Opinion.

"If ever I hear anyone speak of an unalterable law, the only effect it has upon me is to convince me that the speaker is an unalterable fool."—*Sidney Smith.*

One great impediment to reform in matters of opinion, whether medical or otherwise, arises from the curious but common kind of pride which prevents people from confessing that they have been wrong.

An Irishman is being examined on a horse case, in a court of justice. He swears the animal was fifteen feet high; but later on in the trial, he says "fifteen hands." Why, says the counsel, a short time ago, you swore he was fifteen feet. "Did I," replies Pat, "then bedad I'll stick to it. The horse *was* fifteen feet high.

Now what makes him stick to it is, I suppose, the kind of pride of which I am speaking.

But besides unwillingness to change an opinion, there is often, in somewhat stupid people, an inability to do so. Archbishop Whately said, "A man will never change his mind who has no mind to change." He also says, that, considering the uncertainty there is in all knowledge, if a man persists beyond a certain degree in one set of opinions without change, it shows he is either a

fool or a rogue, and that he ought, therefore, to be disqualified from sitting in Parliament, or taking any part in public affairs. "The largest minds are the least constant," says Bacon. And Faraday says, "In knowledge that man only is to be despised who is not in a state of transition." And again, "Nothing is so opposed to accuracy of philosophical deduction as fixity of opinion."

On the other hand, there no doubt is, in a large fraction of the human race, a sort of thickness of skull, which, I believe is a providential arrangement against too great instability in human affairs. Porson, the great scholar, had a marvellous memory. After his death this was accounted for. The bone of his skull was found to be extraordinarily thick. Thus, the knowledge once in could never get out again.

The same sort of pride I have alluded to makes doctors of the old school say that the constitution of the human race has changed since they were young, and, therefore, that the violent measures of former days are no longer necessary.

Instances of obstinate resistance to new ideas are, of course, innumerable.

Many celebrated doctors, the late Dr. Copland amongst the number, strongly opposed the use of chloroform, under the plea that pain was a beautiful provision of nature, designed by a merciful providence, to facilitate the cure of sufferers under operations.

Dr. D. Tuke, in his excellent work, quotes the following from a newspaper :—

"Dr. Gull, in 1847, questioned the desirability of "removing pain. Brandsby Cooper was averse to the "prevention of suffering. Pain, argued Dr. Pickford "and Mr. Nunn, exercises a beneficial influence ; and "Majendie, who said to the writhing dog, 'taisez vous

"mon petit,' observed, that an invention to annul pain "was of small interest to surgery."

Many people seem absolutely unable to take in a new idea or adopt anything new, however great an improvement it may be.

The late Sir Robert Peel presented a farmer's club with two iron ploughs of the best construction. On his next visit the old ploughs were again at work. "We "tried the iron ones, Sir Robert," said a member of this enlightened society, "but we be all of one mind, that "they make the weeds grow."

Again, a propounder of some novel idea which opposes general custom is sure to be reviled. "What "heaps of calumny," says Mr. Helps, "must have been "piled on the man who first left off wearing a pigtail. "He beats his wife—he starves his children—he is an "atheist, &c., &c."

Most men cannot change an opinion in which they have been brought up; and this is no doubt, on the whole, for the best. It is observed that those who are most open to new ideas are seldom the best men. Slowness of change and development is one of nature's most admirable provisions. If men were not slow their highest qualities would be wanting, for these depend for their existence upon permanence and habit. A man who marries a fresh wife every year soon ceases to care for any one of them. A man who is always changing his religion soon ceases to have any religion to change. "I am for permanence in everything," says Mr. Carlyle. C. Kingsley preaches on the advantage of doing the same thing every day, because, "What a man knows "best he loves most."

Miss Nightingale taught that all zymotic diseases arose spontaneously from impurity of some kind. The

doctors all called her mad, but the vox populi took Miss Nightingale's side against the doctors; and now they are gradually coming to her side also, compelled to do so by the common sense of their customers, the general public.

Men of genius, that is to say, men of great original powers of thought, even though they are not doctors, often see further into truth on medical matters than the doctors themselves. Cervantes, Molière, and others, wrote strongly against bleeding and other violent remedies.

Another impediment to reform is the "esprit moutonnier." When a leading sheep makes a small jump over nothing, every succeeding sheep makes the same jump over the same nothing.

A man in one of the colonies, was driving a thousand sheep through a covered bridge over a river that ran 400 feet below. When two-thirds across, the leading sheep saw light through a small open window on one side. He jumped through it and fell into the river below. The next sheep did the same, and the next, and the next. The downpour of sheep lasted an hour. Nothing could stop them. They went over every one of them. I merely give this as an illustration of the "esprit moutonnier."

Gœthe says, "In this world there are so few voices and so many echoes." Bishop Berkeley says, "Few men think, but all have opinions."

An Empress wears a preposterous garment. Immediately every woman possesses herself of a similar preposterous garment.

A medical pundit brings forth a new guess. The majority of the profession at once adopt the guess as gospel, till some day a greater pundit guesses a contradictory

guess. Sometimes when this is the case a curious phenomenon takes place. Every doctor under forty adopts the new guess, whilst all the others stick to the old one. The latter indeed will sometimes be the case even where it is more than a guess. Hervey said he never could succeed in convincing any medical man above forty of the circulation of the blood.

One more illustratiou of the "esprit moutonnier."

A good many years ago, a clock holding a very influential position in the metropolis, lost one of its hands by rust, and for the next twenty years we saw church clocks all over the country, pointing the time with only one hand.

Mr. Galton wrote a curious article in Macmillan's magazine not long ago, showing the loss of mental independence men experience who live in large towns and large communities. He illustrated it by animals in Africa. Those which go in herds lose all self-dependence, so that if one is separated from the rest, it seems utterly unable to judge for itself what to do.

In Oliver Twist, Brittles, the footman, under Mr. Giles, the butler, is being examined by the magistrates. "Now, Brittles," says the magistrate, "answer me truly, are you a protestant? What are your religious opinions?" "God bless me," says Brittles in great trepidation, "I . . . that is . . . . I mean . . . . they . . . . are the same as Mr. Giles.'"

Now if Brittles had lived a rather more isolated life, he might not only have acquired a certain degree of independence of character, but perhaps even become possessed of some religious principles of his own.

On the other hand, we all know the opposite principles expressed by the proverb, "quot homines tot sententiæ." But this only means that human nature is

made up of a marvellous bundle of opposite principles, every one of which must be considered, if we wish to arrive at an approximation to truth. In the present questions there would be little difficulty in showing where each of these two principles would be likely to prevail.

Unconscious bias caused by interested motives, will sometimes be a great impediment to reforms.

We must not forget that unconscious bias in a witness is more deceiving than intentional dishonesty. For whilst the evidence is equally false in both cases, the appearance of honesty in the first leads to a greater belief in the truth of it. Anything can be proved by ingenuity, especially in such a science as medicine, where effects are so difficult to trace to their causes. Boyle, a cautious philosopher, believed, from what he thought indisputable evidence, in the "Aurum Notabile." Mrs. Stephans proved by innumerable instances, the efficiency of her nostrum of snails and egg shells, for which the government of the day granted her £5000. And St. John Long, when tried for manslaughter, brought any number of witnesses to swear they had been cured by his ointment and cabbage leaves.

Again, I say, I bring no charge of intentional dishonesty against the doctors. When beer drinkers, brewers, publicans, and sinners, resist all reform in the management of public-houses, their evidence on the subject, though perfectly honest, is not what it would be, if they did not believe that their interest was concerned. When landowners said that repealing the corn laws would ruin the country, they honestly believed what they said, only their evidence was suffused all over with a fine rich colouring which was derived from supposed self-interest. When people left off wearing pig

tails, and the wig makers sent deputations to Parliament to petition for the wearing of pigtails to be rendered compulsory by legislation, on the plea that if this were not done England would sink to a second rate power, they were perfectly honest, only their evidence was given under a bias produced by self-interest. When Judge Hale burned people for witchcraft, he honestly believed it was his duty to do so ; only, neither he nor anyone else in that age could free himself from a belief which he had sucked in with his mother's milk, and had inculcated into him every subsequent day of his life. Now the belief in, and evidence for, Vaccination, may possibly contain in them these three ingredients : self-interest, hereditary tendency, and habits of thought during a life-time. Even I, who have found out the trick, find myself in unguarded moments believing in Vaccination, in consequence of the strong instinctive feeling produced by having been born and bred to it.

It requires only a very short time for a mental tendency to get into the blood, and thus become in the succeeding generations innate. A dog is taught to beg, that is, to sit upright with its fore paws doubled down. But the dog's progeny will beg without being taught. Wendell Holmes tells a story of a man who was in the habit of pulling his old father out of the house to one particular spot and thrashing him ; and when he grew old, his son, who had inherited the mental tendency, adopted exactly the same habit and always thrashed him in exactly the same spot.

The following is a very common instance of puzzle-headedness or arguing in a circle in Vaccination cases.

A child dies from Vaccination.

The doctor is asked how he came to die ?

Because the lymph used was impure.

But how do you know the lymph was impure?

Because the child died.

With regard to this Vaccination question, medical gentlemen, on both sides, seem to work themselves up into great indignation over the opinions held by their antagonists; but this is like the grammarian who invoked the eternal wrath of heaven upon his adversary on account of his opinions upon the preter-plus-perfect tense. It is a matter of investigation, not wrath. Moral wrong alone should rouse that.

The opponents of Vaccination must not expect an inborn faith, that has got to form a part of the human nature of this generation, to vanish quickly. It took hundreds of years for Englishmen to cure themselves of belief in witchcraft; and the forces ranged on the side of Vaccination, are perhaps nearly as strong as those were on the side of witchcraft. There is, first, the pecuniary interest of the whole medical profession, a profession composed for the most part of excellent, honorable, kind-hearted, well-educated, and often highly intelligent men, who have the run of all our houses, who are believed in by most, and who exercise the influence such men must exercise. Secondly, there are all our habits of thought on the subject, both inherited and acquired by education. And thirdly, there is female vanity. Whenever I think of this last force I despair. And yet this very force ought to be ranged on the other side. Many opponents of Vaccination assert that all life-long skin affections are the results of Vaccination. This of course is an exaggeration. And yet from instances I (though without experience) know to be true, I cannot doubt that Vaccination very often does leave this consequence.

I am afraid that a man is rather a selfish animal. He hears of abuses, but so long as they do not touch himself he swims with the stream and disregards them. He hears of people's children being killed by Vaccination, but he only half believes it, and scarcely gives the thing a thought. One day a child of his own is struck down, and then he opens his eyes.

Vaccination ought not to be compulsory, if for no other reason but this. The Act of Parliament is sure to be carelessly and therefore unsafely carried out. In towns, the operation is intrusted to the younger members of the profession—the "Bob Sawyers" in fact. I have been told by an experienced physician, that the practice is to scratch one baby after another with a lancet, shove in any kind of stuff, and think of nothing but getting the thing over. And it must be so. I am sadly afraid that no legislation that was ever invented, not even a Parliament elected under household suffrage, backed up by the Crown, the Lords, and the whole British public, would be able to alter the peculiarities of Mr. Sawyers' natural disposition. Besides, it is impossible to insure purity of lymph in these wholesale proceedings. Legislative interference, with the wishes of parents in the matter, must, I fear, be classed under that very large head expressed by the phrase, "meddle and muddle."

"It is plain," says the *Medical Times and Gazette*, of February 1st, 1873, "that our Compulsory Vaccination laws cannot be maintained unmodified."

Of course there could be only one result to the investigation of the committee on Vaccination.

A politician must legislate for men as they are, not as they may be at some future time. And the majority of men as they are, believe in Vaccination. If, 300 years

ago, a committee of the House of Commons had been appointed to examine into the truth of witchcraft, the evidence given in its favour would have been overwhelming, and their report and the consequent legislation, ought to have been in accordance with it, for otherwise the House of Commons would have been looked upon as a set of dreaming fools, unworthy of the confidence of the country. In later times, if a committee had been appointed to examine into the truth of the popular superstition, that blood-letting at the spring and fall of the year was a beneficial practice, the evidence in its favour from medical witnesses would have been overwhelming. Again, I say, legislation must legislate for men as they are, not as some exceptional people think (however rightly), that they ought to be. Take that (so-called) great philosopher, Mr. Mill. He thinks that, at some future time, men will believe in his doctrines, that—to give a few of them—women, as proved by history generally, and the small kingdoms of India and Hindostan in particular, are more fit to govern nations than men; that for a man to have many children is wicked, because it interferes with the labour market; that the property of people who die without a will should be confiscated, and their families left paupers; that a ruined man should be punished for his misfortunes by penal servitude; that all great criminals should be hanged, because their lives are of no value, and they cost the country a great deal to keep alive; that no motive can be higher than a love of self; that if a man makes a purchase with a view to its rising in value, that increase, when it takes place, should be appropriated by the state because it has not been gained by manual labour; that the question of belief in a God should be left an open one; that the words interested and

disinterested have really the same meaning; that A, when he picks B's pocket, having no free will, is compelled to do it by God, if there be a God, if not, by those forces of nature that take His place. These are a few of the doctrines, as I understand them, that Mr. Mill believes mankind will some day rise to. But what would the country say, if a committee of the House of Commons, appointed to consider them, reported in their favour, and recommended immediate legislation in accordance with their report? No, the way to get the Vaccination Act repealed, is to convince the public that the doctors are wrong, as has been done in the case of violent bleeding.† Do this, and legislation will follow like sheep. In fact, the result of the committee was, of course, determined before ever it met.

It will probably take a generation or two before Vaccination is swept away into the same limbo where inoculation, witchcraft, and other superstitions have gone. Old people cannot, as a rule, change their life-long ideas, so they will have to go first. Indeed, except in men with some genius, ideas become stereotyped usually by about the fortieth or fiftieth year of a man's life.

Tennyson wrote what he called "Recollections of the Arabian Nights," that is, he epitomised into two pages

† I was once paying a bill to a blacksmith, a real Yorkshireman. He said to me, "Doctors, vetnaries and blacksmiths are the ignorantist men "there is. If yan's well, the doctors maks yan ill or kills yan. Monny a "yan's been killed by bleeadin.—Look at Doctor ——, he telled me a 'bit sin he'd nobbut bled two men in his life, and that he killed yan on "em." He then went on to vetnaries, and concluded with blacksmiths. I need not say that I disagree with him. Instead of being the ignorantist, doctors of the present day are perhaps nearly the most educated class of any.

the general impression left on his mind by reading through the nine-hundred pages of the Arabian Nights.

Under a similar idea, I will just put down in a few sentences the general impression left on my mind after perusing the proceedings of the Vaccination Committee.

Mr. Smith, a medical man, is being examined.

Chairman : I understand, Mr. Smith, that you sacrifice £500 a year, rather than continue to hold the office of public Vaccinator, and you do so in consequence of the great number of deaths from Vaccination that you have witnessed. Is this true ?

Mr. Smith : Yes, I sacrifice at least £500 a year.

Chairman : And you really have known children killed by it ?

Mr. Smith : Yes, great numbers ; besides still greater numbers who have been seriously injured for life by it.

Chairman : What form do the injuries usually take ?

Mr. Smith : Erysipelas is very common, convulsions frequently ensue, and Vaccination often causes terrible sores and skin affections, which last perhaps a life time.

Chairman : The small-pox has lately been prevalent. Had any of the sufferers been Vaccinated ?

Mr. Smith : Yes. By far the majority of sufferers had the marks of Vaccination on their arms.

Chairman : So that in these cases Vaccination did not prevent deaths from small-pox ?

Mr. Smith : Certainly not.

Chairman : (to the other members of the committee) Gentlemen, you will I am sure agree with me, that it is unnecessary to continue this investigation ; for you must now be convinced that Vaccination, besides being absolutely harmless, is a complete and certain safeguard against small-pox. (To medical witness) : We will not trouble you any further, sir. You may retire. (The committee breaks up.

Few things are so amusing as a topsy-turvy inference.

"Have you a strawberry mark on your left arm?" says Buckstone in the farce to his supposed long-lost son—"tell me, I beseech you," he says in a voice of intense emotion.

"No, I have nothing of the kind whatever."

"Then you are my son—my long-lost boy," says Buckstone; "come to my arms" (clasps him in his arms and faints dead away).

But reform must come, not only from outside the House of Commons, but also from outside the medical profession.

It was from outside of the profession that reforms in the old practice of inoculation, violent blistering, bleeding, and administration of enormous quantities of mercury came; and we learn from M. Flouren's "Histoire de la découverte de la circulation du sang," that the medical profession scouted Hervey, called him a quack, just as they now call opponents of Vaccination "men of no repute," and that he lost his practice till his discovery was at last taken up by Molière, Descartes, Boileau, and other men of genius, that is, men who have the power and originality to think for themselves.

I have, in this chapter, endeavoured to give some hints, with a view to showing why superstitions die hard; and why the death of errors is always a lingering one, after once they have got hold on the public mind. Writings against them have generally very little immediate effect, though that makes it no less a duty to write against them. In the time of George III., a Mr. Tucker wrote an excellent pamphlet in favour of letting the American Colonies go, if they wished it, without opposition. But he was only called an amiable lunatic. When an influential class think themselves interested,

the death of an error is more lingering still. About sixty years ago, the Rev. Sidney Smith wrote very clearly to show that spring guns and man traps, to shoot and catch poachers, were not exactly suited to a civilized state of society, but it was of no use immediately. Of course the country gentlemen of the period called him an atheist, but the practices lasted for years longer.

There has lately been just the same sort of foolish ferment going on in the public mind about small-pox, as there was a few years ago about the cattle plague. Then, instead of taking the cattle out of foul cow houses, and saving them by pure air, pure water, and good food, our authorities, after sitting humbly at the feet of cow doctors, instructed us that the disease bubbled up out of the ground, somewhere in the middle of Russia, spread to England, and could only be cured by killing the cattle. Since then, partly, no doubt, from some peculiarity in the season, we have had small-pox amongst us, and instead of compulsory cleanliness we trust for our salvation to compulsory Vaccination, that is, to compulsory uncleanliness. Luckily the sufferers from the disease were not cattle, or we should have killed every one of them ; as in fact was done formerly. We learn from the old chronicles, that "in ye yeare 1313, ye King of France burned all his pocky folke, as well men as women." Nothing like stamping out.

Dr. Garth Wilkinson (whose writings Emerson seems to admire for insight into truth more than those of any other Englishman) reckons the deaths from Vaccination to have been more than 90,000 in the last forty years, but it is very difficult to understand how the British public can have allowed such a massacre of the innocents.

Mr. Darwin thinks, though I can hardly bring myself to agree with him,* that morally, though not intellectually, the highest apes are superior to the lowest men, because they do not practice infanticide, nor tell lies. But if Dr. Wilkinson is right, it is not only the lowest men who practice infanticide. I must say I think his mode of computation not an unfair one. He says, that although a few doctors may not know of any fatal case, on the whole, each medical man in the country knows of at least two or three deaths, either directly or indirectly, from Vaccination. From what has come under my own observation, I cannot doubt that he is much under the mark. Now if three be multiplied by the number of doctors who have practised in the country during the last forty years, the resulting figure must be a high one.

Dr. Hitchman, formerly a public Vaccinator at Liverpool, said in his evidence before the committee, "I have seen hundreds of children killed by Vaccination."

Dr. Collins said that he sacrifices £500 a year by refusing to Vaccinate, and that, in consequence of the numerous fatal results he had witnessed.

* And yet the Missionaries tell strange stories. One of them relates how, in translating the Bible, his difficulties were insurmountable amongst one tribe of savages. They had innumerable words for every kind of violence, wickedness, theft, murder, and sensuality, but not one single one for any kind of virtue. When he came to the text "God is love," he almost had to give it up in despair. When he asked them for a name that would best represent a being to be reverenced and worshipped, he could get nothing but that of a celebrated medicine man, who had been dead a hundred years, and who went by the name of "crooked-knee." When he came to the other word, and asked what feeling gave them the noblest and most exalted sensation of mind of which they were capable, their answer was "The taste of meat in a state of half-decomposition."

I learn from Dr. Pearce, that in 1862, Dr. Marone published an account of many deaths from Vaccination, which he had not dared to publish earlier, partly because of his reputation, and partly from fear of injuring Vaccination.

Dr. E. Haughton says that Vaccination causing erysipelas, eruptions, running sores, and even cancer, have come under his knowledge.

Mr. Baker tells us of an old lady now alive (Vaccinated by Jenner himself) who is deeply marked with small-pox, and who has never got rid of a skin disease caused originally by the Vaccination.

I have read that according to Sir James Paget, "Vaccination produces a morbid condition of the blood and "of the tissues."

Herbert Spencer, says, "It is very possible—probable "even—that the propagation of subdued forms of constitutional disease through the agency of Vaccination is "a part cause of the weakness of constitution, which is "so common."

Dr. Pearce also says, "That Dr. Ballard, although he "wrote in favour of Vaccination, gives many instances "of what he calls 'disasters'," and adds, "Such cases do "not all come to light."

Concealment of truth about Vaccination seems to date from Jenner's time. Jenner himself says, "I wish "my professional brethren to be slow to publish fatal "cases of small-pox after Vaccination." He also wrote to Mr. Dunning, "The Medical Society of Portsmouth "have reported small-pox after Vaccination. What a "set of blockheads!"

The fact is, it seems the practice always to call these "disasters" by other names—usually, perhaps, erysipelas.

Jenner said, "That successful Vaccination ought "always to be accompanied by a certain degree of "erysipelas."

7165 children under five years of age, died of erysipelas between 1862 and 1867.

Sometimes the case is officially described as "convul- "sions from teething," as in one mentioned by Dr. G. Wilkinson.

One case was registered as death from blood poisoning, caused by contact with dirty rags. This poor doctor must have been at his wits end for a substitute.

Mr. Emery stated, in his evidence, "That he had lost "a child from Vaccination." The verdict at the inquest was, "Died from erysipelas caused by Vaccination." The coroner (a medical man) said to the jury "Gentle- "men, you must modify that verdict." The foreman of the jury said, "We will do nothing of the kind."

Dr. Shaw, of New York, says, "I have seen fearful "convulsions caused by Vaccination, and that in strong children."

Dr. Collins says, "Convulsions are very common after "Vaccinaiion."

Many medical men state, "That children are often a "mass of sores and ulcers after Vaccination."

Mr. Addison stated, before the committee, "That his "child had been killed by Vaccination." The official report was, "died of pyœmia." He also stated "That he "knew of hundreds of cases where children suffered from "sores for years after Vaccination."

Mr. Birch, a poor law guardian, has published some cases.

A child of one of his own workmen was killed by Vaccination. Certificate of death, "Scarlet fever."

Other cases were related to him by a parish doctor. Mr. Birch asked him "How he could, with such facts, "continue the practice of Vaccination."

The answer was, "We doctors must live."

An exactly similiar answer was once, at a trial in France, made by a French criminal to the Judge. The Judge replied, "Je ne vois pas la nécessité;" and condemned him to death forthwith.

"*We doctors must live!*" Thus this wretched man confessed to Mr. Birch that he and his brethern got their livelihood by systematic murder.

The hero of one of Voltaire's "Romans" asks a soldier what his business is. The soldier answers, "Mon metier "est, de tuer et d'etre tuer pour gagner ma vie."

Mr. Baker, a barrister, said, in his examination, "That "he knew of a child who suffered from a dreadful disease "in consequence of Vaccination." "Of course," he said, "in all such cases the parents are told that the Vaccina- "tion has nothing to do with the evil consequence, but "the parents know better."

The stereotyped statement of doctors in cases like the above is, that the child is suffering from some constitutional and hereditary disorder.

One doctor says, "It is wicked to neglect Vaccination, "because it is a blessing conferred upon mankind by a "merciful providence." He is like Isaak List, the Jew, in "Master Humphrey's Clock." Isaak is trying to persuade the old man to steal Mrs. Jarley's money. He says, "If the old lady does keep the money in a box, and if she "does put the box into an open drawer, and if she does "sleep in a room, and never lock the door for fear of "fire, I should say there's a providence in it, but then I "was religiously brought up.

Voltaire, in one of his "Romans," describes an inhabitant of the planet Jupiter, taking a turn about the solar system to see what he could see. At last he came to our earth, but concluding it was not inhabited, he departed again almost immediately. He said, "ce qui "fait que je pense qu'il n'y a ici personne, c'est, qu'il me "parait que des gens de bon sens ne voudraient pas y "demeurer." I wonder what such a being would do if he came again and found that the earth was inhabited by beings who put into the veins of their children some half-putrid matter from a diseased brute in order to improve their health and ensure them a long life. I think our friend from Jupiter would cut his visit still shorter even than before. Still the effect might undoubtedly be exactly the opposite. We read in the journal of a shipwrecked traveller,—"After walking eleven hours "without having tracked the print of a human foot, to "my great astonishment and delight, I saw a man hang-"ing on a gibbet. My pleasure at the cheering sight "was inexpressible, for it convinced me that I was in a "civilized country."

Mr. C. Read, M.P., said in the House of Commons, "an unvaccinated child is a nuisance and ought to be "put down." Luther said that a certain sick child was a nuisance and must be drowned in the river because it was bewitched. It is very sad to see the world thus going from bad to worse in foolishness and superstition. Of course it was very wrong of Luther saying this, but at any rate, in one sense, a sick child undoubtedly is a nuisance sometimes. But to call every healthy child, as God has made it, a nuisance that must be put down; and to be applauded for saying this by a large assembly, composed of at any rate average sensible men of the era, is very discouraging to an enthusiastic man like me,

who is always hoping for progress instead of retrogression. I see it stated, that Sir W. Jenner and other great authorities say, that no one is safe (that is, every one is a nuisance) who is not re-vaccinated once a year (when small-pox is prevalent,) with five separate punctures on different parts of the body. I have no doubt that poor Mr. Reed has been himself re-vaccinated every year, with five separate punctures, in different parts of his body. Should this not be the case, however, I am afraid he will have to be classed among the nuisances to be "put down." But if so, how about his constituents?

What will become of them?

A simple-minded doctor in Ireland holds forth on the benefit of re-vaccination. He says, "there are numbers of the military (all re-vaccinated, stationed in my district, and amongst them there have been only five deaths from small-pox." Why how many would he have had?

Doctors seem to have the strange idea that naturally people would be always having small-pox. I believe it is a remnant of the old pagan notion that the earth is the devil's and all that is therein, and that, consequently, evil and disease are the rules, and good and health the exceptions. This mode of thought was kept alive by Calvin, and no doubt prevails largely still. Wesley said Calvin's God was worse than his devil; and really when we consider that this God of his consigns to eternal and inconceivable torment all infants who die before they are baptized, I cannot see that Wesley was far wrong.

Professor De Morgan tells a story of two Scotch Calvinists. One says to the other "Noo hoo monny d'ye thank there are of the elact on the arth at this moment?"

"Eh, mabbee a dozen."

"Hoot mon! Nae so monny as thot."

Savages, and people with undeveloped intelligences, are unable to notice the good things they enjoy, but they cannot help being conscious of the exceptional evil things they suffer. Thus they consciously believe in nothing else but evil; that is to say, they only believe in the devil; and only believing in him, they very properly, under the circumstances, address all their prayers to him; for otherwise, they could not pray at all. An increase of intelligence makes men understand that they are sons of God, not of the devil. Is this increase very general yet?

Of course the truth is, that instead of evil and misery being the results of God's laws, they are the simple results of the infraction of God's laws, in consequence of the stupidity, indolence, intemperance, and filthy and impure habits of mankind. What! Was the destruction of Pompeii the fault of man? Certainly it was—of his stupidity for ever building the town there at all.

I am no optimist, blind to the inevitable evil there is in the world—exceptional evil that cannot be explained. But really inevitable evil is very exceptional. Suffering is almost always a mere consequence of the sufferer's own folly or that of his forefathers.

Nearly all the doctors tell us that the good effects of Vaccination, that is to say, the good effects of the disease called cow-pox, wear out in the constitution after five years or sooner, when re-vaccination or the setting up of a new state of disease becomes expedient. If this be so, and if Vaccination be the blessing the doctors call it, why have we not compulsory re-vaccination every five years or oftener? The present law must be absurd, one way or the other. But perhaps our legislators do not want to be compulsorily re-vaccinated themselves,

whatever the doctors may say to them. If this be so, it would undoubtedly account for the anomalous state of the law. I suppose their point of view is somewhat as follows:—This is what I suppose they say to the doctors, "There really are so many little children in the "world, that a few hundred more or less being carried off "yearly by vaccine-erysipelas cannot signify much, but "that anything of the kind should happen to members "of the British Legislature is too shocking to think of. "Besides how could the business of the country be "carried on with our arms in slings, and swollen up to "half the size of our bodies! How could we make our "speeches? How could we give expression to our "'winged words'? What would become of our grace-"ful gesticulations? How could we saw the air? "How could we thump the table? How could our "thoughts 'breathe' or our words 'burn,' if our arms "were tied fast down to our sides? No, no, kill a few "babies if you like. But the thing is absurd. Com-"pulsory re-vaccination for adult legislators will never "do."

In some such way as this, I suppose, they argue, that is, those who can argue at all.

Professor Newman says, "By the present law, which "does not enforce re-vaccination, legislators say to "every parent, 'You shall not keep your child in perfect "health. We must give cow-pox to your child. The "longer your child is kept in a poxy state the safer and "better. We know that there is danger of vital power "being so vigorous as at length to throw cow-pox off, "and recover the perfect health of infancy, but we must "hope for better things. We trust that the force of "Vaccination will keep up disease for longer than the "five years our doctors promise us, therefore, for the

"present we postpone re-vaccination, which, indeed, "would be unpleasant to ourselves." Again, he says, "Decorous and admissible language fail me, in alluding "to that which might have seemed incredible thirty "years ago, the commanding of Vaccination on a second "child of a family, when Vaccination had killed the "first, and then sending the father to jail for refusal."

The public have been told ever since Jenner's time that Vaccination saves people from small-pox.

An epidemic comes and carries off Vaccinated and un-vaccinated alike. The doctors are up to the occasion. Of course, they say, it must have been so—these unfortunate people had none of them been re-vaccinated. A little time passes, and the re-vaccinated are found to die. Of course they do, say the doctors, for they were only re-vaccinated in one place, whereas there ought to be at least four punctures.

There are few things that afford to a person who is capable of appreciating humour, more amusement than a ready-witted answer, under circumstances that would naturally be expected to cause confusion.

"Won't your honour give a copper to a poor blind man," whined an Irish beggar with close shut eyes. Ten minutes afterwards, he was met again by the same person. But this time his eyes were wide open.

"Why you old scamp," he said, "you can see as well as I can."

"Well, and is'nt it a blessing to be thankful for?"

A few years ago the cattle plague raged in England. Great numbers died. The cow doctors said that inoculation in the tail would prevent their catching it. They were inoculated in the tail. Still they caught it. Of course they do, said the doctors, for in addition to inoculation in the tail, their noses should be painted

with tar every day. Still they died. Of course they die, said the doctors, for in addition to inoculation in the tail, and the tar, each animal ought to carry a canvas bag, filled with camphor, round its neck. And so they went on, till at last the epidemic ceased, as all epidemics do, sooner or later; ceased in spite of the cattle doctors, who did what they could by shutting up the animals in dark, hot, foul cow-houses to keep it alive. In the appreciation of cleanliness are our own doctors much better.

A Hint or Two about Zymotic Disease amongst Cattle, or what is called in bad cases Rinderpest.

Farmers have been told for years, that if they would persist in keeping animals in a manner, that amongst human beings must produce pestilence, they would suffer for it sooner or later, by the animals and their progeny becoming subject to disease. They have suffered for it, and yet all they can think of is, in England, to maunder about the diseases being brought from the Continent, and on the Continent, to maunder about their being brought from England. Almost all fat beasts fed in foul cow-houses (and nearly all cow-houses are foul) have more or less liver complaint. Most farmers keep their cows tied up all winter in foul cow-houses, and without natural exercise. Nothing produces a tendency to feverish complaints so much as a defective condition of the liver. Human "Rinderpest," or the innumerable forms of zymotic fever, may be caused amongst men by anything that produces diminution of vitality, such as under-feeding, over-feeding, bad air, bad water, &c. Again, acclimatization can only take place by animals and their progenitors being exposed to the climate, day and

night, winter and summer. Instead of which, farmers do all they can to acclimatize their beasts to filth, darkness, and heat, and then expect the succeeding generations to bear wet and cold with impunity. As to "Rinderpest," about which there has been so much fuss and folly, it and foot and mouth disease are simply different forms of zymotic disease, one mild and the other severe, like chicken-pox, small-pox, or typhus amongst men; and always originating from defective management of either the beasts themselves or their progenitors; the shades and gradations of these zymotic diseases being infinite. No two cases exactly alike, though the mere senses and intelligence of men often cannot distinguish the differences.

Not long ago there was great agitation about a fatal case of supposed rinderpest in the East Riding of Yorkshire. One of a herd of thirty beasts, most, but not all, of which had foot and mouth disease, died. Why did it die? Some said rinderpest; some said foot and mouth. But as to which it was, or what particular one of the inumerable shades of variety taken by zymotic disease "who shall decide, when the doctors disagreed?"

One more hint about disease in cattle.

Daniel Lambert weighed fifty stone, and died early in life, in consequence of having a diseased constitution. And yet the one object of all cattle breeding is to produce in cattle, as far as it can be produced, the same kind of diseased constitution.

Discussing rinderpest is not a digression, for zymotic disease amongst animals is just the same as zymotic disease amongst men; caused by the same things, cured in the same way, and attacking the same organs.

A writer, signing himself M.P., sends a letter to the *Times* of May 26th, 1875, giving an account of a terrible outbreak of small-pox at a town in Ireland. He says, "That several families have lost as many as three chil-"dren each, which is very strange inasmuch as Vacci-"nation has been universally practised during the last "four or five years." Some people have curious ideas about what is strange. Very strange, inasmuch as inoculation of filthy matter from a diseased brute has been universally practiced during the last four or five years. He might just as well have said :—"Very "strange, inasmuch as all the children attacked have "been living over manure heaps during the last four or "five years."

There have been several definitions of "man," such as, that he is a cooking animal. No other animal cooks its food. He is a laughing animal. No other animal laughs. Perhaps a good definition would be :—He is a dirty animal. All other animals in their natural state love cleanliness and pure air. And no other animals inoculate each other with half putrid lymph, in order to improve their health.

As I have already stated, lymph from an ulcer is (according to the best authorities) "Tissue that has "undergone retrograde metamorphosis or become partially decomposed."

I fear it is an undoubted fact, that some doctors assert that cleanliness and purity of air and water are of no more avail against small-pox, than dirt and impurity. That nothing but Vaccination is of any use.

In all I say on these subjects I try to be moderate. I try to make allowance for what at first sight looks so like dishonesty. I try to recall the strong unconscious bias pecuniary interest produces in perfectly

honest men. I try to believe that these men who deceive the public, have first deceived themselves. In these attempts I generally succeed. But there are limits; and when I hear of men teaching the harmlessness of filth—*the one* original cause of all zymotic, or, as they are sometimes called, the filth diseases—*the one cause* of all pestilences, and all the terrible human anguish that accompanies them—I say, when I think of these things, I no longer pretend to restrain my indignation—my righteous indignation—for it is righteous indignation. We flog a garrotter—a miserable creature, taught from his birth to thieve, and only taught to thieve; and we do right. Then what ought to be done to the highly educated medical scoundrel, who, for the sake of bolstering up his tottering Vaccination fees, causes infinitely more misery than the garrotter, by teaching what every educated man at the present day knows to be a lie? We hang a wretch, who, maddened by drink, murders some one person; and we do right. Then what ought to be done to the wholesale medical murderer, who brings death to thousands by preaching the innocuousness of everything that produces pestilence and disease?

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, not long ago, laughing at some doctor who had been trying to make out that no occupation is so salubrious as working in sewers, says, "The results of his enquiries are most gratifying, and suggests that for persons desirous of escaping attacks of fever, no more desirable course could be adopted than that of taking service in the sewers, under the metropolitan board of works. Out of many men only five have had typhus. But whilst contact with sewage in any shape seems desirable, the perfection of health can only, as we gather from the returns, be acquired by living directly over a sewer. In fact, it is evident that

the medical faculty ought to consider whether their patients' trips to the sea side might not be profitably varied by the occasional occupancy of a favourably situated sluice-house."

It is the old story of believing disease to be the rule instead of the exception. Of course these strong men naturally would have escaped fever altogether but they worked in sewers, so four or five of them got typhus.

I cannot join the *Pall Mall* in merely laughing at those doctors who preach the harmlessness of filth.

There have been on some sea coasts men called wreckers—villains, who, by hanging out lights and by other means, entice ships on to the rocks, in order to rifle the pockets of the drowned sailors. I cannot content myself with merely laughing at such men. A man who can witness suffering without pity, and without indignation at the cause of it, is simply a jelly fish, let him have the intellect of a demi-god, or, rather as it would be in such a case, of a demi-devil.

Coleridge says that, "A rogue is only a fool with a circumbendibus;" and doctors who teach doctrines opposed to the common sense and experience of mankind, only cut their own throats and drive the public to hydropathists, homœopathists, and other medical non-conformists. No-practice is better than mal-practice; and at any rate these non-conformists teach the all-importance of cleanliness, correct diet, temperance and purity.

The doctor "*The Pall Mall*" laughs at may possibly be a well-meaning stupid man, quite incapable of discovering the workings of his own mind, or the real meaning of his own facts; but medical men who teach the salubrity of dirt must not expect to escape that terrible acusation that has so often been brought against

them, of doing these and similar things, in order that they and their brethren may fatten upon the pestilences they have occasioned.

In medical matters, when one opinion is broached, one has never far to go to find its opposite ; and, in fact, I see that whereas one doctor teaches the salubrity of sewers, another, Dr. Bateson, of Southwark, shows by instances, that working in sewers is an extremely unhealthy occupation.

"For a thousand years during the Middle Ages," says Dr. Lyon Playfair, "there was not a man or woman in "Europe that ever took a bath. Hence the terrible "plagues and epidemics of those times. It required "some striking examples, such as the plague of London, "to arouse men's minds." And yet doctors, even at the present day, are so blinded by their ignorance and superstitions that arise, I suppose unconsciously, from considerations of what they believe to conduce to their pecuniary advantage, that they gull the simple-minded public into beliefs that all these diseases, instead of being caused by uncleanliness and breathing impure air, are brought to England by infection from foreign countries. I find it stated, for instance, in that Encyclopædia of medical superstitions, called "Copland's Dictionary of Medicine," that measles was first brought with small-pox from Arabia to Egypt and thence to Europe.

Of course, there is a great deal of the same hatred of water at the present day as there was in the Middle Ages, and the consequence is there is much, though not *so* much, zymotic fever. A lady recommended a Yorkshire labouring man to try a warm bath for rheumatism. But he would not hear of it. He said, "Naw, naw, "mum, I'm not like to do such an a thing as that. I

"never was i' watter but yance, and then I took cawld. "It would give me my death."

I wonder why instead of cleanliness and purity doctors recommend enormous quantities of what are called disinfectants? Is there some pecuniary arrangement between them and the sellers of these nasty concoctions? A medical student under examination was once asked what was the particular beneficial action of these disinfecting fluids. He answered, "They smell so badly "that the people open all the windows, and thus fresh "air is introduced into the house."

Any substitute for cleanliness and pure air whatever is but a delusive and disgusting expedient—disgusting because it is adopted instead of cleanliness.

I will suppose, for a moment, and for argument's sake, that Vaccination does act as a slight and temporary safeguard against small-pox. I say slight and temporary, for the doctors no longer say it is complete and permanent. But say they, if a safeguard at all, it must be expedient. But what is expedience? It is a word used by short-sighted men to express one or two good consequences they think they see, when there are thousands of which they can know nothing.

The experience of ages, if nothing else, has taught man what is right and what is wrong. But he knows almost nothing of consequences—nothing of the future.

Introducing filthy matter from a diseased brute into the veins of every born human being *must* be wrong, whatever the apparent expediency.

Many moral philosophers, with great names, including I believe that most excellent man, and most admirable writer, Father Newman, have asserted that where the expediency is sufficient, a lie is right.

I say, that whatever the apparent expediency, a lie *must* be wrong.

Apparent expediency is nothing, because real expediency is inscrutable.

A man (as has often happened) saves the life of a fellow-creature by a lie. This proves to him that a lie is right, where the expediency is sufficient. He hands this doctrine down to his children, and to their children, one of whom, acting upon the destruction of conscience produced by it, robs a bank; another ruins great numbers of people by forgeries; and a third certifying that a rotten ship is sea worthy, sends a thousand souls to the bottom of the Atlantic. These being merely a few of the innumerable evil consequences that resulted from the lie told by the grandfather.

To my argument against Vaccination, on account of its being so disgustingly contrary to nature, I doubt not some brilliant logicians will answer, "The same argument condemns all remedies, for all remedies are unnatural; it is unnatural, for instance, to amputate legs." Certainly it is; but we don't amputate the leg of every healthy child that is born as soon as it arrives at the age of three weeks. Again, he will say, "It is unnatural to "give quinine to a person who has the ague." Certainly it is; but we don't administer quinine to every person who has not got the ague. Unnatural conditions of health may well require unnatural remedies.

It is said, that the present agitation against Vaccination is unworthy of consideration, because it is in a great measure confined to the lower classes.

I will compare one comparative small thing to two very great ones.

Father Newman, in his "Grammar of Assent," says, "Our Lord was a sort of smith, and made ploughs and "cattle yokes. Four Apostles were fishermen; two, "petty tax-gatherers; one, a coachman; and another,

"a market gardener; Peter and John were described "as illiterate men of the lower sort." Celsus says, "The Christians are weavers, shoemakers, illiterate "clowns." "Low-born fellows," says Trypho, "col-"lected from the lowest dregs of the people." Says Cœcilius, "Ignorant credulous boors, &c., &c."

Protestantism, like Christianity itself, began from below. Campion, the Jesuit, uses just the same language with regard to the first English Protestants, "They "were petty tradesmen and mechanists." Roman Catholic missionaries sent to reconvert the English, declared that their only opponents were to be found amongst the vilest of the people.

When professional, or class abuses became unbearable, the general public have to interfere; witness the Reformation, the French Revolution, Clerical Nonconformity, Medical Nonconformity, &c., &c.

It is proverbial that a profession never reforms itself.

The whole bench of judges opposed the abolition of death for robbery, forgery, sheep stealing, &c., just as the whole medical profession formerly opposed the abolition of death by excessive bleeding, and excessive dosing with mercury and other poisons, and as they now oppose the abolition of death by Vaccination. Therefore it is that we must not expect the medical profession to do anything towards freeing itself from Vaccination, and the ridiculous doctrines that are maintained to prop it up and keep it on its legs. "A profession," says the *Times*' leading article of June, 14th, 1873, "never re-"forms itself except under the influence of pressure "from without." Mr. Disraeli says, "Every man is a "conservative in his own business." J. S. Mill, the radical of radicals, vigorously opposed reform in the management of East Indian matters, in which he had most of his life been one of the leading officials.

George Hughes, the hero of a charming memoir by his brother Tom, says, talking about some old bad customs at Rugby, "Temple, who is a tremendous Radical, encourages them. But I find that few people are Radicals in their own department."

It is a common phrase, that "history repeats itself." Vaccination has flourished seventy years, and inoculation flourished for seventy years before it.

The doctors held on to inoculation as valiantly as they now hold on to Vaccination. The same words and the same arguments. The doctors denied that any harm ever came from it, and the mine of female vanity was just as well worked as it is now. A celebrated Dr. Mead taught that inoculation came from Circassia, and that the beauty of the women of that country was entirely due to it; like Madame Rachel, a few years ago, and her elixir, to make people beautiful for ever, and which was brought from a rock in the middle of the great desert of Sahara, on swift camels, she having purchased at an enormous outlay, the exclusive right of obtaining it.

What are dupes made for, if there are to be no dupers?

"There appears," says *The Pall Mall* of April 10th, 1874, "to be a severe outbreak of small-pox at Birmingham, showing that the disease lacks its wonted respect for Vaccination. Out of 114 patients 100 had been Vaccinated. Out of twelve who died eleven had been Vaccinated." But the fact is the disease did pay its wonted respect for Vaccination, that is, none at all.

Sweden is called the best Vaccinated country in the world, and has been so for many years. P. A. Siljestrom, a Swedish writer, shows that there is more small-pox in Sweden now than there was fifty years ago; and that in

1873, "Sweden suffered from small-pox as never in the "memory of man." He says also, "that in 1870, in-"oculation was compulsory in Sweden." The reason Sweden has been so distinguished for compulsory Vaccination and compulsory inoculation is, that in that country the principle of government "Meddle and Muddle" is carried to a high degree of perfection.

A friend of mine writes to me as follows: "I have "been repeatedly Vaccinated, and yet have had small-"pox. So also have three of my children, though one "of them was undergoing Vaccination most favourably "at the time. The fatality formerly attending small-"pox may have arisen from the treatment. In 1787, "my grandfather had small-pox. The weather was in-"tensely hot, yet he was kept in bed by the doctor "under a load of blankets, with a large fire in the room, "every window shut, and the room darkened. He was "besides this ordered to drink as much brandy as he "could swallow. Strange to say, he recovered."

Doctors pretend to prove by statistics, that the per centage of recoveries, where there are four clear Vaccination cicatrices, is enormous. But what proportion of the population have these marks? The thing is simply a figure juggle. During the cattle plague, a cow doctor boasted that he had cured 50 per cent. by his system. Upon enquiry, this turned out to be true. The man had had two cows under his care—one died and the other did'nt.

Here is another amusing juggle in favour of the rite. Doctors say that in the fatal cases of most virulent small-pox at hospitals, the patients generally have no marks of Vaccination on the arm. Of course they have not, for the disease in this aggravated form makes such havoc of the skin, that all marks are obliterated at a very early stage.

Thus we have seen that all the nostrums have failed against small-pox. Powdered earth worms and toads' brains have failed. Inoculation has failed; and now Vaccination has failed. What shall we try next? I am not a medical man, and therefore any suggestion of mine is not likely to be received with much favour; but not long ago I was reading a book about India, and I came upon a remedy in an account of the Nerbudda Tribes of Hindostan, which, perhaps, might be worth trying. The people of these Tribes believe that small-pox is caused by the spirit of Lulla, a Rajah of one of the Bundelcund principalities, who was murdered many hundred years ago, and they appease his spirit and thus ward off the small-pox by the sacrifice of a pig. Why not try this in England? Of course I do not mean that the expense of the animals should come upon the medical men. All they would have to do would be to prescribe the sacrifice. The cost of the pig would only form one of the items in the account for medical attendance. In the case of compulsory sacrifice for paupers, the government would bear the cost. This is only a suggestion; but it may be worth considering. At any rate, the remedy would be more harmless than Inoculation and Vaccination; and if the public must have a superstition the one that does the least harm must be best.

CHAPTER IV.

The Superstition that a Person will never have the same Disease twice.

Dr. Maudesley, in his excellent work, says, "Any tissue which has been subject to a particular morbid action, is more liable to take on that action again—has, in fact, a sort of acquired aptitude for it."

Now, the theory of Vaccination is founded on the opposite doctrine, that after a person has once had small-pox, or a disease of a similar nature, he will never have it again. But I have read of very many cases where a person had small-pox twice, or more than twice, and sometimes of their dying of it at last; a notable one being that of Louis Quinze, of France. Oh, but say the doctors, these people have peculiar constitutions, so they do not count. But if subterfuges of this kind be allowed in argument, anything can be proved, and anything can be disproved.

Since Jenners time we have been told by the Doctors that Vaccination infallibly saves people from small-pox. Now almost all the small-pox patients in the last epidemic were proved by marks to have been vaccinated and still had small pox. Oh but say the doctors they had only

been vaccinated with one or at most two punctures. Vaccination we have always been told is absolutely harmless. But now it has been proved in many cases to have communicated horrible diseases. Oh, but say the doctors this must have arisen from a small particle of blood being introduced during vaccination with the lymph.

During the cattle plague, at a place where the disease was raging, some cows that were well managed escaped the infection. "Oh, but," said the cattle doctors, "they are Alderney cows, so they do not count."

The elder Mr. Weller, in Pickwick, was maintaining that no coachman ever wrote poetry. Sam, his son, mentioned one who had done so. Oh, but said Mr. Weller, senior, "he vos a Cambervel man, so that does not count."

During the cattle plague, the cow doctors maintained that the plague had been successfully stamped out in Aberdeenshire, by wholesale slaughter. An instance occurred that showed the contrary. Oh, but said the doctors, in that case, a shepherd's dog brought the infection, so that does not count. However they stamped it out again, and again it appeared. Oh, but said the doctors, a cask of butter from an infected district brought it. And so they went on. It requires very little ingenuity to invent subterfuges.

For many months, the cattle doctors proved, to the satisfaction of everybody, that the plague was brought by railway into Revel. At last, they were told that there was no railway into Revel. Oh, but, said they, we didn't mean Revel, we meant Riga.

Having a dangerous disease like small-pox, even once, is a very exceptional thing in the life of a man; therefore having it a second time is so extremely unlikely,

that when it does happen, I should naturally account for it, by supposing that the first attack caused a predisposition to the second.

A man breaks his leg. He does not break it a second time. My explanation of this is, that breaking one's leg at all, is an extremely exceptional thing. But these are not the views of the doctors, who evidently look upon disease as the natural condition of every one's health. People who devote their lives to any one thing are apt to become unable to see or believe in anything else in the universe but that one thing.

The doctors are like ignorant grooms, who think young colts must have distemper once, and that then they will never have it again. I observe that the more ignorant the groom is the more firmly he believes in the truth of this superstition. I have repeatedly known colts have distemper twice, sometimes thrice. If they are perfectly well managed they never have it.

Doctors say their theory is proved by cases where people who have had a disease once, afterwards, on being exposed to infection, escape catching it again. But a very eminent physician, with immense experience, once told me, he did not believe a person was a bit more likely to catch a disease in the same room with it than any where else ; and the whole lives of doctors and nurses prove this assertion to have much more truth than most people would suppose. No part of the population is perhaps more generally free from disease than doctors and nurses. The stereotyped answer to this is, that by habit, doctors and nurses get to resist infection ; but, as I have said above, if childish subterfuges of this kind are allowed in argument, anything can be proved and anything can be disproved.

Medical men have so very much to do with the imbecile, the infirm, and the weak in body and mind, that when they converse with a man in full possession of a strong intelligence, they seem liable to forget whom they are talking to.

Then would you, I hear some one say, allow children in the same room with a small-pox or scarlet fever patient? Certainly not, nor in the same house—perhaps not in the same town, for the existence of these diseases proves, as a rule, the air, or the water, or both, of the house in which they break out to be impure; the cause being generally due to the defective drainage of the whole town.

Is there a properly drained town in England?

In many a house where there is seldom or never any perceptibly unpleasant smell, the air is really sufficiently impure to tell gradually upon the health of those who breathe it day and night, hour by hour. And then come constant colds, and now and then, in an unhealthy season, scarlet fever, small-pox, measles, typhus, &c., &c. So long as communication exists between drains and houses, this must be so more or less.

There is "malaria" in marshes, but there is far worse "malaria" in houses. I wonder whether there is any house without some "malaria" or bad air?

A common feverish cold is simply the first stage of what is called "zymotic disease," and it is caused by the same things—defective ventilation, defective or imprudent diet, bad water, &c. It is "fons et origo omnium morborum," according to the old saying about it. Those are most subject to it who live in hot rooms, who coddle themselves, and who shudder at healthy pure cold air and cold water. It also may undoubtedly be produced by any sudden change that causes what is called a

shock. Nature loves change, but abhors suddenness and violence of change. This axiom may be carried to political and religious, as well as to physiological matters.

If there be no truth in the theory about people never having the same disease twice, it might be curious to find out the causes of the superstition. Possibly it may have to do with the old idea of curing by taking a hair of the dog that bites you.

Lemnius says that the bite of a scorpion will cure the bite of a scorpion.

Now, I can imagine that very little confusion of mind would be necessary to argue from this supposed fact, that small-pox will be a safeguard against small-pox.

But there is another explanation of the existence of the theory.

It is the principal prop on which Vaccination rests—what many people call the gigantic Vaccination swindle. I do not call it so ; for it is a very harsh term to apply to a deception that is caused in such a great degree by the unconscious bias of people who have an enormous pecuniary interest at stake.

Dr. Thompson says that, unlike fevers, colds, the more frequently they recur, the more frequently they may be expected. But why draw a line, where there is no line, between colds and fevers ? Every cold is accompanied by some fever, and may develope sometimes into one eruptive complaint, sometimes into another. Of course I know about the germ theory, but I am coming to that presently.

A man has a cold accompanied with feverishness ; he gets slightly worse ; a little eruption comes on the skin, and the complaint is called "chicken-pox" ; a little more eruption still, and it is called small-pox. Accord-

ing to the doctors, if the case had stopped at feverishness or chicken-pox, the patient would be subject to it again; but not after it reached the stage of small-pox. But where do they draw the line? Nature draws none.

Almost all medical men tell us, that a person will not have the same disease twice; but a few years ago, they told us that everybody should be bled at spring and autumn; that mercury should be taken in great quantities for almost everything; that inoculation, which is now penal, was the right thing; and that Vaccination in infancy, infallibly secured people from small-pox for life,

The fact is, till medicine is a science, the public will, and must, doubt the truth of what they are told.

All the so-called proofs of the theory I am discussing would, in an exact science, be looked upon as simply childish.

Till others are presented to me, I shall continue to believe with Dr. H. Maudesley, that "any tissue which has been subject to a particular morbid action, is more likely to take on that action again," and that having had a complaint once, creates a slight tendency to have it again. Of course, I, myself, have no proof of this, but, at any rate, there is analogy. In other things, habit causes a tendency to repetition.

CHAPTER V.

Medicine not yet a Science.

"Science, indeed! It is nothing like a Science."—*Dr. Majendie.*

I say, medicine is not a science. I gather this from the words of eminent physicians in different countries.

The celebrated Dr. Majendie says, "medicine is a great humbug." Also, "our ignorance of the real nature of disease is gross. Science, indeed! It is nothing like a science. Nobody knows anything about medicine. We are collecting facts, and, perhaps, in a century, there may be a science."

Sir Astley Cooper says, "the science of medicine is founded on conjecture, and improved by murder."

Sir J. Forbes says, "that in a large majority of cases, diseases are cured by nature in spite of the doctors."

Dr. Barker says, "the drugs administered for scarlet fever destroys far more than that disease does."

Dr. Forth says, "there is scarcely a more dishonest trade imaginable than medicine."

Professor Gregory says, "ninety-nine out of every hundred medical facts are medical lies, and medical doctrines are, for the most part, stark-staring nonsense."

"More children," says Dr. Reid, "are, perhaps, diurnally destroyed by the mortar and pestle, than in ancient Bethlehem fell victims to the Herodian massacre."

"Shun doctors and doctor's drugs," said the great physician, Hoffman.

"Le médecin est souvent plus à craindre que la maladie," says the French proverb.

Sir William Hamilton said, "Medicine in the hands in which it is usually dispensed, is a curse to humanity instead of a blessing."

"God cures, and the doctor gets the money," is another proverb.

Dr. Coggswell, of Boston, says, "were medicine abolished, mankind would be infinitely the gainers."

Dr. Frank says, "thousands are annually slaughtered in the sick room."

"When a people," says Addison, "abounds in physicians, it grows thin of people."

We read in the New Testament that "a certain woman, which had an issue of blood twelve years, had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all she had and was nothing better, but rather grew worse." It is the fashion in these days to throw doubts upon many things recorded in the bible, but who can read this and doubt the truth of it?

Dr. Mason Good says, "Medicine is a jargon, and has destroyed more than war, pestilence, and famine, combined."

But it would be unjust to withhold one or two considerations on the other side of the question.

In the first place, though Dr. Mason Good is, no doubt, right when he says that medicine has destroyed more than war, pestilence, and famine put together, we must remember that it has, undoubtedly, saved great

numbers of lives, if only from the curative and life-giving influence of faith and hope, inspired by the mere presence of "the doctor," even where his remedies have been pernicious.

Through all this fearful destruction the doctors have never failed in maintaining their credit with the public. Such is the force of plausibility and professional decorousness. The doctors are like the bull Sir Walter Scott tells us of in a village not far from him in Scotland. The bull in question was never known to become a father, but he always conducted himself in so staid a manner and with so much decorousness, that he maintained his credit in the parish, was very popular with the neighbouring farmers, and for many years continued to receive a great deal of patronage. So it has been with the doctors. They have killed people right and left as we have seen, but their explanations to account for it have been so plausible, and their bearing as a class so decorous, that, as I say, they have maintained their credit with the public. Formerly it was all witchcraft. A doctor killed his patient, and then told the relations that a witch had bewitched him, or that the devil had carried him away. In more modern times they tell the relations that the patient died because he become possessed by unseen germs of diabolical little animalcula, or minute organisms, typhus animalcula, cholera animalcula, chicken-pox animalcula, or small-pox animalcula as the case may be ; and the general public now just as in the good old times goes down to its grave never suspecting the imposition, but stolidly believing to the last in the "evidence of things not seen."

The doctors and the public are like the ogre and the stupid farmer in the fairy tale.

Once upon a time a farmer with seven children employed an amiable ogre to work for him, but without

knowing that he was an ogre. One day the farmer's eldest little girl went out to play in the garden, where the ogre was working, and she looked so good that he could not resist eating her. Then he went to his master and said that, whilst he was planting cabbages, an eagle pounced down and carried the child away. A few months afterwards the second little girl went into the garden to play; and she looked so good that the ogre could not resist eating her. Then he went to his master and said that, whilst he was planting cabbages, a wolf jumped over the fence, seized the child, and ran away with it into the forest. A few months afterwards the third little girl went into the garden to play; and she looked so good that the ogre could not resist eating her. Then he went and told his master that, whilst he was planting cabbages, a thunderbolt struck the child and ground it to powder. At last all seven children disappeared, an explanation in each case being given. But the ogre was so plausible, so charming, and (in all other respects) so well conducted, that to his dying day the stupid farmer never found out the truth.

Of course there are many individual exceptions to this stupidity. We read of a French lady who lived to ninety years of age. Forty of these last ones she had been on excellent terms with her medical man, who was, as so many are, charming and estimable in the highest degree. At last she died, and the following clause was found in her will—"I leave to my doctor, in "gratitude for the care and attention he has bestowed "upon my health for so many years, all that is contained "in the drawers of my toilet table." The doctor lost no time in going to the drawers, which, on opening, he found to contain untouched all the medicine he had prescribed for her during all the forty years.

Still, though past and present generations have suffered, it may be only in order that future ones may be the gainers. Success in anything can only be bought by failure. If in medicine this failure involves the sacrifice of human life, that is only its misfortune, necessarily arising from the nature of the pursuit; the rule must hold good. Knowledge must be paid for. A patient is killed by a new drug; but medical science is enriched by the discovery of the action of that drug. A Faraday or a Davy blows himself up; but a new and valuable explosive compound is given to the world.

The medical nonconformists who trust to nature alone have, no doubt, hitherto saved thousands of lives; but the conformists, by their experimentalizations, will, perhaps, discover some drugs that, at some future time, may save millions of lives.

Why is it that medicine is so far behind all the other sciences? Why is it that medicine is still in the regions of hypothesis, whilst all other sciences have learned to depend upon facts? Why is it that medicine still rests upon superstitions or supposed facts that only exist in the imaginations of fanciful men? as, for instance, that the zymotic or filth diseases are caused by the blood fermenting like malt, or that every complaint is produced by its own separate fungus or animalcule, which, according to Dr. Angus Smith, is exactly the two hundred and thirty-eight thousand seven hundred millionth part of an inch in size—a minute malignant being, incessantly roaming about the world for the purpose of spreading death and destruction.

The human intelligence, in its earlier stages, always believes that natural phenomina, such as the running of streams and the growing of plants, are each caused by its own separate Dryad or Naiad, or invisible living being.

Astronomy was in this stage a thousand years ago, when the stars were believed to revolve every day round the earth, each one being pushed along by its own separate angel.

Geology was in this stage a few years afterwards, when it was believed that the rotation of the earth round its own axis was caused by the souls of the damned turning it round like squirrels in a rotatory cage.

Chemistry was in a corresponding stage when philosophers believed in an imaginary substance which would convert everything into gold.

Religion was in the same stage, when all the affairs of this world were supposed to be conducted by evil spirits. We read that Luther constantly heard them making a noise in the cloisters, and, in fact, got quite accustomed to them. One night, being awakened by rather more noise than usual, he looked up to ascertain what was the matter; but, perceiving it was only the Devil, he turned round and went to sleep again. He was extremely fond of children; but, on one occasion, he recommended that a sick child should be thrown into the river and drowned, because it was possessed by the Devil. In those days, people deriving their beliefs from their imaginations, instead of from facts, thought that all diseases were caused by invisible malignant spirits. In these days, the belief is, that they are caused by invisible malignant animalcula, which are so small, as to be undiscoverable by any of the senses, even with the aid of the most perfect instruments. The form of superstition has changed, but the degree is surely the same.

Dr. Angus Smith has written a very clever and interesting work, entitled, "Air and Rain." At pages 491 and 501, he states that no germ of disease has ever been

seen or discovered. Then, at page 504, he says, that germs of disease do exist, and that each one is the two hundred and thirty-eight thousand seven hundred millionth of an inch in size. Now, this is very entertaining, but surely it cannot be called science—and, in fact, he says just afterwards, that some people consider them to be a great many million sizes less still.

No, first catch these creatures in the very act of imparting disease. When caught, measure them. Let competent scientific authorities agree about both the alleged misdemeanour and the measurement. Then, and not till then, will the theory emerge from the regions of dreams and superstition, and enter upon the stage of exact science.

Surely, when we see the fatal effects of some gases, such as carbonic oxide, which has not even any smell, it would be more reasonable to attribute disease to foul vapours, than to invisible corporeal imaginations.

Sir H. Holland says, that a slight change in the proportion of its atomic parts will convert an innocent substance, such as a breath of vapour or even an article of food into one which becomes an instant cause of disease or death, even though there be no new element introduced; and yet our doctors, apparently ignorant of all modern discoveries of this kind, cling manfully to the old superstitions about diseases being caused by demoniacal little animalcula or organisms. No wonder Professor de Morgan calls medicine a hundred years behind the other sciences.

"All other sciences," says the doctor in that excellent novel "Gerald and his friend the doctor," "all other "sciences have made stunning progress, and I wont be-"lieve we are always to be such wretched stick-in-the-"muds as at present."

The doctors in their refusal to accept a common-sense explanation of disease in the place of their old-fashioned superstitions are like my friend Brown.

Brown was one day pulling on his trowsers, but just as he had got his foot half way down he felt something move inside them. On this Brown tore his leg out, dashed the trowsers to the ground, and rushed out of the room screaming out that his trowsers were haunted, and that the devil was inside them. His friend Jones who was in the next room did all he could to pacify him, and demonstrated with the utmost clearness that it was not the devil but a kitten that had crept into the garment. But Brown would not have it, and will not to this day. And to show how strong was his conviction to the contrary, he never, notwithstanding that they were a perfectly new pair of trowsers—a pair for which Brown entertained a peculiar regard in consequence of the amount of thought he had bestowed upon their construction—Brown, I say, notwithstanding all this, never touched them again, and to this day he maintained as firmly as ever that they were indisputably haunted.

Why does the public believe that the moon is 237,000 miles from the earth? Simply because astronomers are agreed about it.

Where is agreement amongst doctors?

At page 544, Mr. Angus Smith states that the germ theory is nothing but a speculation.

At page 515, I see the statement, that in some places where marsh miasm exists, the deaths are more numerous than the births. But can this statement be called exact science? I know perfectly well, that when the elder Mr. Weller is warning his son against matrimony, and especially against the danger of widows, he makes the statement, that, "more widders is married than single

women." But Mr. Weller was a Coachman, and made no pretensions to science.

Again, I say, why is medicine a hundred years behind the other sciences? Why is it still founded on imaginations, guesses, and superstition? Causes are always complex, but one or two may be suggested.

In the first place, then, in the other sciences, there is no temptation to encourage false theories; so truth and facts pay best. In medicine, truth does not pay best immediately, and so truth and facts go to the wall. He only should blame the doctors who is certain that he, in their place, would do otherwise. The temptation must be enormous. I have often been astonished, considering this, how honest the doctors are. With whom is it that they have to do? They have to deal with, not the healthy majority of mankind, who love truth; but the feeble, the diseased, and the insane minority—in fact, that part of the community whose understandings, undermined by illness, in slavery to all the fears and morbid imaginings of disease, hate wholesome truth, and are eager to pay enormously for every kind of consolatory falsehood that flatters their fancies and encourages them in their unhealthy beliefs and superstitions. Demand in this world always produces supply. If patients demand false and exaggerated ideas about infection and other things, the supply is sure to be forthcoming.

Sir H. Holland, in his "Medical Notes and Reflections," comments on "The curious credulity of the "world in all that regards the nature and treatment of "disease, and the *injurious reflex action which this often* "*exercises on the minds of physicians themselves.*" He also talks of the evidences of medical knowledge being still far below the conditions of an exact science, and fettered by numerous prejudices and antiquated precepts, &c.

"We doctors," says Dr. Amboyne, "are dissembling dogs."

If any one is inclined to blame the doctors, let him try for a time what it feels like, to be struggling through life, with a wife and large family, on, perhaps, one hundred pounds a year.

Sidney Smith says, "Many a man thinks it virtue that "keeps him from roguery, when it is nothing but a full "stomach. One should be careful not to mistake po-"tatoes for principles."

Having anything to do with medicine seems to tempt people to humbug. The infection seems sometimes even to spread from the prescribers of drugs to the mixers of them.

Macready, the actor, wrote an almost absolutely illegible hand. One day he gave an order for free admission to the theatre to one of his friends. Of course, he could not make out a word of it; but all at once the idea struck him that it looked in its general appearance exactly like a doctor's prescription; so for the fun of the thing he took it to a chemist and desired him to make it up. The chemist did not hesitate a moment. He at once filled a small phial from three large bottles, corked it up, sealed and labelled it after the manner of his trade, wrote a direction for one tea spoonful to be taken every two hours, handed it over the counter, and demanded three shillings, which I need not say was not paid.

Where the temptation to humbug is so enormous disinterested honesty, when we do meet it, becomes admirable.

A friend of mine, meeting his doctor one morning, said, "I was nearly sending for you last night, I felt so "seedy; but I thought I would sleep upon it, and I am "all right this morning."

"My dear sir," said the doctor, "I must beg of you "most earnestly never to do such a thing again. Such "a practice, if it became general, would be fatal——to "the profession; for, if every one acted on that prin- "ciple, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the doctor "would never be wanted at all."

One other reason why medicine is so far behind the other sciences.

Other sciences have to do with matter. Medicine has to do with mind, as well as matter.

Few realize the degree to which mind acts upon matter. A hypnotized person is made to believe his hand is becoming burning hot. It actually does become so. A few minutes afterwards, he is made to believe that it is becoming cold, and icy cold to the touch it does actually become.

A sea-sick man at sea hears a fiddle played by a sailor. For years afterwards he never can hear a fiddle without being sick.

A man so weak that he can hardly lift a twenty-eight pound weight with both his hands, is made to believe that he can take it up with his little finger and swing it round his head. He accordingly does it with the greatest ease.

Some people can fix their attention upon one arm until it becomes cataleptic.

Dr. Carpenter says, that if a man, for some reason, really thinks a perfectly easy thing to be impossible, it immediately becomes to him impossible, from his want of faith.

Every single thing that men consciously do, they do because they believe they can do it; because they have faith.

Thus science is at last finding out the truth of what inspired insight taught 1800 years ago, that "Whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, *believing*, ye shall receive." The strong oriental figure of speech, "If ye have faith, "and shall say unto this mountain, be thou removed and "cast into the sea, it shall be done," of course teaches the same thing.

Mr. Darwin says, that when attention is drawn to any part of the body, there is a tendency to alteration of the small arteries of that part; also, that certain glands are much influenced by thinking of them.

Sir B. Brodie believes that pain may be felt in any part of the body to which attention is closely drawn.

A healthy woman sees a man with a paralyzed arm. This has such an effect upon her mind, that her own arm becomes paralyzed.

Brodie says, that a joint will sometimes become thoroughly diseased from nothing in the world but imagination, and the mind being directed towards it.

A man has his eyes bandaged, and the skin on his arm is slightly pricked with a pin. A stream of warm water is made to trickle from the place. The man faints or dies from thinking of the blood he is losing.

A man is sentenced to death. At the last moment, with his head on the block, and the axe about to fall, a reprieve comes. It is too late, the man is already dead.

For some reason, a man thinks he will die at a particular moment. When that moment comes, he actually does die.

A man dreams that he has received a violent blow in some particular place. When he wakes there is actually a bruise at that place, or injury so great that suppuration takes place.

A person expects to go to sleep or to awake at a particular time. He does so.

A French surgeon tries an experiment in a hospital. He gives one hundred patients some sugar and water. He then pretends to be full of alarm, in consequence of having made a mistake and given them all an emetic. In a few minutes eighty of them are actually sick.

A French soldier is tripped up by a spent cannon ball, but without its doing him the slightest harm. He thinks both his legs are carried off, and lies on the ground all night, suffering actually excruciating bodily agony, and never moving for fear of encouraging the bleeding. Next day, the medical officer coming round says to him, "Qu'a-t-il mon comarade?" "Ah," says he, "touchez moi douce-ment je vous prie. Un coup de canon m'a emporté les jambes."

A ship is threatened with instant destruction. One of the crew, a healthy young Dane, is so terrified, that he falls speechless, and red bloody perspiration breaks out all over him.

Dr. D. Tuke says, "that mental emotion may, in a brief space of time, induce death in perfectly healthy people, is a fact freely admitted by science."

A lady out walking, saw a child's ankle crushed by a gate. The effect upon her mind was such, that she immediately experienced great pain in her own ankle. She could hardly walk home, and when she took off her stocking, she found a circle round the ankle, as if it had been painted with red currant juice. Next morning the whole foot was inflamed, and she was unable to walk for days.

Hair has often been known to turn quickly grey from mental emotion.

A doctor lecturing, gives a vivid and graphic description of ague. One of the students is seized with ague on the spot.

Sir Samuel Baker, describing the fever in Africa, says, "that violent emotion, like anger or grief, is almost certain to be followed by an attack of fever."

[How then about fevers only being produced by demoniacal little funguses, as some doctors tell us.]

An Indian Fakir can at will throw his body into a trance that lasts for weeks.

Brodie mentions a young lady with a diseased hip joint. Nothing did her good. At last, one day she providentially fell off her donkey. The mental emotion this caused completely cured her.

Dr. J. Brown, of Edinbro', wrote a prescription for an ignorant labouring man, and told him to take it. The man accordingly swallowed the piece of paper itself, and was cured. His faith cured him.

Hippocrates says, "Faith is all, and that physician cures most who can best get people to believe in him." Thus, no doubt, the quack who is most dogmatic and most certain, where certainty is impossible, will often be more successful than the respectable members of the profession, who do not, in this way, work upon the faith and imaginations of their patients.

Sir Humphrey Davy placed a thermometer under the tongue of a paralytic man, merely to ascertain the temperature. But the man thought it was some remedial operation, and professed himself and appeared better, so it was repeated every day for a fortnight, when the man was cured.

To give one more instance of the influence of mind over body, we have Shakespeare's authority that care once killed a cat.

People without intuition, or common sense, however clever they may be, never know what to believe. They generally believe what is false, and disbelieve what is true.

Correct intuition and common sense come from the rapid unconscious action of all a man's faculties, when they are symmetrical,—action that it is impossible to trace, and that ceases the moment any attempt is made to trace them. Few have symmetrically balanced faculties, so few have intuition and common sense.

In reference to the above stories, which I have mostly found in Dr. Tuke's book, I may say that the easiest thing for a man to do who has no intuition, or who is otherwise puzzle-pated, is to deny the truth of everything that he has not seen himself. And, undoubtedly, this principle is largely acted on. In fact, a man with absolutely nothing in him but a critical understanding, *cannot* believe, simply because he has nothing to believe with. Reason alone cannot believe any more than it can hate or love, or taste a taste. To talk to a man with nothing in him but logic, about honesty in the narrator of a remarkable story, is idle. A man with neither honesty nor dishonesty in himself, does not know what the word honesty means.

The above stories are merely a few stray ones selected out of innumerable others of a similar nature, which have in all times been believed in by the common sense of mankind in general, and disbelieved in by those who are without the capacity to believe anything that is unusual. Everything in the world is miraculous to the man who goes deep enough, but many of the above cases are simply miracles in the ordinary sense of the term. That is to say, they are contrary to ordinary experience. They are contrary to what are supposed to be the uniform laws of the universe.

Dr. Garth Wilkinson goes so far as to say, that all disease is caused by spiritual deficiencies. That is to say, by want of life, joy, love, hope, and faith.

Dr. Daniel Tuke says, that Joy, Faith, and Hope are the most valuable of all medicines ; also, that joy produces an immediate effect upon the stomach and liver. He tells us the following stories :—

A young lady suffered from ague of long standing. No remedies were of any avail. At length her brother, to whom she was much attached, returned home, and she was well. Joy cured her.

Mr. Andrew Cross was bitten by a mad cat. After a time, the usual symtoms of hydrophobia showed themselves ; intense pain in the bitten arm, horror of water, &c. But he was a man of a strong mind, and he determined to fight the disease. By power of his will, he turned his attention to other things ; went out shooting, in spite of the intense pain which he suffered, and so compelled his mind away from himself, that the symptoms gradually subsided, and in a few days he was well. In this way he worked a miracle upon himself. His mental energy cured him.

Sir Henry Holland says, that many years ago, he has known cases amongst silly fashionable women in London, where a ticket for Almacks has cured diseased states, which had baffled the most skilful physicians.

Lord Anglesey, after the loss of his leg, suffered tortures from neuralgia ; but it completely left him whilst he was Lord-Lieutenant in Ireland during a time when that country was almost in a state of revolution. The mental anxiety cured the bodily disease.

A French girl was separated from her mother, who was in a hospital. In vain she begged to be taken back to her. In a short time she was seized with delirium,

headache, and paralysis, so that she could not stand. Drugs, seetons, leeches, and bleeding, did no good. At length she became so bad that she was taken to the hospital where her mother was. Unable to walk, she was carried to her mother's bed. She threw herself upon her neck, covered her with tears and kisses, and seemed as if she could not caress her enough. From that moment she was perfectly cured. But it was not the drugs that cured her. What worked this miracle was the passion of joy. I say joy, not love; for pure joy in some object not oneself, though it includes love, is far more comprehensive; it means, amongst other things *satisfied* love. Grief means unsatisfied or disappointed love. In the living side of nature passion may work any miracle.

The above stories illustrate the effect the mind may have upon the body.

On the other hand, when the effect of the body on the mind is considered also, the complexity becomes infinite.

Voltaire said the massacre of St. Bartholomew was occasioned by the king's stomach being out of order.

Mr. Hayward says, that Napoleon once lost a battle from his having eaten too much mutton stuffed with onions.

Again, when we consider that every human being is born with a constitution different from every human being who was ever born before, or will be born hereafter; considering, also, that in consequence of this difference, added to the infinite differences in surrounding circumstances, no two cases of illness ever have been, or can be, exactly alike—I say, considering these things, can it be wondered at that doctors have now and then been

known to differ, or that medicine is not yet an exact science.

One more hint.

Doctors have mostly to do with the female part of the population. Therefore, hard-headed reason and rigid logic are not exactly the things most in demand on the part of the majority of their patients. I am not talking about real superiority of one sex or the other, but only about reason.

If Swedenborg is right, that women represent moral excellence, and men intellectual excellence, women are, I need not say, superior; for, of course, Christianity is right, as opposed to Aristotle, and all Paganism, past, present, and to come, in looking upon intellectual excellence as nothing, when compared to moral excellence. No doubt Mahomet denied that women have souls. The conclave of cardinals only gave them souls by a majority of one; and the Scotch Presbyterians proved the same thing by the verse in the Revelations, which says, "And there was silence in heaven for the space of half-an-hour." But, on the other hand, Mahomet was a man: and, therefore, his opinion was one-sided. The cardinals, though, probably enough, old women in one sense, were strictly speaking, no doubt, men too; and the Scotch Presbyterian, of course, was a man.

Christopher North says, "Women superior to men! of course they are; though not in intellect, thank God."

Which is the superior sex, is a question much discussed, but little settled. Goethe says, "That person is greatest who is happiest and causes most happiness." Now, Dr. Johnson says, that "conversation causes more happiness than anything else." If, then, Goethe and Johnson are both right, the question between the

sexes may be considered settled; for, that more conversation takes place amongst women than amongst men is undoubted. In fact, the interests of men are generally, more than is the case with women, confined to one subject, to which they perhaps devote almost every moment of their lives. We read of a great grammarian, who regretted that he had frittered away his whole life, by spreading his studies over too large a field, that, namely, of general grammar, instead of confining his attention solely to the accusative case. Now, this man was very likely a great benefactor to the human race, but in the matter of conversation he must, one would think, have found a difficulty in meeting with recipocity of interests.

As I say, a man's interests are generally in some *one thing*, whereas a woman's interests are in *many persons*.

A business man, in America, was travelling on a steamboat with his wife and family. When he came to his place of disembarkation, he collected his traps to go on shore, but something was missing. He could not recollect what it was. He counted everything carefully, over and over again. Ten boxes, six packages, and a portmanteau. Still there was something missing. At length the captain's patience was exhausted, and he said, "Wall now, come, I can't wait no longer, so go and fetch your wife and children out of the cabin." "Darn it, them's 'um," said the man. "I knowed there was somethin."

Now, anything like this could not have happened to a woman.

Once upon a time a man went into a shoemaker's shop, and wanted his boy to be measured for a pair of shoes. "Very good, sir," said the shoemaker, "where is he?" "By George," said the man, looking down all

round him in a perplexed manner, "I've left the boy at home; I'll go and get him." And off he started to walk back again three miles into the country to where he lived.

This, again, could not have happened to a women.

As I say, doctors have mostly to do with the female part of the population.

Our friend, Mr. Punch, who hits nails on the head better than most people, gives a list, in two columns of ideas that are fixed in the mind, first of man, then of woman. He says man's fixed ideas are :—

(1) That he is over-worked.
(2) That his constitution requires stimulants.
(3) That smoking is good for his nerves.
(4) That he knows a good glass of wine.
(5) That medicine is all humbug.

And so on through the whole list.

Of course, woman has her fixed ideas also :—

(1) That she has nothing to put on.
(2) That she never goes out anywhere.
(3) That she requires a change about the month of August.
(4) That cook drinks.
(5) That her best black silk is getting awfully shabby.
(6) That the doctor must be sent for.

And so through *her* whole list.

"Mr. Bolus" says the doctor in *Punch* to his assistant "I am going to town for a few days. You will visit the patients regularly, if you please, and take care that none of them slip through your fingers————or get quite well————and————and I shall be back in about a week or ten days. Good morning, Mr. Bolus."

The fact is, almost every man has his joke against medicine, and the doctors have only themselves to thank

for it. They have brought this universal contempt of their profession on themselves, by their persistent encouragement of superstitions and senseless practices, for the sake (whether consciously or unconsciously) of pecuniary gain.

I suppose such jokes as the above have always been joked.

Some one was talking to Pope Alexander VI of the uselessness of physicians. But the Pope stopped him and said, "I do not agree with you, for if there were no physicians the multitude of mankind would soon be so great, that the world could not contain them."

I have alluded to the enormous profits that both conformist and non-conformist quackery sometimes have realized.

When Dr. Dimsdale, in 1768, inoculated the Empress of Russia and her son, neither of whom seem to have died in consequence of it, he was rewarded with a fee of £12,000, a pension for life, and the rank of Baron.

Inoculation in England is now penal.

Sir E. King received £1,000 for bleeding Charles II.

A French lady was killed by clumsy bleeding. On her death-bed she left in her will £500 to the operator, on condition that he never bled anyone again as long as he lived.

On the other hand we must not forget how doctors have sometimes been made to suffer for their ill-success.

The beautiful wife of Rum Bahadar, a Nepaul King, caught the small-pox and was left by it so disfigured that she killed herself. Upon this Rum Bahadar had all the physicians in his kingdom flogged and their ears cut off.

In England, a man in what is called an exalted position contracts a dangerous illness. A distinguished physician saves his life by clever negative treatment. If he had

not attended, the treatment would not have been negative, and the patient would have died.*

The physician's fees are large, and he deserves them. In addition to this, he is allowed to use before his name, for the rest of his life, a short word of one syllable.

Not long ago, in China, a general of the name of Fo much distinguished himself, whereupon the Emperor issued the following decree :—"Fo has done well ; let him have a peacock's feather."

In France, when anyone does some grand and heroic action, or in any way distinguishes himself very highly, a grateful nation permits him to put a little bit of red ribbon into one of the button-holes of his frock coat ; and he usually avails himself of this permission.

I gather from Artemus Ward, and other Americans who ought to know, that even enlightened citizens of the United States do not always hide their designations of colonel and general under a bushel.

Scratch a Russian, says the saying, and the Tartar appears underneath. Scratch a democrat or a monarchist and I am sadly afraid that poor old human nature appears underneath in the one just as well as the other.

* Not long ago, a London physician visited a patient in the country. He pronounced the case "inflammation of the heart." The country doctor expressed his regret at not having discovered it. "Pray do not distress yourself," was the answer, "it is all for the best. You might, perhaps, have treated it.

The celebrated Dr. Radcliffe, a blunt hard-headed man, was sent for to visit Queen Mary, who had small-pox. On arriving at the palace he first inquired of the court physicians what their treatment had been up to that point. They described it accurately, upon which, as the story runs, Radcliffe taking up his hat said, gentlemen the Queen is a dead woman; I wish you good morning, and off he went without even seeing her Majesty. Truly enough, in a very short time, the Queen died.

A Hint or Two about Titles.

People with republican proclivities protest against titles. I think such people are wrong. It is good for a country when its citizens are industrious and zealous. But without some rewards, they will be so in only a limited degree. As human nature is constituted, men value titles, bits of red ribbon in button holes, or peacock's feathers, as the case may be ; and it is fortunate they do so, otherwise some expensive rewards would be necessary, causing a great increase to the taxation.

Penalties for wrong doing are not sufficient. There should be rewards as well.

A creole planter described to a traveller his system with his slaves. It was a system of rewards and punishments. He said, "if they no work, they be flog ; dat is de punishment. If they work very hard indeed, they be no flog ; dat is de reward." Now this system, practically of only punishments, may have answered on that plantation, but I cannot think it applicable to large civilized communities.

The republican's hatred of titles arises from his worship of equality.

Those who are democratically inclined, always in their talk about equality ignore the constitution of human nature as it actually is. Everybody, unless age or utilitarianism has deadened his faculties, is always either looking up or looking down. If an advanced Liberal finds himself in presence of a person he feels to be his superior, down he is at once upon the knees of his soul before him, just like anyone else. On the other hand if he is in presence of some poor imbecile drunkard, all the liberty, equality, and fraternity in the world cannot prevent him from looking down upon him with either pity or contempt, or both. His being a free and inde-

pendent citizen of some enlightened republic makes no difference whatever. He may say to himself, he will look up to and look down upon no one, but he can say so only by ignoring the laws of human nature as they are constituted. A boy may say to himself, he will not care for the whipping he knows to be due, but he can say so only by ignoring the laws of sensation, as they are constituted. When it comes to the point, he screams, and promises to be good for the term of his natural life, just like any other boy.

Although I can truly say with Artemus Ward, "I am not a politician, and my other habits are good," I cannot help observing here, that I do not stand up for inequalities, after circumstances that produced them have changed, such as, to give an instance, hereditary legislation. The end of hereditary legislation will very possibly be, that the hereditary legislators will refuse to legislate hereditarily. It must be very painful to an active-minded, well-educated, and talented Englishman who wishes, as most such men do, to exercise some influence for good, to find himself, in the very prime of his existence, prevented from doing so by being shut up for life in the House of Lords; and, as I say, it must not surprise us, if some day our hereditary legislators were to imitate the example that is so largely set them at the present day, and strike.

A hint or two about Hereditary Legislation.

D. O'Connell's argument against hereditary legislation was nonsense. He said "We have not got hereditary shoemakers or hereditary tailors so why should we have hereditary legislators?" Now, in the first place, we have got hereditary shoemakers and hereditary tailors, for trades usually remain in the same families; and, in the

second place science shows that habits are hereditary so that a man is so much the better tailor for his father having been one before him and better still if his grandfather was a tailor also.

Science seems, at last, finding out the truth about hereditary tendencies. The Old Hebrew knew about it thousands of years ago. There is a story in the Talmud about a grandson being cursed because his father had laughed at the frailty of the grandfather. "The sins of the fathers are visited on the children unto the third and fourth generation."

Science tells us that every cause must have its effect, and that each one thing, however small, done by an ancestor must have its effect upon the body and mind of the descendant. Therefore a sin committed a thousand years ago has its influence for evil upon the sinners descendant down even to the present time. Thus, as I say, is science at length in its slow way finding out the truth of the much-derided-by-science doctrine of original sin. The real Benthamitish utilitarian still denies all these innate tendencies, though no doubt there has latterly sprung up a spurious breed, who are not Utilitarians though they keep the name. But these men are hybrids and not worth notice. They have lost their old philosophy and not yet found another.

We have seen that O'Connell, whether right or not, in condemning hereditary legislation was wrong in his reasons for doing so. Every question may be looked upon from a great many (say a thousand) different points of view. Now, on this question, there is one point of view I have never known to be taken—namely, the advantage the House of Lords as at present constituted is to the breed of horses in England. We have seen that the fact of becoming a hereditary legislator

condemns a man for life to political inaction in a very great degree. But an active Englishman must and will do something, and, therefore, debarred from politics he often betakes himself to the turf and thus helps towards the improvement of horses. That magnificent animal, a thorough-bred horse, such as Stockwell, or King Tom, or Lowlander, capable of carrying a man sixteen stone in weight is a new creation in the world. He is created by racing. If it had not been for racing we should all still be riding the kind of thick-shouldered weak, heavy, clumsy brute Charles I. is unceasingly trotting, to the great peril of his neck, down Parliament Street from Charing Cross. As it is we have as I say by racing created a new animal, and all nations come to England to buy it.

Horse-racing leads naturally to the subjects of betting and gambling, and as I have a great belief in nature's promptings I will give a hint or two upon those subjects.

Gambling may be called, with a considerable degree of truth, a foolish way of obtaining excitement. Men must have excitements and interests of some sort or they die of what is technically called "the Quaker disease." But gambling is undoubtedly not an exalted form of excitement. But it seems to be universal. No country is without it though perhaps England has less than most.

If people must gamble an out-of-door form of it is best.

The Chinese are perhaps the most inveterate gamblers in the world. China abounds in gambling hells. A Chinaman, when he has lost everything else, will even stake his finger joints ; if he loses, he chops a joint off with a hatchet, dips the stump in oil, and resumes play ; if he loses again, he chops off another joint, and so on, till all are gone. He will also gamble on his clothing,

till he has not a scrap left; then, having nothing else to lose, he is driven out by his companions, who (if in winter) watch him with great glee from the window crouching first against one corner of a house that he hopes will afford some warmth, then against another, till at last he lies down and dies, when his companions with hilarious yah yah's return to their game.

I think our English forms of gambling are better than the Chinese forms, but perhaps this is only because I am an Englishman myself. No doubt the Chinese think their ways the best.

It would, of course, be impossible to estimate accurately the addition to the riches of the country, that is made by the increase of speed, safety, and endurance of the horses that are used in it, from the powerful harness horse, largely impregnated with the blood of race horses down to the three parts thorough bred butchers' hack, that does twice the work and at twice the pace of the butchers hack of two hundred years ago; but this increase must be very great. Besides which, much money must be brought into England by all nations buying her horses.

Hereditary legislation is rarely discussed on its own merits or demerits. Class interests and jealousies always step in and spoil the argument. Class hatred is a very sad thing, but it is only one of the innumerable forms of illiberality so general amongst (morally) unenlightened men. The essence of it is aversion to the different, whatever that difference is. Each class runs down (in its ignorance about it) every other class. The thinker disparages the practical man; the practical man the thinker. The poet the philosopher; the philosopher the poet. The politician will often despise the literary man; whilst the literary man laughs at the politician.

Charles Lamb a literary man contemplating some Eton boys at cricket, says, "What a sad thing to think that these fine ingenuous lads, may some day come to be frivolous members of parliament." Artemus Ward, a literary man, after contemplating for some time an infant on its mother's knee, at last, with an abstracted expression of countenance, says, "To think that this innocent darling child, which now lies so helplessly in your arms, will one day be a man and a citizen, whose vote may be worth, perhaps, fifty or even a hundred dollars." And the politicians return these compliments. But it is all illiberality. The world is carried on by division of labour. One man thinks. Another man spreads the thinker's thoughts by word of mouth. An original thinker composes Mirabeau's speeches. Mirabeau utters them with appropriate dramatic accompanyments. Adam Smith prints his theories. Sir Robert Peel carries them out by oratory. The leading English thinker about social matters of the present day is H. Spencer. Before fifty years the politicians will be turning some of his thoughts into practice.

I now return from this digression to negative medical treatment. We have had an instance of its value lately.

The *Times* tells us, that Sir H. Bulwer always had in his establishment a Greek doctor, whose account of his own duties was as follows :—"Ma tâche journaliére c'est de l'empecher de prendre de la medicine." Sir Henry was a delicate man, and, I have no doubt, owed many years of his life to his Greek doctor.

Negative treatment is, perhaps, the most important, and, certainly, by far the most difficult branch of medicine. Anybody can write a prescription, but to prevent patients, their friends, and servants from doing foolish things is, in most cases more than difficult ; it is impossible.

"The prescriptions of the physician" says Sir H. Holland "form but a slender part of his duty. Of far greater import is his watchfulness over the economy of the sick chamber—its temperature, ventilation, cleanliness, and quiet.

A few more of the severe things that have been said about medicine.

Mr. Saxbey said to Akenside, the poet and physician, "the ancients tried to make medicine a science, and failed ; the moderns to make it a trade, and succeeded."

Formerly, in the Duchy of Wurtemburg, when the Calcraft, or public executioner of the day, had sent out of the world a sufficiently large number of people, he was popularly dignified with the degree of doctor of physic.

Under the old bleeding and violent modes of treatment, the common thing to say when a new doctor set up in the town was, that the church-yard would have to be enlarged.

In the olden times, the abbeys had a bleeding house, where the sacred inmates periodically underwent bleeding to the strains of Psalmody.

Sometimes, as we have seen, doctors themselves have said severe things about medicine.

A gentleman once sent Abernethy beforehand twenty pounds and begged him to attend his wife. In a day or two Abernethy went. When coming away he met the husband and said "are you the fool who gave me twenty "pounds the other day. Tell your wife to dine earlier and to eat less, and do you keep your money in your pocket, for no doctor's advice is worth twenty pounds." I need hardly say I do not agree with Abernethy in this. I once knew a doctor who advised his patient to take

very little physic. Before three years were over this advice was worth to him far more than twenty pounds.

The old epitaph says, "I was well, I wished to be better, I took physic, and here I am."

This is supposed to be an English epitaph, but a friend of mine saw it in Italian on a tombstone at Florence.

Some proverbs and epigrams, in consequence of their obvious truth, arise spontaneously in different countries, without being copied one from the other. As an instance, the well-known proverb, "Hunger is the best sauce," is said to be found in all languages.

The story of the old doctor, beseeching his medical attendant on his death-bed not to give him any physic, but to let him die a natural death, is also met with everywhere. The fact is, it is so natural a thing to be said, under the circumstances, that it very often has been said. This story was first told of Rabelais, when he was dying.

Allopathy is dying away, says the *Quarterly Review.* The same Review disposes effectually of the old doctrine held by old-fashioned doctors that the constitution of the human race has altered since they were young, and that this accounts for patients in these days wanting feeding, instead of bleeding. It is naturally painful for old folks to confess they have been wrong all their lives.

"To hide," says Charles Read, "that their whole "practice was reversed on better information, they went "from shuffle to shuffle, till at last they reached this "climax of fatuity and egotism. The type of disease is "changed! Natura mutatur non nos mutamur. O mu-"table nature and immutable doctors!" Mr. Reed seems to think nothing can equal the fatuity of this assertion, but I can match it. Doctors are hard put to it to explain

away the horrible results that sometimes ensue from Vaccination, and so they have hit on the assertion, that such things always are the consequences of bad management, and the admixture of some small particle of blood with the lymph, and that without this small particle of blood these horrible results could never ensue. Now, which of these two assertions is the most fatuous? I grant that they run each other close; still I think the latter has a little the best of it.

The ignorance of the old school of doctors is a thing to marvel at. Unhappily many still survive.

Dr. Wendell Holms tells a story of one of them. A young doctor being asked by an old one to go with him to examine a patient, went, taking with him a stethoscope. When the time came he offered the stethoscope to the old doctor who immediately made use of it putting the wrong end to the patients chest. He kept it there about two minutes looking as wise all the time as an old owl. "I then took the stethoscope," said the young doctor when telling the story, "and used it the "right way but what was the use of my saying anything "in presence of an old owl? I saw at once they all "thought it was I who used it the wrong end up."

Who does not know stories like this of old medical owls in England?

"In former days," says D'Arcy Thompson, "the "faculty of medicine rolled a tub terrible as the car of "Juggernaut. Charged with deadly erudition, the pro-"fessional healer passed a knee-breeched life, doing all "manner of mischief among the people. To many an "one, a weeping Martha might have said, 'Sir, if thou "hadst *not* been here our brother had not died.'"

Colonel Stuart, in his interesting "Reminiscences of a Soldier," tells us a story of a soldier, named Byrne,

who was tried by court martial for shirking his duty by pretending to be ill and putting himself on the sick list. He was sentenced to be flogged and to receive two hundred lashes, which punishment was duly inflicted. Having, after a short time, again reported himself ill and unfit to do duty, he was again tried by court martial, and again sentenced. But before the sentence was carried into execution Byrne died, and on his body being opened it was discovered to be one mass of disease, which must have been of long standing. The decision and sentence of the court martial had in each case depended entirely on the evidence of the surgeon of the regiment, and the evidence was that Byrne was free from all organic disease and in perfectly good health. There are probably few people who cannot remember some similar instance—either of a diseased person being pronounced by some medical man to be in perfect health, or conversely, of some healthy person being pronounced to be diseased; and yet it is on the evidence of these men (who besides ignorance have generally some pecuniary interests at stake), that our poor perplexed legislators found their enactments upon sanitary questions; whether it be giving Mrs. Stephens £5000 for her nostrum of egg-shells and powdered earthworms, or Jenner £30,000 for his nostrum of Vaccination or whatever may be the delusion of the day. No wonder the result is always so ludicrous, and often so cruel as it is. Indeed, the case of the soldier Byrne, who was flogged according to martial law upon the evidence of a medical ignoramus may be looked upon as typical of all the cruelties that arise from legislation founded on the evidence of medical men. Colonel Stuart goes on to say about Byrne, "And this poor creature, with his numerous "complaints, had, through the stupidity and ignorance

"of the medical men, suffered the torture of corporal "punishment, and had he not luckily died would have "suffered it again."

Colonel Stuart tells another story of another soldier and another regimental doctor.

"One morning," he says, "a prisoner was brought up—a man named Troy—on the charge of falling out of the ranks, and reporting himself sick without cause. I was surprised, for I knew him to be one of the finest and most manly soldiers in the regiment, and one who had gone through the Indian Mutiny without a murmer. Yet, the doctor said he was convinced there was nothing the matter with him.

"Sir," said Troy, "I have not been well for some time, and yesterday, when marching out, a sudden weakness came over me, and I was obliged to fall out; but sure, sir, you know me too well to think I would do so without a cause."

"Indeed, Troy," I replied, "I do perfectly believe you, and I think Mr.——," turning to the doctor, "you are mistaken."

"The doctor, not being pleased at my decision, touched his hat and left the room. The next morning, a sergeant came over to me and reported that poor Troy had dropped down dead in the barrack-room."

Doctors will say that these things happened nearly twenty years ago, and that since then medical knowledge has increased, and they know better now than to do such things. Yes, but that is exactly what the doctors said one thousand years, two thousand years, and no doubt twenty thousand years ago. Every age thinks it has arrived at true knowledge in the sciences. But as Professor de Morgan truly says, medical science is now a hundred years behind even the other sciences.

When doctors tell us that although severe things that have been said of medicine were true, for ignorant times, but that now the world is enlightened, we must remember that, though some improvement can hardly be doubted, this is only what almost all people naturally think about their own times in everything.

"Every generation of men," says Mr. Hinton, "thinks it has at last arrived at the ultimate principles of knowledge. His little horizon always seems to him to include the scope of heaven and earth."

Emerson says, "that before Napoleon's time, the belief was universal in Europe, that the art of war had arrived at the utmost perfection, of which it was capable. And yet these were the days of the old flint gun.

I once read in some American work, the name of which I do not remember, an account of a man shooting a squirrel with one of these old flint guns. He pulled the trigger, but the gun was so long going off, that he took it from his shoulder and looked down the barrel to see if anything was wrong; but it was all right; and he had only just time to say, "Darn it, it's coming," and put the machine to his shoulder again, when out the charge came, and down dropped the squirrel.

In those days (only twenty or thirty years ago) it was universally believed that fire arms had been brought to the utmost perfection that was possible.

I must protest against the common practice of accusing the medical profession of weaknesses and follies, which, even where true, they only share with the majority of mankind, and which are true—not because they are doctors, but because they are men of merely the average stamp. It is given only to a small minority of mankind to possess much original insight into truth, in complicated matters.

Even where the leaders of medical thought are to blame, the majority of the profession are but as sheep that are led astray.

Every truth on every side of a question should be known, and its proper weight in the balance carefully considered; so it would be wrong to pass over the enormous mortality that must, according to the opinions of medical men, have been occasioned in all times by the practice of healing. Merely to give one instance, we read, that up to almost the present time, the old mode of treating dysentery in Bengal killed eighty-eight out of every thousand; whereas by the present treatment, only thirteen out of every thousand die.

On the other hand, we must remember the saying, that "the way to do right is to do wrong;" and that, as in the life of an individual, failure must precede success, so in the history of medicine, killing must precede curing.

Another consideration.

Whatever doubts there may be about the present state of medicine, and whatever suffering may have been caused by the surgery of the past, at the present time surgery is almost an unmitigated blessing to the human race. I am not, of course, speaking of the surgery still found in country towns and districts, but real first-class surgery.

Again, I say, that whilst the ignorance, humbug, extortion, and charlatanry of doctors, in all times, and of all medical sects, whether conformist or non-conformist, is of course undeniable, it would be unjust to ignore the other side of the question—how the ignorance that killed was qualified by the kind-heartedness that consoled whilst it killed—how the humbug was only a highly remunerated supply, necessarily forthcoming to

answer an enormous demand—and how extortion has been set off by a noble generosity and unostentatious charity, for which, in all times, the members of the medical profession have been distinguished.

Abernethy said to a half-pay lieutenant he had attended for a long time, and who at last hinted something about payment, "Wait till you are a general, and then we'll talk of the fees."

To a poor widow, whose child he had long attended, and whose fees he had taken, thinking her rich, he returned the whole of it on finding out the truth.

Dr. Glynn, of Cambridge, went miles every day in his carriage to attend the son of a poor peasant woman, knowing well her inability to make any payment. A few days after the last visit, the woman again presented herself at his door, carrying a large basket. She said to him, "We can't get no rest for thinking of all your "trouble and kindness, so my boy resolved on sending "you his favorite magpie." Then she opened the basket, and out he hopped.

But the stories of the generosity of doctors would fill volumes.

Another thing we must not forget. That although the modes of cure hitherto in use have killed millions, as we have seen from the writings of eminent medical men, still the young, and those with naturally strong constitutions, very often passed through the ordeal in safety, and even with little or no permanent injury.

Speaking of charlatans, I have no doubt that the great charlatans of history, humbugs, as they were, have not generally been nearly so fatal as the regular practitioners. In fact, perhaps, the true explanation of their success is, that at the bottom of their humbug they usually trusted to nature.

The most celebrated charlatan in history, perhaps, is Paracelsus, who, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, commenced his mode of practice, in consequence of honestly dissenting from the violent remedies prevalent, which, he said, resulted in nothing but murdering. Later on in life he went mad about the magnet and the stars.

After him came Van Helmont, who was mad about the power of the will. He said that a man can kill an animal by his will and his eye. He quotes one Rousseau, who tried to kill a toad in this way, but the toad turned the tables on him, and stared at Rousseau so fiercely that he fainted, and could only be brought round by treacle and the powder of vipers. Still this proved the power of the eye.

Another charlatan was Gassner, a clergyman. His mode of practice was to dress himself in a scarlet cloak, stand opposite the patient, and order the disease to depart. He always spoke in Latin, in order that the devil might understand him.

In 1743, Cagliostro was born. He professed to possess the secret of prolonging life. At last the inquisition seized him, and, in spite of his protest that he had never had anything to do with the devil, condemned him to perpetual imprisonment.

About 1782, Dr. Katterfelto travelled about the country with a number of black cats and a nostrum made of powdered toads, worms, adders, and bats. But neither the nostrum nor the cats did any harm. He left his patients really to nature, killed few, and so compared with the orthodox practitioners, was no doubt, very successful.

Dr. Graham, about 1780, got a great name. He filled up with every possible luxury and ornamentation

a place he called "The Temple of Health," where the senses were charmed by music, scents, spices burned in swinging censors, and in every conceivable manner, a fair and frail young lady, who afterwards became the notorious Lady Hamilton officiating. An elixir of life was vended for £100 paid in advance, and a celestial bed with costly draperies provided for the childless at £100 a night.

But these things were nothing but harmless clap trap. He really cured great numbers of people, for he preached cleanliness, temperance, open windows, cold water, and early hours.

After him came St. John Long, a plausible Irishman, who made a great fortune. His remedies for everything seem to have been a small blister and a large cabbage leaf.

A similar explanation accounts for the success of most Nostrums and Quackeries, they did no harm, and saved those who had recourse to them from the regular practitioner.

At one time, fustigation was all the rage, the regular written formular for patients was "Flageletur frequenter et fortiter." But it did no harm.

CHAPTER V.

Infection.

"Few diseases have not been thought to be infectious, as, for instance, Opthalmia, ague, &c., &c. I shall not be surprised, if broken bones be added to the list, for in medicine, nothing is too absurd to be believed."—*Dr. S. Dickson.*

"True nursing ignores infection; cleanliness and proper ventilation are all a nurse needs for protection."—*Miss Nightingale.*

I HAVE alluded to the foolish and exaggerated fears that prevail about infection.

A very eminent physician, whose experience was enormous, once told me he did not believe in infection. Some ladies came into the room, and he immediately began talking to them of the extreme precautions it was necessary to take against infection.

Hear a doctor talk and you must think he believes in infection. Consider what he does and you can no longer think that he believes one word about it; for he passes his life going from diseased to healthy persons in a way that, if a tenth of what he says were true, would spread death wherever he went. If a twentieth part of what he says were true, there would not be a doctor or a nurse left alive in England. I know very well that the

common thing to say is, that they get into the habit of being exposed to infection without being the worse for it; but this is as if a soldier, after a campaign, were to say he survived because he got into the habit of being hit by bullets without being the worse for it. Whatever truth there may be in infection, according to the ordinary ideas of the word, the degree is perhaps incapable of proof. But of this there is no doubt; the more ignorant people are, the more they believe in it. Uncultivated people cannot believe in the sufficiency of filth to cause disease.

In the middle ages, it was believed that the black death was caused by Jews poisoning the wells, and the Jews were slaughtered accordingly. In later times, in Italy, the population believed the cholera was caused by the doctors, and the doctors were pulled to pieces accordingly.

The ignorant labouring classes of this country are utterly unable to believe in any cause of disease amongst sheep and cattle, except their being, to use their own word, "smitten."

Within six months three of my cows have given birth to dead calves. My labouring men, of course, like al uncultured people, think they caught the thing one from the other. My explanation is that some unknown influence has affected them all in a similar way. The common sense of the matter is that, as they are all kept in the same manner, and as the constitutions of differen cows are very much alike, any influence that affects one will affect the others also.

Bad and idle horse management makes horses crib-bite. The stupid lazy grooms who have caused it by not exercising them sufficiently, say that one horse must have caught it from another.

Horse doctors will say the same.

I often wonder how it is that particular ideas about disease become popular. I suppose it is a sort of fashion; at least the ideas are observed to die out at one time, then after a few years to revive, and then die out again, exactly like fashions in dress. As for instance, Cholera, which was once thought catching, was then for a number of years thought not catching, and now it is the fashion to call it catching again. Consumption, again, has for many years been called not catching, but now the doctors say that it is. The cow doctors are just the same with pneumonia and other cattle affections, only there is more excuse for them, inasmuch as they are less well educated men. But that seems really to make very little difference. Both in the one set of men as well as in the other, ideas about disease seem to be a sort of chance. Why of two diseases, neither of which are infectious, do they call one so and not the other? The horse doctors call crib-biting infectious, but not roaring. Roaring they say is not infectious but hereditary.

I suppose in a few years it will be the other way on; and roaring will then be called infectious, whilst we shall be told that crib-biting can only be taken by hereditary descent. Crib-biting, wind-sucking, weaving, &c., are really nervous, fidgety tricks that come from insufficient exercise, but being nervous and mental they really are like all mental affections sometimes hereditary.

A hint or two about roaring in horses.

First, my qualifications for giving an opinion upon the subject. Few people have studied horse breeding so much as I have. For I have always taken great interest in the large horse breeding establishment belonging to my father, the late Sir G. Cholmley, and during the last few years I have had in a great degree the management of it.

The horse doctors tell us that a horse is a roarer because he inherits the thing from his sire. But they do *not* tell us that a horse has broken knees because he inherits the thing from his sire. Now, why is this? One is as true as the other, and they are both very often true. That is to say, many a horse falls down and breaks his knees because he has inherited bad shoulders from his sire; and many a horse is a roarer because he inherits great size from his sire. A pony is almost never a roarer. A pony's constitution is so healthy, and the processes of life go on so actively, that he will keep well through a winter on straw and water. A pony is like a little Chinese pig in the matter of assimilation. A big horse if he has nothing but straw and water through the winter dies because his vitality and assimilating power is so much less. Ponies from the same cause are much longer lived than big horses. Thus it is that when a pony catches a sore throat, or feverish cold, or what horse doctors call distemper, and the windpipe is injured, as windpipes always are by sore throats, the great and active vitality of the pony's constitution cures the injury, and then the animal breathes as well as ever it did.

In the case of a big horse the injury to the windpipe remains uncured, and the horse "makes a noise" in breathing. All horses and ponies are roarers during the time they have swelled sore throats. The only way to ensure never breeding a roarer is to breed nothing but ponies or little horses with small bone. But this is not the valuable kind of animal. We want horses with big bones that can carry sixteen stone. So if people breed magnificent animals that can carry sixteen stone, they must run the risk of now and then breeding a roarer, that is, breeding horses that will perhaps be left

roarers after having had a sore throat; for no horse ever was a roarer without the sore throat coming first. Large bones with large framework and active, vital, and assimilating powers are opposite principles in living creatures. Where the one preponderates the other is observed to be deficient. The strongest thorough-bred horse I ever saw was Angelus. His stock were often magnificent animals, with great bone, and they sometimes stood nearly seventeen hands high. If ever one of them caught a cold he was sure to remain a permanent roarer. Angelus himself was sound in his wind; the fact being that he never was in hot stables in his life, and so never had a bad cold in his life. If he had he would have remained a roarer.

Several years ago there was a thorough-bred stallion called Marcian in the East Riding of Yorkshire. He was a little horse, but he nevertheless happened exceptionally to be a bad roarer; but his stock were not. I rode several of them myself, and saw great numbers in the hunting field. They were generally neat *little* horses, with rather small bone, and I never knew a roarer amongst them.

He who breeds from the most valuable kind of animal (that is, a large thorough-bred horse with large bones), must run the risk of breeding a roarer now and then, whether the sire happens to roar himself or not, for this makes no difference.

A mechanical injury to the skin, whether of the knees or of the windpipe, is not itself inherited.

The race-horse Melbourne was a celebrated roarer. His stock, like himself, were usually very big horses; and many of them were in consequence roarers. But I have now and then seen small sized horses by him that were not roarers.

Roaring is disagreeable to hear, but the popular ideas about it are exaggerated ones. I have known bad roarers go brilliantly even in severe runs with hounds; and if a bad roarer, like Prince Charlie, can run second in a great two mile race like the St. Leger, roaring cannot be much matter for ordinary purposes, or from a national point of view, that is to say, for army purposes. Roaring would make a horse no worse for campaigning, though it might indicate the want of active vitality of constitution common to large and big-boned horses. Thus a roarer in a campaign might be likely to lose condition, but not more so than others of the same stamp that happened not to be roarers.

I have known many yearlings left roarers after having had a sore throat or a distemper. I have also known yearlings with broken knees; but no horse was ever *born* a roarer, or with broken knees.

I once knew a man who was a roarer. He had many children, but all of them were quite sound in the wind.

Erroneous opinions often come from defective power of drawing inferences from facts. This power comes in a great measure from culture. The British public usually takes its opinions on special subjects from specialists and professional men. But if these specialists are uncultured men, their inferences from facts will generally be defective. Now, ideas about the complaints of horses come from horse doctors. But horse doctors are an uncultured class, and must be so, so long as they are an under-paid class. Therefore their opinions and inferences are very apt to be erroneous, as we see in this question of roaring. Exceptional Veterinary surgeons may be educated men enough, but not the profession as a class. Mr. Punch usually hits nails pretty fairly on the head; and we, many of us, may remember a caricature of two

'Vets' discussing the correct way of spelling the word "horse" One of them says, "If a haitch, and a ho, and a har, and a hess, and a he, don't spell 'orse, my name aint 'Enry 'Olmes." Now, Mr. Punch would not have printed such a caricature as this about a highly cultured class of people.

As a rule, experts, professional men, and learned men on one subject, are bad hands at drawing correct inferences, though there are exceptions. Human nature is limited, and mere fact receptacles seldom know what to do with the facts they contain. The man of "all round" culture or all round genius can draw inferences well, and the public can draw inferences well because the public include men of all sorts. This is the explanation of such sayings as "vox populi vox Dei." Vox populi is not vox Dei, but still it is, in the long run, a wiser voice than that of almost any individual man. This is also a part explanation of the saying, that a profession never reforms itself. The public reforms it when it is reformed. An expert or man full of knowledge on one subject is generally unable to form correct judgments upon that subject. He can only give his evidence and then the public judges.

I now return from this digression to the subject of infection.

Boys at school get measles from a stopped-up drain or a badly ventilated room. The ignorant doctor says one boy caught it from another.

The last cattle plague was a puzzle to stupid people, so they sent the puzzle to Russia and called it solved. In Russia, the same puzzle existed, so there they sent it to another country, and called it solved.

All through human things there is the same strange unwillingness to believe in spontaneity. Look at critics

and their perpetual striving to deny originality and accuse of plagiarism. They well know, I suppose, that the few ideas they have in their own heads were only got there through much tribulation from other sources, so they cannot believe in ideas ever coming in any other way.

Sir Walter Scott was praising a passage in Burns. Some contemptible pedant remarked that the thought contained in the passage was obtained from Horace. "Then," said Sir Walter, "Horace stole it from the Scotchman, and be damned to him."

But whilst standing up for the originality and spontaneity there is in the world, we must not shut our eyes to the other side of the question. It cannot be denied that the third class writers are absolutely dependent for their ideas upon other minds; repeating as they do, in endless varied phraseology, trite, commonplace, or old traditionary ideas, some of which never were true, whilst others have long ceased to be so. I will give one or two illustrations of this, for every argument or statement should have its illustration. It does not strengthen the proof, but it helps to realise it to the imagination. If everybody was a high mathematician—illustrations, perhaps, should never be used, but as very few people (the Lord be praised) are mathematicians at all—they should be used.

French writers about England are never tired of repeating Voltaire's theory about English spleen producing annually large crops of suicides every November, but facts show that the English do not kill themselves nearly so much as the French, and those who do, seldom do it in November.

English newspaper writers of the present day unceasingly repeat their little jokes, not ad nauseum, for harmless blunders cause amusement not sickness, but

ad ludibrium or ad mentis delectationem about "the stupid country party," "the bucolic mind," &c. But railways have long ago done away with the isolation of country life. Thus, Professor De Morgan says, "there is now no class more highly educated, more broadly educated, and more deeply educated, than those who were in old times best described as "partridge popping squireens."

Some believe that, for the perfection of health and strength of body and mind, country life is, as a rule, almost necessary.

The authoress of "George Geith" calls town people sharp and shallow.

Isaac Taylor talks of life in towns producing irritability of temperament, which destroys health of body and real strength of mind.

Dr. Arnott said that in London nobody enjoys perfect health except butchers boys.

George Eliot talks of town life producing "thinness" of mind and of character, like run-up trees in an over-crowded plantation.

Sydney Smith, writing a letter of excuse after coming to London from the country says, "I have got into all "my London feelings, which come on immediately I "pass Hyde Park corner. I am heartless, selfish, "insolent, worldly, frivolous, &c. Pardon the vices "inevitable in the greatest of cities.." Of course, he wrote in joke, still there is meaning beneath the joke.

Most people must have witnessed how a course of London fashionable life will often bring on in poor silly persons (of one sex or the other) the kind of moral idiotism expressed by Sidney Smith's epithets; and, where the heart goes the head will not be far behind, however active the brain may appear to be. People talk of a clever rogue, but "clever" and "rogue" or

"clever" and "bad," are really contradictory. A man is *one*. A part cannot deteriorate without the whole, and every other part deteriorating also. All vice means, at bottom, general imbecility.

We read a good deal about the deterioration morally, physically, and intellectually, that takes place in large towns. Many people think that a country cannot go on and prosper after once the town element in it has reached a certain preponderance; that effeminacy, weakness of every kind, the vice resulting from that weakness, want of self dependence, &c., must send such a country down hill. They quote ancient Italy and other once prosperous nations. No doubt these people may be right, but time alone can show. History teaches very little, for circumstances are endlessly novel. Compared with England at the present day, race, climate, customs, science, and religion, were all different.

Nothing is more difficult than to measure the relative degrees of vice and luxury in different ages.

Many think the present age worse, more luxurious, effeminate, and frivolous than all others; but all these other ages in their day made exactly the same complaint. Thus we read in Mr. Pepy's diary, "My wife bought a new bonnet, I do not like it, she do mightily, but only because it is the fashion." And again, "went to the play-house to see the new play. Paid twelve pence for my place; such is the folly and prodigality of the age."

A Hint or Two more about the meaning of the word Vice.

All vice means, at the bottom, general imbecility of nature. A common idea in opposition to this is, that great men who do the grandest things are not the men most free from vice. But it would be just as wise to say

that a hurricane shows strength, because it appears to do grand things and to cause great destruction. On the contrary, a hurricane always arises from some deficiency somewhere in that strongest of all the powers of the universe, warmth of the sun. The hurricane comes and sweeps away everything. Foolish people gape and talk about the tremendous forces of nature. But one quiet life-giving beneficent ray from the sun is an infinitely stronger force than a hundred hurricanes. Some man like Attila, some poor ruthless scoundrel without human affections—a helpless slave to every selfishness; without scruple, without a conscience, without a heart, without a soul—this man comes upon the stage of the world, and in consequence of all these negations, of all these imbecilities, of all these weaknesses aided by circumstances and by an active and ingenious brain he, like the hurricane, carries destruction wherever he goes. Foolish people gape and call him a great man. One short sentence written by a St. Paul or a St. John has exercised a power over men compared with which the maniacal doings of legions of murderers, whether wholesale or retail, are nothing.

Sun warmth is the greatest material force known.

Christian passion or soul warmth is the greatest spiritual force known. Rascality means the absence of this force.

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men," says the poet. Notoriety is not greatness. "The littler folks be," says Sam Slick, "the bigger they talk."

It is the hurricanes, earthquakes, and deluges that are talked about. The glorious days of sunshine that fill the world with life pass unnoticed.

Such strange creatures are men that they never cease glorifying their human hurricanes, even when their own

nation has been the sufferer. Every province, says Voltaire, disputes with its neighbouring province the honour of having been the first to which Cæsar "donna les étrivières," "C'est par ce chemin non par cet autre qu'il passa pour venir nous égorger, pour embrasser nos femmes, et pour nous prendre le très peu d'argent, que nous avions. C'est dans notre provence non dans la votre que ce heros fit pendre tout le sénat au nombre de six cents."

The greater the force, the more imperceptible and impalpable it is. A battering ram is very perceptible and very palpable. Air is less perceptible and palpable, but its force is infinitely greater; it shatters down trees and houses at a gust, and turns the calm waters of oceans into raging billows. Heat and light are greater forces still, but less palpable. Electricity still greater, and still less palpable. The power of gravitation, absolutely impalpable and imperceptible as it is, forces planets, suns, and galaxies to keep their right courses. What mighty forces are behind all these, mortal man cannot tell, and probably has not intelligence to comprehend even if explained to him by some angel from the planet Mercury.

It is impossible to trace the origin of all the innumerable forms of error and superstition. But one general cause is the impossibility uncultured men find it to believe in what are really the greatest of all forces, though they are the most subtle and impalpable. An ignorant savage sees a tree blown to pieces by lightning, so he thinks it must be done by something solid, which he calls a "thunderbolt." When he finds this will not do, he talks of "an electric fluid." At the present time we know it to be an invisible impalpable force, whatever the word "force" may mean. So it is with diseases. Uncultured

barbarous people thought they were caused by an actual corporeal devil, afterwards by actual corporeal witches, and now we believe them to be caused by actual corporeal though minute organisms. Medical science has got no further than this because, as Professor De Morgan so truly says, "Medical Science is a hundred years behind the other sciences."

Of course I know that hurricanes, pestilences, famines, Tasmanian devils (a kind of ferocious cat in Van Diemans land), and human devils are wanted in the world or they would not be in it. But that is not the question.

Hurricanes clear the air. Pestilences teach men that they must suffer if they are filthy, vicious, and idle. Tasmanian devils keep noxious reptiles under. Human devils have been instruments by which effeminate races of men have become replaced by superior ones, the standard of energy, vigour, and militant capacities (qualities essential for all, whether saints or sinners) has been kept up upon this earth, and mankind has been saved from degeneration.

I say that energy and powers militant are essential Christian qualities.

Christianity means the whole of human nature—the whole building, top story included. Paganism is without the top story. The lower stories are of course necessary, and as much a part of the one building as of the other.

"The higher powers," says Coleridge, "can work right only when the lower powers are in perfect working order."

It is the custom now amongst a certain class of writers to speak in a more or less depreciating manner about Christianity. Being men usually with sharp heads

and blunt souls, they are incapable of seeing what Christianity really is. What they mean by Christianity is, generally, on the continent Roman Catholic, in England Calvanistic superstitions.

Vice means imbecility or negation of virtue.

Those who have studied the criminal classes say that although some criminals have very active brains, they are all deficient in real intelligence as well as in every other human quality. In fact, they are imbecile specimens of the human race.

A writer in "Odds and Ends," describing convicts, says "Their look is more a want than a profession ; we "know it more by what they have *not* of other mens "looks than by anything they *have*."

"Why," says Dr. Farrar, "did not the buyers, the "sellers, and the money changers in the temple resist "being turned out? Why did Saul suffer Samuel to "beard him in the very presence of his army? Why "did David abjectly obey the orders of Joab? Why "did Ahab not dare to arrest Elijah at the door of "Naboth's vineyard? *Because sin is weakness.*"

"It is only the righteous man," says Matthew Arnold, "who is really alive."

The human hurricanes may be looked upon as inflamed places in the human race. "In disease," says Dr. Maudesley, "quick pulse heat, swellings, inflamations, really mean not more but less vitality. Increased inflammatory action always means diminished vital action." "A destroyer," he says, "is far inferior in vitality to the man who has concentrated his passions into calm continuous creative activity." Again, "A man in convulsions is not strong, though six men cannot hold him. Noise and fury indicate weakness with absolute certainty. The strongest force is quiet force." Thus

we may define a godly man, or in other words, a real Christian, as one of the greatest forces in nature. It is not at all surprising to find that men who by nature, old age, long continued habits of abstract thought, or any other cause are wanting in force and vitality, should deny or disbelieve in Christianity.

A few pages back when speaking of mathematicians I was led involuntarily into making a devout ejaculation. And yet I am fully sensible of the exceeding value and even necessity of mathematics, of the surprise the mental gymnastic feats of mathematicians are calculated to cause, and of the fact that many great mathematicians are men as well as mathematicians. Still many are not men as well.

Sir Isaac Newton once thought himself in love, and was sitting one evening smoking his pipe, and holding the hand of the object of his devotion in his own. But the pipe went out for want of fuel, upon which Sir Isaac replenished it, making use of and burning as he did so one of the fingers he had been grasping so tenderly. The fact was that his mind had for the time being gone away into infinite space, and he mistook the finger for the short bit of stick he usually made use of. It is stated that the young lady after this discouraged his attentions. Perhaps she had misgivings and suspected that her lover was not a man but only a mathematician.

A mathematical college don is sometimes appointed to a rich country living, and is quite useless in the parish. Of this I knew an instance. The poor wrangler when he came to reside at his rectory was helpless as a child about all country matters. When the first summer came he discovered to his dismay that his garden became grown up with weeds, and when he walked on his grass plat, he found himself up to his knees in wet grass.

What was he to do? At last he bethought him that he had read or heard that there were people called country magistrates, so next Sunday after the service he asked his clerk whether this was true, and if so, where the nearest one lived. The answer to these questions were so satisfactory, that next day he walked several miles to consult one. This walk he easily managed, for it was nothing more than the constitutional he had taken every day for twenty years, from Cambridge along the Trumpington road. He laid before the magistrate the whole matter, all his difficulties, all about the state of his garden and grass plat, said he knew there was a large town only twenty miles from his village, and then suggested that perhaps some one might be found in this town who could do something to the grass and to the weeds. I need not say that he learned, to his great relief, that he would have no difficulty in finding at least twenty men in his own village who would be too glad of the job; and our great mathematician went back to his home so much comforted that he determined to return to the same quarter for advice, if ever he should find himself in any difficulty again. And this he frequently did. Once he went over to ask about making some hay for his cow. What was he to do when the hay became stacked? How was he to protect it from the rain? Should he put tiles on the stack? If so, where could he get tiles? Was it true that tiles were manufactured in Staffordshire? And other such questions. In the course of a few years he naturally learned a few of these common matters, but he was altogether out of his element, gradually became melancholy mad and died.

Mathematicians are necessary to mankind, still, I maintain that it would never do for many people to be great mathematicians; for I firmly believe that the

greatest thing a man can do is to "rejoice always." Now I have heard the phrase "as jolly as a sand-boy," but I never heard the phrase "as jolly as a mathematician." How can there be active joy during abstraction and trance, when the blood almost ceases to flow through the veins? And in fact they do not seem, from Mr. Darwin's point of view, to be fittest to survive. Mathematicians are exceptional people. The object, as we all know, of the mathematician's life is to find out the value of x. Now I know perfectly well the importance and even necessity of finding it out, but, surely, it would never do for everybody's time to be completely taken up in this way.

I now return to the primary subject of this chapter—infection.

A has cholera, B has cholera in the next village about the same time. Dr. C says B caught it from A. The fact is, a doctor must say something, for if he says nothing, it would look as if he knew nothing about it, and that, of course, would never do.

Besides, it satisfies most people's minds more to give some explanation which they even know to be foolish, than to confess ignorance.

Formerly, people carried out their childish explanations in some cruel manner. If a man was ill, they burned a witch for being the cause of it. This is not the case at the present day, though the explanations are equally superstitious in their way.

I read a little book lately which, for the first time, has led me to hope that some day medicine will be a science. The title of it is, "The Zymotic Diseases," by Mr. Wolfe.

In it he says, "Contagion in small-pox is always assumed and superstitious modes of contagion are

accepted as explanations, such as driving in a cab which has carried a small-pox patient, or passing on the other side of the street, a person who had lately recovered from the complaint."

During the cattle plague, it was frequently maintained, in sober earnestness, that all dogs should be tied up, cats killed, little birds shot, and mosquito curtains put up in the cattle sheds. Still the propounders of these precautions were strangely inconsistent. With one voice they maintained that the Rinderpest was carried by dogs and cattle doctors, and yet, though they all agreed that the dogs should be tied up, I never once heard of anything being said about tying up the doctors.

I will here relate a little bit of experience of my own about a horse.

One day, going into the stable, I found one of my horses had two very bad broken knees. For a long time I was unable to account for this, but at length I heard that my groom had very incautiously put the animal up at a public-house in the very next stall to a horse that was just recovering from broken knees, and was, in fact, in that most infectious stage of the complaint, when the skin was beginning to peel off the healed place.

But this is buffoonery, says our old friend Dr. Dry-as-dust.

It is not buffoonery. If such nonsensical proofs are allowed in argument as catching a disease from a person passing at the other side of the street, anything in the world can be proved, anything can be disproved, and search for truth becomes a farce.

Dr. O'Ryan, Dr. Haygarth, and others, have tried to infect children with small-pox in the open air, but without success.

During the cattle plague, I tried to infect my cows with it in the open air, but, of course, without success.

The perfection of superstitious folly was reached by the cow doctors, who accounted for the cattle plague in one place by the fact of a strong west wind bringing it from some beasts ten miles off. We laugh at the poor "Vets," but I have often heard quite as foolish things from our own doctors.

A simple-minded surgeon writes to the Lancet of June, 1872, expressing his surprise at numerous instances that have come under his notice of infants nursed throughout by mothers in bad small-pox without catching it. Of course there is nothing very remarkable about the matter; only it shows how cautious people ought to be in mistaking simple-minded credulity for dishonesty, for, in this case, the surprise expressed was evidently genuine.

Mr. Pratt, a surgeon, tells a story of a mother nursing her infant in the same bed with another child in confluent small-pox. She would not have it removed, declaring she would "tak nea harm, and she would not have the bit bairn fashed." Neither mother nor child caught the complaint, *although*, as he says, neither had been vaccinated. Many at the present time would say *because* neither had been vaccinated.

Mr. Pratt says he could give many such instances.

I read a few years ago, in a newspaper, some very clever letters written by a Dr. S. Dickson, who seems, as far as I can judge from a few letters, to be one of those exceptional men, who have the power of seeing relation between things and unity of principle where such exists.

He laughs at the germ theory, and says, "that when a disease is prevalent anything may cause it; a sudden

chill, a depressing passion, or even a mechanical injury." He says, "in all times, people have tried to make money out of the misery of their fellow-creatures.* The question of Infection is not free from the principle. To meet the fact, that medical men seldom fall victims to a disease, though constantly exposed to it, it has been pretended that they have immunity from that very circumstance. Few diseases have not been thought to be infectious, ophthalmia, ague, &c., &c. I shall not be surprised if broken bones be added to the list, for in medicine nothing is too absurd to be believed."

Dr. Forbes Winslow's opinions seem to be similar to Dr. Dickson's. The former says, "mental emotion and shock to nerves may cause almost any disease, and yet there are medical men who will tell you that no complaint can be caused without some subtle poison to the blood."

Miss Nightingale says, "if infection exists, it is preventible. Abundance of pure air will prevent it." Again she says, "there is no end to the absurdities connected with the doctrine of contagion. Suffice it to say that there is no proof, such as would be admitted in any scientific enquiry, that there is such a thing at all."

* There is perhaps according to one system of philosophy, nothing surprising in this. It is only the carrying out in human life of the laws that are observed to reign in the animal world, according to which, in the struggle for life, the strong and the cunning secure their own existance, by preying on the weak and imbecile. If one of the deer in a park becomes sickly all the others set upon and kill it, thus securing for themselves its allowance of hay. This principle of sacrifice of others for the sake of oneself of course reigns amongst men just as it does amongst animals.

Mr. Winwood Read tells us, that negroes and savages treat their crippled people just in the same way. When men reach a certain height it is changed for the christian principles, but few reach the height of acting on them as a habit of life, though most act on them more or less.

A shock to nerves may cause almost any form of fever.

Dr. Maudesley mentions cases of surgical operations causing erysipelas. Another operation, he says, produced measles; another, scarlet fever; and, another, small-pox. How, then, about the germ theory of fevers?

In studying medical theories about Infection, I am constantly being reminded of the cattle doctors, a few years ago, who with one voice agreed, and in fact proved to the satisfaction of everybody, that the plague was first introduced into London cow-houses by cattle that had been brought from Russia into Revel by railway. At length upon *unprofessional* enquiry it turned out,—

(1) That there was no railway into Revel.
(2) That the said cattle were all perfectly healthy.
(3) That being all oxen they were certain never to be taken into cow-houses.
(4) That they never went to London at all.

During the cattle plague, my father, Sir George Cholmley, one day met a farmer, one of his tenants.

He said, "Well, Mr. Thompson, I hope you have no disease amongst your things?"

"Naw, Sir George, and I isn't gawin to neither.,'

"Why, how can you tell that?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Sir George! I sent for Mr. Smith, the Vetennary Doctor, and he's coomed and clapped a rowel into every one on 'em, sheep and all. He says they are quite safe now."

"But won't that weaken them, and so make them more liable to become diseased?"

"Naw, naw, it wawnt, Sir George, he says they are quite safe now. Aw! he's a clever man."

Next week his cattle all died.

Really, this is uncommonly like the Vaccination trick.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, in the *Contemporary Review*, sarcastically alludes to "The small-pox epidemic, which, awhile ago, so unaccountably spread after twenty years of compulsory Vaccination."

The doctors call it proved that small-pox is never taken spontaneously. But a negative is incapable of proof, except in the Irishman's way.

"Patrick Sullivan, says the Magistrate, "I can bring two witnesses who saw you commit the assault."

"Faith, your honour, if that's all, I can bring twenty who did not see me commit it." The doctors are exactly like Pat Sullivan.

Mr. Wolfe mentions a case of small-pox breaking out in a regiment in India, miles from any possible source of contagion.

He also says, there can be little doubt that when the minds of Physicians are directed to the possible occurrence of small-pox otherwise than by infection, there will be no difficulty in tracing it, like the other zymotic diseases, to the action of decaying organic matter.

Again, he says, "The same poisonous air will sometimes give one zymotic disease to one member of a family, and another to another, according to the constitution."

He gives instances of this.

On the 14th of May last, the bark, Athena, arrived at New York, many of the crew and passengers having died; some of small-pox, some of scarlet-fever, but most of measles. The diseases were traced to the filthy habits of some Polish Jews on board. Nothing would induce them to be clean. Soap was given them, but they ate it.

Mr. Wolfe says, the name of the disease depends on the tissue, or organ, primarily affected. He also says, "Mortality remains much the same, but one year it will take the form of typhus, another of scarlatina, another of cholera, another of small-pox; correlation in results suggesting correlation in causes."

Miss Nightingale says, "I was brought up by scientific men and ignorant women, to believe that small-pox was a thing of which there was once a specimen in the world, which went on propagating itself like dogs or cats; and that it would never begin itself. Since then, I have seen small-pox growing up in first specimen, where it could not, by any possibility, have been caught. Nay, more, I have seen diseases begin, grow up, and pass into one another."

Bad air, and want of cleanliness, are always killing off those members of the community, who have not strength of constitution to resist them. As we have seen, zymotic disease takes different forms in different years. Of these, it is said by some doctors, that small-pox or some eruptive form gives most chance of recovery, because its being principally in the skin saves the more vital organs. Some women say, "Better death than disfigurement, but how about the much greater disfigurement from life-long skin affections, caused by Vaccination? Of course, the doctors will laugh such an assertion to scorn; but that never makes the slightest difference in the truth of a thing.

As far as I can make out, amongst the thousand-and-one contradictory opinions of medical men on the subject, the same impure conditions will give one person small-pox, or some eruptive form of zymotic or filth disease, whilst another has typhus of some kind; those with healthier constitutions, or more active circulation

of blood, being more likely to have it in some eruptive form. Thus, I suppose, amongst savages, small-pox is the more usual form, whilst typhus will be more common amongst the poor and ill-fed part of the population in European towns.

The *Times*, in the October of the cattle plague year, writing about infection, says, "The theory of infection from abroad is a very old one, but is now nearly exploded. What is said of rinderpest, was said of Egyptian plague, which was invariably ascribed in those days to a ship-load of infected substances. Improved sanitary habits prevailed and the plagues ceased."

So of the black death. Small-pox at its worst has been nothing to the black death of the middle ages. Mr. Lecky tells us, that the black death swept away twenty-five millions, or a fourth part of the inhabitants of Europe. Yet improved habits have banished it, as well as plague, jail fevers, and camp fevers.

Foolish people think the proof about infection easy. But proof, either one way or the other, is extremely difficult.

A whole household has fever. The common thing to say is that one caught it from the other. The real probability is, that the same filthy air produced the same result in all. But to prove one or the other is almost impossible.

Strictly speaking, the air of even the best ventilated house is not absolutely pure, and thus it is that the more people live inside houses the more often they have colds and fevers. A plough boy very seldom has a cold.

After a doctor's visit a patient is attacked by some fever. The common thing to say is, that the doctor brought it from one of his patients.

Nothing is said of the ninety-and-nine persons he visited without imparting any fever. But any conclusion is worthless, till both these facts are considered, then the number of cases of fever in the whole community, and finally a mathematical problem worked out in the doctrine of chances. Do this, and an approximation to a scientific fact may be arrived at. But still, there will be numerous other probabilities, which seem never to enter into the heart of doctor to contemplate.

Doctors believe in the power of the body over mind, with all their hearts and with all their souls. But how about the far greater power of the mind over the body?

A great surgeon says, he has known a strong man's bodily health completely break down, by having a large fortune left him. It gave him everything he could wish for, and so all mental interest in life ceased. In the end there was nothing for it but to hang himself, which he did.

This accords with Dr. Garth Wilkinson's assertion, that want of the christian graces and virtues is the tap root of bodily disease. He means, that where these reign in their fulness, pure unselfish interest and joy in all the things of this wonderful and beautiful world keep the organs in such healthy action that disease has no chance.

The opposite view is that of the doctors, and well represented by Brodie, who says, that ill temper means lithic acid in the blood, and unusual benevolence is a pretty sure indication of incipient insanity, arising from disease of the brain.

Cabanis says, that the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile.

There is no hope for any medical man who does not fully appreciate both sides.

I know it is hard for a man, who, according to the present ideas of the profession, thinks it his duty to devote his attention solely to the body, to escape material mindedness. "Ten doctors, nine atheists," says the proverb. I only say, that as long as they are one-sided, either way, so long they need not hope for truth.

The materially-minded Voltaire said, that Pascal's views of the wretched depravity of human nature came from his miserably bad health. On the other hand, how much of that bad health may not have come from his acted out belief that it is wicked to care for anything or anybody in this world, and from the stagnation of blood such a wretched creed must cause.

Of course, nothing could be more cruel than in all cases to attribute bad health to the want of Christian graces. Perhaps there are few more beautiful things in the world than that sometimes witnessed of a life made up of these graces, in defiance of the depressing effects of natural bodily infirmities. Still, even such a character almost must be wanting in that crowning fruit of the Spirit, "unceasing joy." Such a person can hardly "rejoice always."

The cleverest book on the side of Materialism I ever read is "Physiology of the Mind," by Dr. Maudesley. It is admirable from the doctor's point of view. But his philosophy about man, leaves *the man* out entirely. His system can reach nothing but the vegetable part of him. He absolutely condemns what he calls the metaphysical system of philosophy—that is, a man judging human nature by examining his own; and he tries to show, that the only true way is to examine the bodily organs and anatomize the nerves. I know this is exceedingly valuable. But what in the world can the ganglionic centres of the nerves, the posterior and an-

terior cerebral lobes, or even the grey matter of the spinal cord, tell one about the man himself—his loves, his hates, passions, hopes, avarice, reverence, sense of beauty, worship, vanity, pride, gratitude, &c., &c., &c.? *A man* means these things. Take them away and he is no better than a cabbage—an intellectual cabbage perhaps, but still a cabbage. But the only way a man can possibly know anything about any one of these things, is, by looking into his own soul, and even then, he will not understand the meaning of the words gratitude, holiness, worship, &c., if he has none. And yet, this way, Dr. Maudesley laughs to scorn.

The music is the real thing, not the pianoforte. Of course, to a mender of musical instruments, knowledge of all the parts is necessary, but in themselves they are nothing. So to a doctor, knowledge of the human machinery is necessary. The pianoforte mender says, "These symphonies of Beethoven are nothing. Look at the instrument that plays them; common mahogany, cat-gut, and brass wire; nothing else in the world." In the same way, the third-rate man of science says, "All your talk about the divinity of the human soul is simply nonsense, I have examined the instrument that produces it, and it is nothing in the world but transmogrified protoplasm; or, nothing but lactic acid, evolved by chemical action from the cerebral lobes and the medulla oblongata."

I say, there is no hope for correct views about infection, or anything else connected with medicine, till the marvellous and miraculous effects produced upon body by mind, is fully appreciated.

Fear alone has killed numbers of people. Horror of a disease will give it.

A man has small-pox, and is marked with it. A strong healthy young farmer, a year afterwards, who had not heard of it, suddenly sees him and his altered appearance; this has such an effect on him, that he himself dies of small-pox in a week.

A healthy strong man suddenly hears he is ruined. He is seized with gout, from which he never recovers.

Rogers, the poet, sits near a window he thinks open, though it really is shut. He is laid up with a bad cold in consequence.

A man who is rather fanciful about his health and about rooms being well ventilated, goes to bed at an hotel. But he thinks the room close and cannot sleep from feeling suffocated. So he gets up and gropes about for the window; at last he feels the glass, opens the window, goes to bed again; and at once breathes so freely that he is asleep in five minutes. Next morning he finds that instead of the window he had only opened the glass door of a cupboard.

Mr. Babbage, inventor of the calculating machine, says, he always catches cold if he sleeps without his night-cap, which he ties under his chin, but if, by chance, he has left his night-cap at home, he ties a bit of string under his chin, and that does as well.

A hysterical person, with a strong digestion, imagines he cannot digest something, and the result is, he cannot digest it.

A prize-fighter thinks he is going to hit an object. He misses it, but the imagination that he would hit it, breaks his arm.

Terror from night-mare has been known to leave permanent marks on the body.

There is strong evidence of religious diseased lunatics having actually had open wounds, as if made by thorns,

on their heads, and wounds of nails on the hands and feet. Of course, this would be incredible by itself, but is perhaps not quite so when compared with other marvellous effects of mind on body.

Dr. Bird mentions an Italian poet who always fainted at the sight of mutton.

There are many instances of the sight of a cat always producing sickness; and of others who fainted at the sight of honey.

Dr. Maudsley says, "If a man, whilst fighting, gets the idea that he will be beaten, the muscular energy is immediately weakened by that idea."

The mere idea of a nauseous taste will sometimes cause actual sickness.

Again, he says, "The mere belief in a remedy, that has no effect whatever, will sometimes cure some structural defect."

He mentions a case of an infant who was born raving mad. It required four women to hold it immediately after it was born, and it climbed on to all the tables and chairs, and tore to pieces everything it could lay its hands on. Now what a marvellous effect this is of the mind upon what is usually inert matter. The child died in teething. The way people sometimes talk of a happy release, is generally sufficiently presumptuous. Still one can hardly imagine that this little child could have been much of a "comfort to its mother."

All these effects of mind on the bodily tissues are astonishing, but no doubt true.

Again, at a "seance." The imagination has sometimes such an effect on the bodily senses, that a person really thinks he sees chairs tumbling down, picking themselves up again; and tables tippling over, at an angle of 45°, without spilling water out of full tumblers, or displacing tall lamps.

Verily, we live much nearer the borders of hallucination than is dreamt of in the philosophy of most people; and very nearly are we to being such things as dreams are made of.

A Hint or two about Spiritualism.

People who, from some peculiarity in their education, are deficient in precision of thought, sometimes, as Sidney Smith expresses it, do not know how to manage their understanding. It is apt, as he says, to get between their legs and trip them up. In America, superstitions about spirits and spirit manifestations, as they are called, are prevalent. Even that shrewd man, Artemus Ward, was no exception. He relates, how at a "seance," one day, he was asked if there was any one in the spirit land he would wish to converse with. "I replied," he says, "If Bill Tompkins, who was onct my partner in the show bizness, is sober, I would like to have a few words with him." Upon this the mejium sez, "Is the sperret of William Tompkins present? Immediately there was three knox on the table.

"William," sez I, "how goze it?"

"Pretty ruff, old hoss," sez he.

"Air you in the show bizness, William," sez I?

He sed he was.

"William" sez I, "can you pay me that thirteen dollars you owe me?" He said, no, with one of the most tremenjis knox I ever experienced. Then there was silence. "Air you gone, William," I axed? "Raypher," he replied; and I knowed there was no use to pursoo the subject furder.

But though he thus treats the matter, "more suo," it is plain from what he says elsewhere, that he is a believer.

The automatic and unconscious action of the human mind, or, what Mr. Dallas calls "the hidden soul," is of course utterly marvellous and incomprehensible.

The unexplained facts that come under the heads of somnambulism, hysteria, hypnotism, mesmerism, table rapping, &c., &c., which remain after much imposture is allowed for, cannot be denied by any but the straitest sect of scientific pharisees. But to attribute them to anything but abnormal workings of the mind, or to anything that people think they mean by the term "spirits," is, in the present state of knowledge on the subject, simply superstition.

The way men of science shirk these questions, is cowardly in the extreme, and shows that their boasted love of truth is only love of themselves, of their little reputations, and of their shallow theories and ridiculous belief that the whole universe of mind and matter is comprehended within the little circle of their own knowledge. Some of them fear for their pockets, some for their reputations, and some fear disappointment to their self-conceit. But whatever the form their fear takes, they are cowards in the matter nearly every one of them.

Perhaps few follies exceed the folly of self-conceit. Intellect proverbially is connected with pride. It is then called diabolical, but it really means weakness and imbecility, for it cuts its own throat by its pride, and ceases to be true intellect, however glittering it may appear to foolish people. Every particle of self-thought takes something from the thought left for what is not self—takes something from the capacity to do good work. A dog will never catch a hare if he stops to scratch himself at every turn.

A man cannot put his whole soul into a thing if vanity and pride (what Goethe calls the negative manifestations of human nature) occupy his mind. If a part be taken from the whole, it is no longer the whole. What such a man does manage to do always smells of conceit.

A certain distinguished living man of science, looks upon induction and inspiration as the same thing. A man heats water and finds that it boils at 212°. He tries again and it does so again. He tries it a hundred times and it does so a hundred times; so he argues by induction, and says, "water *always* boils at 212°. He is as pleased with himself at making this generalization, as little Jack Horner was when he pulled out the plum; and he says, "What a clever man am I"—"really it must be inspiration." Some day he takes his kettle to the top of a hill and boils it, when he finds that his beautiful induction was all folly. So he makes another and so on.

Physical science is absolutely necessary to civilization. Conceit impedes its progress more than anything else, so in the interest of science, conceit should be exposed and discouraged in every possible manner.

Belief in what are called spirits is a mere question of evidence. We believe in far more astounding things, simply because the evidence is strong enough, as, for instance, in dead matter attracting or drawing towards itself other dead matter through empty space. That dead matter should be able to exert this force is enough to stupify a man with astonishment, and yet we believe in it. Now, in the matter of wonder, any manifestation of living things is nothing to this force exercised by dead matter like a magnet.

That one piece of living substance should be able to make another piece of living substance laugh (as it is

called), or cry, or get up and ring a bell, or go a message, is, of course, marvellous. Still, what with habit of mind and anatomy, and, talking about the medulla oblongata and the neural ganglionic centres, we blind our eyes to the wonder, and persuade ourselves that we know how it is done. But for a piece of dead matter like a magnet to make another piece of dead matter like a bit of steel filing leave the table on which it is lying and not only come up to but cling fast hold of the magnet, is an awfully miraculous, that is, wonderful and incomprehensible fact. Indeed, it seems so even to that somewhat stupidish fellow, my friend Brown, whose soul is not usually very much alive to the wondering passions. And truly marvel we must ; there is no escape ; for the magnet has got no medulla oblongata, and no neural ganglionic centres. Indeed, it has not even got a cerebellum. Still the evidence in what are called "spirits" wants strength, so we had better keep our belief till it gets it.

Talking of uncomprehended mesmeric and other phenomena, Professor de Morgan says, "Thinking it very likely that the universe may contain a few agencies —say half a million—about which no man knows anything, I cannot but suspect that a small proportion of these agencies—say five thousand—may be competent to the production of these phenomena, and quite up to the task amongst them."

It is impossible to define with accuracy what a reasonable man should believe and what he should not believe ; what are credible and what are incredible miracles ; though, if we go deep enough, everything is miraculous. It is the part of a reasonable man to believe in many miracles, merely, because they are vouched for by men who are known to be honest. A

cat is put into a bag, taken ten miles, and turned loose. It finds its way at once home again, without making one wrong turn. This is to men an incomprehensible miracle. And yet, we believe in it, because in our utter ignorance of everything to do with life, as distinguished from dead matter, we see no sufficient reason why we should not believe the honest men who tell us about it. In the same way, a reasonable man believes many things he cannot understand; things that seem to him contrary to what he thinks his experience. On the other hand, there are some things he ought not to believe in. No miraculous power in the universe could make the three angles of a triangle greater than two right angles, or two straight lines enclose a space.

I now return to the subject of infection.

Imitative diseases often look like infection.

At schools, it has happened that when a boy has been seized with an epileptic fit, other boys have been attacked also. When this takes place the cure is to threaten them with flogging.

Imitative suicide is not uncommon in jails. It is cured in a similar manner.

Most people have heard of the Convent of Mewing Nuns. They caught the infection from each other, and passed their lives mewing like cats.

St. Augustine tells us of infectious suicides which took place in his times. Thousands threw themselves off rocks into the sea and were drowned.

A sentinel, in Napoleon's army, hung himself in his sentry box. Several soldiers afterwards hung themselves in the same sentry box; so Napoleon at length ordered it to be broken up and burned.

A few years ago, an extraordinary imitative epidemic broke out at Morzine, in Switzerland, chiefly amongst

young girls. They went quite mad ; ran up trees, like monkeys, in a manner they were quite unable to do when in their right minds, and seemed, in all they did, to be possessed by evil spirits. The mania was at last stopped by the government sending soldiers and threatening them with imprisonment. In this way, this apparently infectious complaint was cured.

Similar cases are reported to be not uncommon in Tartar villages, also amongst young girls.

Perhaps the same explanation will do for these cases, as for the imitations of monkeys. A monkey is an observing animal, an active-minded animal, and an animal without much will or character. It sees a thing done, because it has observation ; it must do something, because it has an active organization, and so it imitates because it has no will to make it do anything else instead.

The above phenomena took place among young girls, that is, before their wills and characters were developed.

Dr. Dickson says, that the doctrine of infection favours the pecuniary interests of the medical profession.

If so, the unconscious bias produced by pecuniary interest, to which I have already alluded once or twice, might account for the exaggerated, if not absolutely false, ideas that prevail on the subject. I suppose Dr. Dickson means, that if infection by germs in the air, floating on the tops of mountains, as well as in filthy hovels, were the sole causes of disease, sanitary precautions would be neglected as needless, pestilence would rage, and doctors would profit by them. Certainly, one prop to Vaccination is, the belief that small-pox is only taken by infection.

But the exaggerated superstitions that prevail about infection lead also to other things, such as medical state-paid inspectorships, which must tend, as human nature is constituted, to bias the minds of medical men in favour of such superstitions.

Dr. Dickson states, that in the matter of cholera, the official medical authorities have already contradicted themselves twice about its infectiousness. First, they said it was infectious, then that it was not, and now again that it is. The interval of time between each contradiction was about the same. I believe another is nearly due.

The only really scientific experiment I ever heard of, which resulted in showing the truth of infection, was that of a German doctor, who states that he gave small-pox to a sheep by keeping its head wrapped up for a long time in the shirt of a man who had died of that complaint. This may, perhaps, be true ; and, if so, it tends to show that people should not keep their heads wrapped up for too long a time together in dirty shirts. But it is not much to the point, for, in the first place, a man is not a sheep ; and, in the second place, I have been talking about infection under ordinary not extra-ordinary circumstances.

Doctors now say that cholera is contagious, but Colonel Stuart, who had great opportunities for observing cholera in India, says in his book, "that the disease is not contagious." I have far more faith in the evidence of a sensible unprejudiced and disinterested witness like him than in that of doctors, whose evidence on such matters is hampered by many considerations.

The newest and neatest thing in the doctrine of infection, is the assertion doctors are now making, that consumption is infectious. They also profess to have

imparted the disease from men to guinea pigs by inoculation. Now, what an opening there is here for some enterprising man. Inoculate everybody in infancy from these guinea pigs, as is done in the case of small-pox from cows; then we shall all be free from consumption to the end of time, and a grateful legislature will reward the man who starts the practice with a grant of £30,000. It will be a far greater boon than Vaccination, inasmuch as consumption is a far more fatal disease than small-pox. Repeat an analogous operation for every complaint to which man is subject, and the millennium itself will have arrived. The allopath will lie down with the homœopath, and doctors will reign upon the earth for a thousand years. I cannot bear to ridicule a profession composed, for the most part, of such excellent well-meaning men, but when one sees them keeping up old world superstitions, and spreading misery that makes a man's heart ache to think of, what can one do? I know there is beginning to be a promise of better things, but that does not alter what has gone on up to the present time, and what is so largely going on now.

The effect of inoculation is very curious. That the lymph from a disorganized lung, should fly to the lung of an animal inoculated with it, and thus produce in that animal a disorganized lung, or what is called consumption; that lymph from a disorganised skin should fly to the skin of an animal inoculated with it, and thus produce in that animal a disorganised skin, or what is called an eruptive complaint; that lymph from a disorganized stomach should fly to the stomach, and so on through the whole list of disorganizations; that all this should take place is, I say, very curious though it seems to be well demonstrated, at least we are told so by one or two experimentalizing vivisectionists. But that

doctors should deduce from this that no organ becomes disorganised except by contagion, infection, or inoculation of some kind is still more curious. Whilst the most curious thing of all is that they should hold that the best way for a man to save himself from any one of these disorganizations is for him to be inoculated with it from a fellow creature with the same kind of disorganization, or from a cow, horse, or other animal.

Of course, I am no more qualified than any one else is in the absence of all proof one way or other, to decide how much exaggeration there is in the vulgar ideas about infection; but, considering that all the stories I ever heard, that are supposed to prove it, can be accounted for in other ways—cousidering that all our ideas on the subject come from the doctors, who, as Dr. Dickson says, have a pecuniary interest in keeping up belief in it; and, considering that all they offer as proofs would, in any other science, be laughed at as ridiculously inadequate, I say, considering these things, it is the part of a wise man to withhold his belief one way or the other, at any rate, till something resembling scientific proof be offered to him.

Epidemics are in some measure caused, probably, by some inscrutable atmospheric influence. But sometimes it is not quite inscrutable. A few years ago, at St. Petersburg, there was an unprecedentedly sudden change in the weather. Two days afterwards, 30,000 of the inhabitants were laid up with that form of fever called influenza. I have no doubt that the Russian doctors said, that every one of these 30,000 caught it from one of the others, or that it was communicated one to another by some invisible insect.

A short time ago, nearly all the horses in the Eastern States of America were seized with bad feverish colds

in consequence, no doubt, partly of peculiarities in the weather, partly of bad stable management. But the American horse doctors told the free and enlightened public that it was a mysterious epizootic, only taken by contagion, and the free and enlightened public appeared to swallow down what was told them, with every bit as much simplicity as if they had been mere down-trodden inhabitants of the effete old countries.

Foolish people are surprised, when one animal has an illness, to see others in the same locality have it also, and they can only account for it by saying, that one caught it from another. People who are not foolish would be surprised if it were otherwise. When one salmon in a river is hungry and takes the bait well, the others are hungry also. When one salmon is not hungry the others are not hungry. The same influence that affects one naturally affects the others. Perhaps, however, they will say, that one salmon does catch hunger from another. It really would not surprise me. It seems to please most people so much more, to account for diseases by infection, than by dirt, bad air, and bad ventilation, that I feel some compunction about saying anything that may possibly, in some degree, tend to diminish this satisfaction.

The remarks in this chapter about infection are intended to point, not to the non-existence of such a thing, but to the exceeding exaggeration that exists in the popular ideas about it—to the extraordinary way the question is complicated by what may be called mental infection, as well as deceptive and false appearances of infection, and to the complete absence of anything like scientific knowledge upon the subject.

CHAPTER VI.

The Germ Theory of Disease.

"The germ theory is an assumption of causes of the existence of which we have no evidence, to account for effects they do not explain." — *Beckingham.*

The present ideas about infection, are connected with the germ theory, according to which every disease is caused by its own separate invisible fungus animalcule or minute organism.

According to this theory, catching scarlet fever, means unwittingly swallowing a germ or egg of that particular small creature which causes the complaint.

The creature itself is so minute as to be invisible and undiscoverable even with the aid of the most perfect instruments; so its germ must be very small indeed.

I learn from medical men that these germs may be encountered everywhere, even to the tops of the highest mountains.

A person dies of typhus fever at St. Petersburg. A germ of the typhus fever animalcule emanates from him. A strong east wind blows it across Europe to the top of Snowdon. Mr. Smith, touring in Wales, goes up

Snowdon, and arrives at the top exactly at the same moment as the germ from Russia. He unwittingly swallows this germ and immediately catches typhus fever by infection from the man who died at St. Petersburg.

To account for the existence of the minute malignant being on this earth at all, we were told by the highest authorities, at the meeting of the Royal Scientific Association, that its lineal ancestor was most probably brought to our planet on an aerolite. I believe this is called, by scientific men, a complete and satisfactory explanation of the origin of organic life; but if they do think anything more about the matter, it pleases them more to believe that life originates in some other planet than that it has commenced on this one. For some, perhaps, similar reason, it seems to please doctors more to think that diseases originated a long time ago, than that they arose spontaneously in later times. Of course, every disease must have commenced some time or other, but the longer time ago that period can be put back, the more pleased they are.

I suppose, the idea, that disease is caused by living animalculæ, has something to do with the fact that dead animals are often observed to be full of maggots, or the germs of insects, more or less minute. But how about putting the cart before the horse? An Irishman sees a dead magpie. "Look," he says "at the poor magpoi and the magg'ts, shure and they've kilt it enthirely."

There are few things that cause me so much amusement as Irish bulls, or other things of a similar kind, that show perhaps activity, but at the same time confusion of intelligence.

"Ye call that man thin," says Pat, "faith, but I know a man thats as thin as two av him."

"One man's as good as another," says one of the people's friends. "That he is," says the Irishman, "and a great deal better."

An Irishman accosts by mistake a supposed friend. "By the powers its naither of us," he says, discovering his error.

"That stove saves half the fuel," says the ironmonger. "Faix, thin I'll take two of them and save it all."

A brilliant Hibernian builds a shed over his sun dial to protect it from the weather.

"Fathers," says the Irish preacher, "ye have child'n or if ye have none, your sons or your daughters may have."

Paddy shoots a pheasant, which comes with a whack to the ground. "Shure, but I've wasted the powder and shot—the fall alone would have killed it."

Sawing a branch off a tree, Paddy props the ladder against the branch. He saws away between the ladder and the tree, tumbles down and breaks his neck.

An Irish footman is sent to fill a hot-water tin for the feet with water. He cannot find any hot water, so he fills it with cold.

An emetic is given to Paddy. "Did you take it," says the doctor. "Shure and I did, but it was no use, it would'nt stay on my stomach atall, atall."

Twelve men set out on a journey, and cross a river. They count to see if they have all got over safe; but each one forgetting to count himself, only make up the number to eleven. They conclude that one of them has been drowned whilst crossing, so they all give up their journey and return home again.

An Irish preacher, holding forth on the goodness of a merciful Providence, quotes as an instance of it, the

fact that rivers are always sent to flow near large towns.

I merely give these few cases to illustrate the puzzle-headedness which always seems to me so amusing.

Here is another one, illustrating more closely the matter in question, of putting the cart before the horse, in cases of parasitic phenomena attending death.

A tree is dying, and in consequence, a great fungus appears near the root. The sagacious owner of the tree, thinking the fungus the cause of its dying, cuts it off and expects the tree to recover forthwith.

We all know that insect life follows death and even defective vitality, but that it causes fevers there is no evidence whatever. I wonder whether if these people were to see a horse and cart going quickly along a road they would say, " Look, what a pace that cart is pushing that horse along." If they or any one else thought themselves pecuniarly interested in taking this view, of course, they would say so. I suppose no one will dispute that. There can be no doubt that one way of accounting for the eagerness of medical men to establish the germ theory, is, the unconscious bias which is produced by pecuniary interest. It may decidedly be considered to be indirectly one of the props of Vaccination. For if small-pox can be taken by swallowing the germ of an invisible animalcule, even on the tops of mountains, sanitary measures become a farce, and there will be nothing for it, but for the public to resort to some doctor's nostrum that brings them large profits, such as inoculation or Vaccination, with three punctures on each arm, at a guinea a puncture, and in addition to that, re-vaccination every few years, with three punctures on each arm, at a guinea a puncture again.

It appeared, in the evidence before the committee, that the charge for Vaccination amongst the richer

classes was one guinea for each individual; but that was the old Vaccination with only one puncture. The new operation, invented in consequence of the failure of the old one, being longer, the fees, I suppose, will be longer too.

In consequence of the failure of Vaccination doctors keep increasing the number of punctures. In the Prussian army they have got them up to twenty, as I learn from a pamphlet written about Vaccination by a Swede named Silgiström. Well done Prussian doctors! I am really ashamed of my medical fellow-countrymen, allowing themselves to be cut out in this way. But it is never too late. Why not try thirty?

"Unconscious bias produced by pecuniary interest." It will be said, that I repeat this phrase tediously; but it is better to bore by repetition, than confuse by ambiguity; and it is the key note that explains very much, that otherwise would be inexplicable. In commenting on an alleged lunacy case, where doctors had been employed to give some astounding evidence, the *Saturday Review* says, that though they were probably honest men who believed what they said, if a commission *de lunatico* had been held on the doctors themselves, it would have ended in their all being locked up in asylums. The fact was they were paid for their evidence, so they honestly gave it under unconscious bias.

Formerly, people accounted for diseases and misfortunes, the causes of which they could not understand, by attributing them to witches and evil spirits. At the present time, diseases are believed to be caused by imaginary, invisible, malignant, and diabolical little animalculæ or fungi; but this is only a difference in the form of superstition.

A cause, or a place, being unknown, always sets the imagination of men to work.

Eusebius tells us, that beyond Britannia, there were many islands filled with demons and evil spirits, who occasioned every kind of injury and disease to the inhabitants ; and he even describes their personal appearance and habits, as having long yellow hair, wearing small silver shoes, and using bows made of the ribs of dead men, with which they shoot those who have offended them.

I have certainly not yet found in medical works, any similar description of the appearance and habits of the scarlet fever or cholera animalcula, or minute organisms, but I doubt not I should do so if I searched carefully.

Now, I must not be supposed to deny the existence of these little creatures. Nothing could be more unphilosophical ; quite as much so, as to deny that the moon is made of green cheese, a thing no cautious thinker would dream of. All he would consider himself justified in doing, would be to withhold his belief in that being the case, until such time as some trustworthy evidence of the fact were offered to him.

Beckingham says, "The germ theory is an assumption of causes, of the existence of which we have no evidence, to account for effects which they do not explain."

Theories are usually founded on analogies. We have heard a good deal lately about the scientific use of the imagination.

The most celebrated instance of this exercise of the imagination, working upon analogies, is that of Sir Isaac Newton.

Sitting under an apple tree at night, looking at the moon, and wondering why it stayed so close to the earth, instead of going off into infinite space, all at once

an apple fell on his upturned countenance, and caused him considerable pain. Whilst rubbing the place the idea suddenly struck him, that the same force which caused the apple to fall, might also cause the moon to keep near the earth. Everybody knows that this guess, founded on analogy, turned out to be true.

But what analogy is there to justify the germ theory; according to which every complaint, such as cholera or scarlatina, is caused by a minute living fungus? The only instance I know of any serious disease being imparted by living creatures is that of hydrophobia. Now every case of this terrible complaint is undoubtedly caused by a mad dog. But to make the analogy worth anything, the doctors ought to say, that scarlatina is caused by a mad fungus; for it is the madness in the dog that causes the hydrophobia. Now I have never seen this even hinted at.

It may be said, what signifies theory? Practice is the real thing. But practice often depends upon theory. The theory formerly prevailed, that every disease is caused by some morbid matter in the system, which must be removed by bleeding. This, for instance, was the doctrine in the case of influenza. But at last it was found, that in this complaint, those who were bled died, and in extreme astonishment the lancet was laid aside, after having caused fearful destruction—that is, laid aside in some countries. In Italy it still reigns. I understand, that in Campagna, all domestic animals are bled every Easter Monday.

There is always some medical dogma in fashion. The fashion lasts from twenty to fifty years, and is then replaced by another, which is sometimes new and sometimes an old one dressed up in a new suit of clothes. At the present moment, as I say, "germs" are in

fashion. The newest and latest thing in "germs" is contained in a book by a Dr. Budd. We may call it "Buddism." His doctrine seems to be that typhoid fever never arises originally, that it has nothing to do with breathing foul air or gases, but that it is entirely caused by germs of the disease, which get into drinking water from drains, and which germs have come from some typhoid fever patient. The *Standard* newspaper talking about this "book of Budd," asks "if typhoid fever never arises originally how did the first case arise." But this question shows ignorance of the great teachings of science, which, as we all know, tell us that the first germ was carried to our planet on the back of an aerolite.

By the bye, whilst every shade of zymotic fever is caused by its own separate germ, whilst, for instance, typhoid is caused by swallowing a germ of the typhoid fever animalcule or fungus; typhus, by swallowing a germ of typhus fever; chicken-pox, by swallowing a germ of chicken-pox; and small-pox by swallowing a germ of small-pox animalcule; I do not see any explanation of those cases (very common) which show a complication of symptoms between two or more of these shades of zymotic disease. Our doctors do not explain whether a complication, for instance of scarlet fever and diphtheria symptoms, or of typhus and typhoid symptoms, arises from the unfortunate patient having unwittingly swallowed a hybrid germ, or from his having swallowed both a typhus and typhoid germ, and these germs then forming an unnatural alliance together inside the patient. They should turn their attention to this matter.

In direct opposition to Dr. Budd, Sir J. Simpson says, that breathing unventilated air in a room causes typhoid fever, and he gives as an instance a crowded ball room,

with all the windows shut, causing within a very few days typhoid fever to many who had been at the ball. Who shall decide when doctors disagree? I shall for myself at any rate. And my decision is, that the new "Buddism" is all nonsense, and that Sir James Simpson is right. Very presumptuous in a non-professional man, professional men will say; but it is not presumptuous. It only would be presumptuous if the professional men agreed together, but as they all disagree together, the public must judge for itself as best it can.

Drs. Dickson, Forbes Winslow, and H. Maudesley say that a shock to the nerves, such as a surgical operation, may cause any one of the zymotic diseases, and yet, says Winslow, there are doctors who tell us these diseases never arise without some poison to the blood.

In the end, the common sense of the public decides all questions, as far as they are decided at all, whether theological or medical. The professional partisans and experts give their evidence, and the public decides.

It is wonderful what heat and virulence the rival scientists put into these questions, like the grammarian I have already mentioned, who invoked the eternal wrath of heaven upon his opponent, on account of his opinions about the præter-plus-perfect tense. Now, so far from invoking the wrath of heaven upon poor Mr. Budd, I wish nothing but good to him. I wish him not only success in his profession, but wisdom to write wise books.

The arguments of a man who aims at proving a hobby of the mind instead of searching without bias for truth, are quite worthless. An ingenious man can prove anything. These indignant controversialists about germs are like my positivist friend Robinson, when I tell him I do not believe about his ultimate atoms of matter,

which are so hard that they cannot be divided any further. Robinson becomes furious at once. To me, rather than believe in these little adamantine imaginations, it would be easier, with Berkeley, Mill, and the other idealists, to disbelieve in the existence of matter at all, or go with Faraday, who resolves matter into innumerable "centres of force." But the only honest thing for an honest man to say is, that the question is altogether out of the reach of man's mind. But he who piques himself on his knowledge cannot bring himself to say this. "Le seul honnête homme," says Rochfoucault, "est celui qui ne se pique de rien." He also who has a wish or bias one way or the other cannot say it.

Of course, there may be germs, or atoms, or witches, or anything else, but to believe in them without proof is superstition. Some things men should believe in without proof, because it is their nature to do so; as, for instance, that it is wrong to be cruel, right to be merciful, or (in the case of some few people) that musical harmony is a beautiful thing—all which things are, of course, incapable of proof. But it is nobody's nature to believe in ultimate atoms of matter so hard or so something that they cannot become smaller, or in every shade of bodily derangement being caused by swallowing the germ of that deranged condition's shade's fungus, or minute living organism.

I repeat that to expect proof or disproof about the terrible doings of these little demoniacal imaginations would be as absurd as to suppose it possible to disprove the evil doings of witches. Neither the one nor the other can be proved or disproved. But time, education, and intercommunication of ideas tend gradually to destroy superstitions, and then they are no more heard of.

They are never disproved, but they die out and cease to be noticed.

It may be said that Dr. Tyndall is not a member of the medical profession, and still he defends the fashionable germ theories of the day. But Dr. Tyndall is not himself a discoverer or original investigator, so much as an eloquent populariser of other people's investigations; he takes the science of the day as he finds it, and lays it before the public in an interesting and clear manner, and often with ingenious theoretical comments of his own.

Popularisers of science are as much wanted as the discoverers themselves; for what is the use of discoveries if nothing is known of them? And to popularise well requires, perhaps, quite as high an order of intelligence as to discover. Indeed, discoveries are often made by some half-crazy recluse with a heated imagination, who, except in the matter of the one subject he has got into his head, will sometimes be hardly fit to be called a human being at all.

We know that the greater state of filth in which people live, the worse the air they breathe and the water they drink, the more liable they are to fevers, from common feverish colds upwards. How these foul things act on the system is not known, and probably never will be known. But shallow and conceited men will not say they do not know things, and so they invent all sorts of theories about diseases being caused by germs or by witches, or by the devil, &c., &c., according to the fashion of the day. Something filthy poisons and kills; that is all an honest man has as yet a right to say. Anything else is only a reflection from his own imagination. He tries to lay hold of this something, but in vain. Still, he often sticks to his point, that the

something exists to his dying day. A bright genius once thought he saw a round Cheshire cheese at the bottom of a pond. It was really the reflection of the moon; but he got a rake and tried for hours to rake it out. At length, very much perplexed and disappointed, he returned home. Still, he stuck to his point, and maintained to his dying day that the cheese was there.

No one knows how poisons, whether vaporous or liquid, kill. The poison from a snake's fang is more deadly than any fever poison. But analyse the fluid from the fang that imparts this minute portion of deadly poison, and little can be found but the ingredients of a harmless drop of gum. The less that is known about a thing the more room there is for imagination to work, and seek for some hypothesis that may account for the phenomenon. How, then, about the devil lurking at the root of the serpent's fang? The doctors are puzzled about the matter. Here, then, is an explanation. Why should it not be the true one? At any rate, they should think over this suggestion. I make it because the poison is so very deadly that surely nothing short of the devil could provide it. Germs are all very well in their way, but we must not ask too much of them.

The teaching of Dr. Budd's book seems to be that breathing foul unventilated air—manure heaps at the door of one's house and filthy habits—have nothing to do with the zymotic diseases. The only chance is to wage a direct war with the very germs themselves of the demoniacal little creatures that cause the complaints. This, if I understand him rightly, is to be done by means of poison—poison the poisoners—poison them by a skilful administration of some disinfecting fluid. But we are told by our medical instructors that all blood poisoning is caused by the germs of minute organisms. So, it

seems, we are to turn loose upon the world still more germs to wage war upon the first ones. Of course, they may conquer, but supposing they are conquered; we shall then be left where we were. On the other hand, supposing they conquer—supposing they put to rout and even utterly destroy the opposing forces, what would happen then? Would there not be left a triumphant host of absolutely terrific little organisms raging about, seeking whom they might devour, and longing for new worlds to conquer? How can we tell that they will not turn round upon us? They destroyed the creature that destroyed us; so what chance should we have? Would not mankind be wiped off the face of the earth? I do not say that these things will happen. Still, there can be no harm making the suggestion. To be forewarned is to be forearmed.

Dr. Budd seems to think that the zymotic diseases only come from contagion, and from drinking bad water from drains. Animals have just the same zymotic diseases as men, if they are over-crowded and breathe impure, unventilated, and insufficient air. There are slight differences, because there are slight differences in their organs. Of course, a man cannot, like a cow, have inflammation of the coats of the third stomach, for he hasn't got one. Still, the diseases are essentially the same. The reason the generality of doctors cannot see this is that, as Bacon says, the generality of people (often very clever ones) can see isolated separate distinctive things, but they have not the power of generalising or comparing. Mr. Bain says that this is the prerogative of genius. A dog can see a white stone, and he can see a black stone, but he cannot compare them, and so learn that they are both stones. Thus, the generality of doctors cannot see that many of the

diseases of men and of animals are essentially the same. Any farmer will tell Mr. Budd that a cow or a horse will die of fever, even though contagion is out of the question, and though it has drunk nothing but the purest of pure water from heaven—water that has never even touched the ground, much less the drain.

Clever people who live in towns often know very little about nature's facts. They meet together, talk, theorize, and write about country matters in books or newspapers, and we country folk who read what they write, but who know the facts, are much amused.

As I said above, Sir James Simpson tells us a story of thirty-six people dancing all night in a small room with a low ceiling, and all the windows shut. Seven of the party were seized next day with typhus fever, of whom two died. How about Dr. Budd's germ theory in these cases of zymotic disease. The fact is, instead of air these people were breathing carbonic acid; it was an every day instance of disease from breathing bad air—"malaria."

I know that doctors will tell us that typhoid and typhus fever are two utterly different diseases, separated from each other by a clear and hard line. But this is merely the pedantry of perhaps clever or learned but certainly very stupid persons, who can only see isolated things like a dog, but who are without the faculty of comparing or seeing the connection there is between them; all such men, Dr. H. Maudesley calls "mere sense machines and fact collectors," or as Dr. O. Wendal Holmes puts it, "one story men," whose minds cannot rise above the ground floor. These men do not even know and cannot be made to understand that there are such things as second or third stories. Still, they are sometimes very useful in their place.

Pure water is of great importance, but it is of not nearly so much importance as pure air. We are always drinking the latter, every momemt of our lives, day and night. Water, even water drinkers drink only once or twice a day. Few people have studied horses and their management more than I have. If a horse is shut up in an unventilated stable, with nothing but foul air to breathe, but quite pure water to drink, he will sooner or later have zymotic disease in the form of cold, cough distemper, grease, or sometimes even glanders. But keep him in the open air, and he will, if well fed, never have anything the matter with him, even though he drinks very foul water indeed. I know all this by experience. There are all shades, degrees, and dove-tailings between Grease, Farcy, and Glanders. Glanders is the most malignant form the disease called grease assumes—the disease, that is, which provides us with the lymph used in Vaccination. Inoculate a man from the lymph of Glanders, and he generally dies. Inoculate a man from the lymph of grease, and, though poisoned, he generally recovers.

When I say that glanders is the most malignant form, I mean the form where the vitality of the animal is lowest, and, therefore, the lymph from it is in the most stagnant and putrid condition. Lymph from a quite dead body seems most fatal of all, as surgeons know who inoculate themselves with it whilst dissecting.

It is well known that Jenner's lymph for Vaccination was obtained from the greasy heels of diseased horses.

When I think of the misery caused amongst the poorer classes by Vaccination, of course, I feel very indignant; but when these miseries are not presented to my notice, what strikes me most is the extreme ludicrousness of Vaccination. That doctors, to protect

human beings from a disease produced by filth and bad air, should adopt the plan of exposing an animal to filth and bad air till it gets the disease, in order then to impart it to mankind from the animal, seems to me comic beyond measure ; that men, from the fear of the complaint, should allow themselves to be deluded into believing in and practising this contrivance, shows a gullibility which seems to me still more comic ; but the notion that governments, supposed in theory to be composed of men somewhat more intelligent than the generality, should compel, under pain of imprisonment, everybody to contract this disease which comes from a farcy horse, in order to improve his health and ensure him a long life, would surely have made Heraclitus himself roar with laughter.

We hear a good deal about men being descended from monkeys, or, indeed, at some inconceivable distance of time from inert matter, or protoplasm. But matter and time are mysterious and incomprehensible terms, some rigorously logical minded philosophers, like Mr. Mill and David Hume, even denying that the words have any real meaning at all ; and no doubt the best argument in favour of men being decended from apes has been altogether over looked by Mr. Darwin, that is, the unreason or resemblance to apes *spiritually*. Men have professed to disbelieve in matter, but no one ever disbelieved in spirit or soul, that is, no one ever disbelieved in himself having thoughts, feelings, and sensations. Absence of faith can go pretty far, but it never went so far as that. Now, it is strange that Mr. Darwin in his attempts to prove that men are descended from monkeys, should have taken no note of this, the strongest point on his side, namely, the animal-like unreason that is sometimes to be observed, not only in individual men but even in whole communities.

Instances innumerable might be given, but I will content myself with a few.

The largest concentrated community in the world is that of London.

The sewage of London is computed to be worth four million pounds per annum. Now, this London community has lately been spending about three million pounds in the construction of drains, to enable them to throw away into the ocean this property, which is worth four million pounds a year.

Almost every town, village, and country house in England has hitherto done the same as London.

Having thrown away and got rid with such great success of all this enormously valuable property, we spend immense sums of money in fitting out ships to bring from the antipodes substances of a similar nature to take its place.

The only perfectly pure and wholesome water for drinking and all domestic purposes is the rain from heaven. Enough water falls yearly on each house for the use of that house. Men spend great sums of money in making drains in order to throw away this excellent water; and then they spend still larger sums in making reservoirs, steam engines, and acqueducts to bring every sort of hard and otherwise inferior water to take its place.

Horrible disease called zymotic arises in men and animals from breathing for a length of time impure air. To protect themselves from this state of disease men shut up animals in foul stables until they have contracted it, and then they impart the disease from the animals to themselves.

These are a few out of innumerable instances that might be given of low manifestation of intelligence in

men, which, as I have said, would be much stronger arguments in favour of Mr. Darwin's views about men and monkeys, than any he has given, because they show a certain resemblance between the beings themselves; that is to say, their minds, intelligences, and souls; whereas Darwin rests his case principally on their bodies.

A still stronger argument even in favour of Darwinism, is the fact that so many men are inferior to animals in character and disposition. No ape would ever go out of an afternoon, get drunk, come home, and nearly beat his wife to death before going to bed. And no ape (supposing he could talk) would ever say ill-natured things of other apes. He might get in a rage, and whilst in a rage use violent language, but he would never be malignant or ill-natured in cold blood, as men are. Again, no animal would ever be cruel to another in cold blood like men. A talking dog, for instance, would never sneer at or ridicule another dog, in consequence of some bodily defect, as men will. No doubt, he might eat up his weaker brother if he were hungry, but this would be done upon a different principle, and one not diabolical. Anything in animals corresponding to misanthropy in men is also inconceivable. On the other hand, such is the difference between men, and so divine a spirit inspires the souls of some few, that one would think they were descended from gods; and perhaps they are.

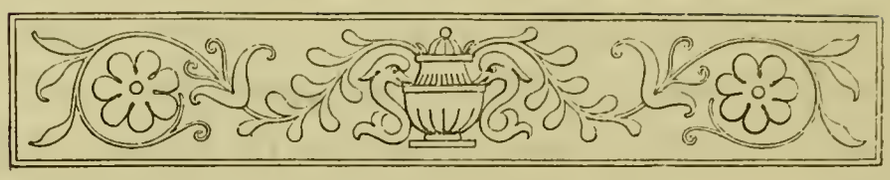
The science of the day tells us that mankind has lived on this earth many millions of years. We have some knowledge of some few thousands of these millions. That is to say, history tells us that during these few thousands of years men have alternately oscillated backwards and forwards from civilization to savagery,

and from savagery to civilization. How do we know to what divine heights men may not have risen in these oscillations that have been going on for millions of years? Heights compared to us that we could only describe by calling them gods? A speculation this. But I defy any one to prove it impossible.

[This quite puzzles two friends of mine, "Brown" and "Robinson," both of them very good natured—the former extremely particularly about his boots and the cut of his trowsers; the latter a distinguished man of science and materialist. "Divine a spirit," they both say in a breath; "what in the world do you mean?"]

When doctors differ, the public must judge for itself as best it can. If one eminent astronomer were to say, the moon is twenty miles off, whilst another says, a million, I must form my own opinion to the best of my power. When one doctor says, that the primary cause of disease is poison to the blood, and another says, that the cause is injury to some tissue or organ, which in turn causes injury to the quality of the blood, I must form my own opinion as best I can; and, in fact, I have formed it. My opinion is, that the theory of disease being primarily caused by poisoning of the blood by minute living organisms, and its fermenting in consequence like malt,* is superstitious nonsense, most likely originated by some doctor with great imagination, who had mistaken his vocation, and betaken himself to science instead of writing sensation novels.

* The word "zymotic" is derived from the Greek word ζύμωσις—Fermentation.



CHAPTER VII.

The "Positive-Entity Superstition."

"Disease is not a specific morbid entity, that like some evil spirit takes possession of the body, but a condition of degeneration from healthy life."—*Dr. H. Maudesley*

Connected with the germ theory is the strange notion, that every disease is a positive entity.

Dr. Chalmers, in the "Renewal of life," says "disease is not a positive something, but a negation of something. A disease means certain symptoms caused by negation or deficiency of vitality; that is, by partial death.

Mr. Wolfe says, that the name of the disease depends upon the locality primarily affected. He also says, "perhaps minute animalcula may be present, in different stages of decay of tissue, and are assumed to be the cause instead of the consequence."

M. Littrè says, that "disease has no independent existence, but only means disordered machinery."

"Disease," says Dr. Wendell Holmes, "used to be considered an entity, whereas it only means a deranged action of the bodily functions."

Dr. H. Maudesley says, "disease is not a specific morbid entity, that like some evil spirit has taken mischievous possession of the body, but it is a condition of degeneration from healthy life."

These opinions represent the most advanced thought of the day.

It is very cheering to find, that at last, we have advanced as far as Socrates, who defined disease to be a disarrangement of the body. And yet, ever since his time, doctors have spent all their artillery upon this imaginary monster "disease"—this bubble with nothing in it. They are like the Chinese in our war with them. When our fire-arms were mowing them down by hundreds, they could think of nothing but our big drum, which they thought must be some tremendous implement of destruction, and therefore directed all their engines of war towards it. At length, when the war was over, they discovered it was nothing but a big hollow thing, with nothing in it.

It is always as well, before waging war with an enemy, to find out clearly first that there is an enemy to wage war with.

An American country gentleman going his rounds in the dusk of the evening, saw a great snake coiled up on his garden walk. He immediately got an axe, cut the creature into a hundred pieces, returned to his house, told everybody about his exploit, and went to bed. Next morning, his gardener came to him in great tribulation, to complain that some scoundrel had been in the night and cut to pieces his best garden hose, which he used for watering the plants.

Now, if this man had exercised his reason a little more, he would have found out that the horrible

monster coiled up on his garden walk was only a horrible monster in his own imagination.

Voltaire, laughing at a delusion of a similar kind to that of diseases being entities, says, "pauvre pédant tu vois une plante qui végète et tu dis 'vegetation;' mais de grace q'entend tu par ce mot? Y'-a-t-il un être reel qui s'appelle vegetation? Si une tulipe pouvait parler et qu'elle te dit 'ma vegetation et moi nous sommes deux êtres joints ensemble ne te moquerais-tu de la tulipe'"?

Dirt gets into a vital part of a steam engine. The healthy motion of that part is arrested. Heat or inflammation takes the place of the motion. The whole machinery works in a defective manner. The breathing becomes hard and laboured, the intervals between the gasps become longer and longer, till at length the creature altogether ceases to puff. But we don't go and tell everybody that the engine has caught that terrible disease piston-pox, and that they must therefore be sure and keep all other engines out of the way of the diabolical little piston-pox animalcule. No, we repair the damage by removing all impurity, and we take care to keep the thing clean for the future.

Disease is not a thing, but only a defective condition of a thing. Enteritis is not an actual something; it is only an inflamed condition of a something, that is to say, of the duodenum.

But it is supposed that medicine has to fight, not only this imaginary monster "disease," but an innumerable number of these monsters, which are always roaming about, seeking whom they may destroy, when, in fact, no hard line can be drawn between one so called disease and another.

Classifications are necessary in order to keep knowledge together and to assist memory, only, people should remember, that though necessary, they are not true. God does not classify. He does not put things that are the same into classes, for he never makes two things the same. He never imitates himself. No two cases of illness are ever alike. No two pebbles on the beach are exactly alike. No two grains of sand are alike.

Men of science talk much of the uniformity that reigns throughout nature, but the uniformity is not in the things themselves, for there is none.

Even the senses of men can distinguish differenc e in a way that seems miraculous to those who are unpractised. Mr. Darwin tells us of a gardener who could distinguish 150 kinds of Camelia by the leaf alone ; and of the Dutch florist, Voerhelm, who could tell 1200 varieties of the hyacinth by the bulb alone.

Ants to men seem all alike, but Darwin tells us that in an ant-hill, inhabited by tens of thousands, each ant knows its fellow, and if a stranger ant is introduced, it is instantly detected and killed.

A dyer was once giving his evidence in a witness-box, where the question turned upon the colour of a piece of red cloth. He swore that he never knew two samples of cloth to be the same shade of colour.

Some doctors, I am afraid not of the most profound order, seem to expect not only to classify every case of disease under one of the heads they have invented, but to be very much shocked and put out if any one of them turns out to be not cut in exactly the correct pattern.

"Every case of fever," says Dr. Wendell Holmes, "has features of its own. There never was and never will be another case exactly like it. If a doctor has

science but not common sense he treats a fever, but not this man's fever."

Of course, I know that this blind belief in the separability of classes of disease comes from the natural deficiency in the average human intelligence, which deficiency they share with animals who can see isolated objects with their senses, but have not intelligence to compare them or recognize connections or unity of root and principle where such exist.

Bacon says, "the power of seeing distinctions is common, whilst the power of seeing resemblances is rare."

Bain says, "that the power of comparing and seeing resemblances is the essence of genius, but that the mass of mankind are as good as destitute of it."

Archbishop Whateley says, "It may be said almost without qualification, that true wisdom consists in ready and accurate perception of analogies and the exercise of the comparing faculties."

Dr. Maudesley says about classification and systems, "rules and systems are necessary for ordinarily endowed mortals, whose business it is to gather together and arrange materials." In another place, he calls these ordinary mortals "sense machines for registering observations."

Dr. Wendell Holmes says "there are one story men, two story men, and three story men. Fact collectors are one story men. Two story men reason about facts. Three story men are those who are described as inspired men."

The "sense machines" can compare sometimes, but only outside resemblances which are evident to the senses; thus, they can compare just enough to classify.

Every science wants its industrious "sense-machines," as well as its men of genius.

In astronomy, for instance, the "sense-machine" records everything his eyes can tell him about the moon—how it is yellow—how it is round—how it is out of reach of his hand—how it is like a Cheshire cheese—how it most likely is one—how at any rate it must be put into the same class—how it goes round the earth — how long it takes to get round, &c., &c. He does the same with the stars and the sun. Then comes the man of genius, who puts two and two together, and finds out all about it.

A Hint or two about "Genius."

The mistake the men of genius are apt to make is, that they are the salt of the earth. I am afraid this is rarely the case, however useful to mankind their intellects may be. Professor Bain says, that human nature seems so limited, that when great preponderance of intellect exists, there will generally be observed a deficiency in moral and religious qualities. Even Socrates has been accused of a tendency to hard utilitarianism and a want of human affections. The deficiencies of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Bacon are proverbial. Gœthe is often called a heathen and a selfish egotist. Descartes has been described as a man without feeling. The French proverb says, "bon poête mauvais homme;" and even of Newton, Bain says, that beyond violence of temper, his moral qualities were negative. A German saying says, "All great men are monsters." "Great wit to madness nearly is allied;" and there is a terrible connection between madness and badness. Charles Reade says, that three parts of the genius of England is shut up in madhouses.

Byron, Dante, Gœthe, Swift, Petrarch, Alfieri, Young, and Sterne are described as having behaved in a more

or less heartless manner to their relations and those who depended on them. Seneca says, "nullum ingenium "sine mixtura insaniœ." It is stated that Newton, Tasso, Sophocles, Burns, Lamb, Pascal, Cowper, Rousseau, Collins, Cervantes, and Comte were mad at some time in their lives. Camoens died mad. And these are the successful men of great genius. How about the hundreds or thousands who die unknown, in garrets and lunatic asylums.

Babies of genius are born by the thousand, but they generally soon die of too much brain too little body; now and then one lives till six or seven years old, by which time it, perhaps, knows half a dozen languages and is an accomplished mathematician. Then it dies. Several such cases are on record.

Many a mere, clever man of talent and collector of facts is, really, infinitely superior to many a vast genius; for he will be a man and not only an intellect.

One of the most remarkable features in Christianity was, putting for the first time, in the history of the world, moral and religious before intellectual excellence. "Whether there be knowledge it shall vanish away." "The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God." "If any man seemeth to be wise, let him become a fool that he may be wise." "I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and bring to nothing the understanding of the prudent." "Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?" Still, though we call ourselves Christians, we do not get over the old way of relatively over-valuing intellect. Not that it can be overvalued so long as it knows its proper place, as man's slave; to make his railroads, pots, pans, books, science, pins, needles, pictures, metaphysics, theologies, calico, and public speeches. Of course, a slave cannot be too strong.

"Art," says Matthew Arnold, "is only one-eighth of life."

> "The poet to whose *mighty* heart
> Heaven doth, &c., &c."

So sings a poet, I forget which, but he sings nonsense. It is only saying, "there is nothing like leather." It is a poet's imagination, intellect, and genius that are mighty, not his heart. "After all," said a friend of his, "Byron has a good heart." "Well, yes," was the answer; "that is, as good a one as can be made out of brains." The men with mighty hearts are the men of noble conduct and noble lives. Such *may* be poets also, but it is not the rule. Great poetical genius and the noble self-disregarding passions rarely go together in any great degree. On the contrary, poets are proverbially vain and ambitious fame seekers. Neither have many of them much passion for or hunger and thirst after righteousness. Still there are exceptions.

I now return from this digression to my subject of classifying diseases.

The power, as Bacon says, of comparing and seeing analogies is exceptional amongst men.

The cattle doctors, during the cattle plague, were quite unable to see the analogy that existed between rinderpest and the zymotic diseases in man. They said, "when you cut a cow open, you find an inflamed membrane here and another there, a disorganized appearance about the second stomach, an unusual look about the third, and something or other else about the fourth, all which is totally different from typhus complaints in men." Of course it is. How can a man be disorganized in his third stomach when he has'nt got one? Still, the rinderpest was a similar disease, being a zymotic fever, produced by filth and wrong living, and curable by purity of air, good management, and cleanliness.

During the cattle plague, a farmer near Malton employed a man to kill and bury two beasts that had been given up by the doctors as hopeless cases. But the work was hard, and the day was wet, so when half the task was done, he went into a public house to refresh himself. By a most happy chance he got extremely drunk, and continued so for twenty-four hours; then, when he returned to his work he found the remaining beast quietly grazing by the grave of its companion, and in a day or two it was quite well. The fact is, the two animals had been all but killed in the orthodox manner, by heat, filth, darkness, and doctoring, and the cold pure air of frosty December weather acted like a charm.

I remember several similar stories.

This kind of treatment, or rather no-treatment, would have cured nine-tenths of them.

I lately read some excellent observations in *The Times* about "foot and mouth" disease, showing the strong probability there is that fatality in that complaint, when it occurs, always arises from "doctoring." Then follows an anecdote about cholera in Ireland:—

A man had cholera.

The doctor gave the patient's brother some medicine for him.

A day or two afterwards meeting him in the street, the doctor said, "Well John, how is your brother Pat?"

"Long life to your honour, he's foinely."

"I'm very glad to hear it, John; it's an ugly complaint, that cholera."

"Throth, and your honour, it is, and poor Pat had a bad time of it, but praised be the Lord he's well again; and plase your honour the dog's dead."

"What dog?"

"Oh, your honour, but he struggled hard."

"But what dog are you talking of, my good fellow?"

"Plase your honour, I gave the medicine to the dog; but Pat's doing foinely, your honour."

I say that very many of the sick cattle during the cattle plague died of the treatment; great numbers, too, were slaughtered; and ever since we have been complaining of the scarcity of cattle in the country.

What strange creatures men are. In childhood they spill their milk, and then whine because they have none to drink. Later in life, they run their sewage into the ocean, and then whine because they have no manure—send their rainfall into the gutters, and then whine because they have no water—keep their cattle in unnatural unhealthy conditions, and then whine because they become subject to disease—kill and bury them six feet deep, and then whine because they have no stock for their fields—get higher pay for their labour, and then whine because the price of what is produced by that labour becomes higher—insist on, and get equality, and then whine because they have thus lost liberty—insist on, and get liberty, and then whine because they have thus lost equality—quarrel with, and prevent the formation of capital, and then whine because wages are less than they think they should be*—treat the less rich in worldly wealth as if they were scarcely human beings, and then whine when a revolution casts them from their high estate—legislate for men as if they were children,

* This matter is so simple, that it seems hardly to need explaining. The more capital and capitalists there are in the world, the greater the demand must be for labour, and the higher the wages. If there were no such thing as capital, there could be no such thing as wages. To find this state of things absolutely we should have to go to the lower animals, but an approximation to it we no doubt find amongst some of the more degraded races of savages.

and then whine because they behave like children—pay tramps for begging, and then whine because tramps beg—and so I might go on for pages. Of course, it may be said, that they have a right to do most of these things if it pleases them, but to do them, and then whine over the consequences that necessarily result from doing them, seems, to thinking people, so very strange and unintelligent, that in order to account for it, they sometimes feel themselves obliged to resort to theories like those of Mr. Darwin, however repugnant they may be.

To return to what Dr. Maudesley calls sense-machines. It is only in the higher races of men that the power of doing more than seeing and knowing mere isolated facts seems to exist at all. The Chinese know facts. But they can do nothing with them. They knew the mere facts about gunpowder a thousand years before the Eurodeans did. But they knew nothing more till we showed them its enormous value by shooting them with it.

But, even in Europe, "relation" is in a great degree a new development, perhaps due partly to Hegel, who taught that no fact is isolated or limited, that all things in the universe mutually touch and are linked together; and that everything is relative having its meaning elsewhere than in itself.

Dr. D. Tuke talks of the folly of those who mistake the classifications men make for convenience, for truth.

The third class men of science are very curious people. They classify a thing and forthwith call it knowledge. An incomprehensible phenomenon presents itself to their notice, which they confess they do not understand. But after a little time they classify it or put it under some heading they are equally ignorant about, and then they think they know all about the thing.

The Brobdignagians caught Gulliver, and at first looked upon him as a marvellous prodigy. But at last a great philosopher among them classified him and named him a "Ralplum Scalcatch," and then the Brobdignagians were satisfied, called it knowledge, and thought no more about the matter.

A man goes to the Polytechnic, touches the torpedo eel, and is knocked down on the spot. Of course, he is much shocked at first, but upon it being explained to him that what has occurred was occasioned by electricity, he becomes at once completely satisfied, and goes home much pleased, not only at having been knocked down, but also at his increase of knowledge; and ten to one for the future he thinks he knows what electricity means.

Miss Nightingale talks of the practical unity of epidemics, and that exemption from them is not to be sought by any one thing like Vaccination, but by removal of the causes.

Diseases cannot be arranged under classes *with truth*, though it is undoubtedly convenient to do so.

Dr. Hamerick, for many years principal physician of a small-pox ward of a hospital, says, that formerly inoculation took place from persons suffering from chicken-pox, and the result was often small-pox in its worst form; thus showing that small-pox and chicken-pox are only different degrees of the same thing.

Doctors will be found to deny this. Of course, they will; for there is no opinion or statement whatever one cannot find some doctor or other to deny or to maintain in their desire, perhaps, either to please their patients or to hold on to some habitual superstition in which they have been educated. In the former case, the motive may be either good nature or a desire to attract and keep their patients.

Once upon a time, and not very long ago, a marvellously strong constitutioned man, who was fond of a good dinner and a good glass of wine, but not fond of exercise, found himself subject to occasional slight gouty symptoms. His own explanation was that they arose from delicacy of constitution caused originally by insufficient nutriment when he was a little boy at school. Sure enough, he at last found a doctor who confirmed him in his opinion, and told him that this was undoubtedly the true explanation.

An eminent physician once said to me, that all the zymotic diseases, from nettle rash to Oriental plague, are probably only varieties of one thing dove-tailing into each other, with infinite complexities, like colours.

We describe every horse as being one of half-a-dozen colours, and yet, no two horses are the same colour exactly. No line can be drawn between bay and brown, or between bay and chesnut, and I have now and then seen a horse, about whose colour no two persons could agree, and which had to be described in the racing entries as either brown, or chesnut, or grey, or black. In fact, there is no line between colours. Still, for convenience, we classify them in a coarse broad way that answers for practical purposes.

"We should remember," says Leslie in his book upon Heat, "that in all her productions Nature exhibits a chain of perpetual gradation, and that the divisions and limitations are entirely artificial, and designed merely to assist the memory and facilitate our conceptions."

"There is no hiatus in nature," says Leibnitz.

Then is there no such thing as typhus fever or bay colour in a horse? Of course there are for practical purposes both the one and the other, but no two cases of typhus were ever alike, just as no two bay horses

were ever the same shade of colour. As we have seen above, the colour dyer in the witness box swore that he had never seen two pieces of red cloth the same shade of red. And no lines can be drawn between typhus and its next door neighbours typhoid and enteric fevers any more than lines can be drawn between bay and chestnut, or between yellow and orange. No lines can be drawn, because there are none to draw. Nature is infinite in its gradations. Few doctors allow this, because few men have, as Bacon and Bain truly say, the comparing faculties in any great degree. Bain seems to think them the prerogative of genius, and genius is proverbially rare. The result in doctors' books is just what one might expect. A hopeless, helpless, endless voluminousness in vain attempts to agree together in drawing lines defining and classifying in the teeth of nature, which neither draws lines, defines, nor classifies, for the very good reason that there are no lines, definitions, or classes in nature to draw. No wonder doctors' books are such a mass of pitiable wranglings, disputes, differences of opinion, and interminable divisions, subdivisions, and sub-subdivisions as they are; for interminable they must be. What is to stop the sub-divisions? It seems, according to Dr. Wendell Holmes, that there is nothing to stop them short of putting in a separate class every separate case of every separate illness of every separate individual who ever lived in the world. But then Dr. W. Holmes is a man of genius and insight as well as a doctor.

"There can be little doubt," says Herschel, "that the solid liquid and aeriform states of bodies are merely stages in a process of gradual transition from one extreme to the other, and however strongly marked the distinction between them may appear, they will ultimately

turn out to be separated by no sudden or violent line of demarcation, but shade into each other by insensible gradations." The fact is, nature hates everything sudden, violent, and discontinuous. No doubt there are earthquakes, but nature hates them ; they are exceptional things.

Classifications though necessary to men are absolutely false. Recognising this truth depends upon seeing the relation between things, depends, that is, upon the comparing faculty. It is a bad look out therefore for the general reception of truth in this matter, if Bacon and Professor Bain are right in saying, that the comparing faculty is confined to a few exceptional people of an unusual degree of intelligence. But I confess that I am Utopian enough to believe there may be something in the common idea that in some countries a little progress, as it is called, may be taking place. If this is so, perhaps the power to compare and to see relation and unity of principle where such exists may become more general than it is.

I will give one more instance of classification in addition to those of diseases and colours ; that, namely, of the faculties of the human mind. Philosophers make out long lists of these faculties, which answer well enough for practical purposes. But it is all false actually. There is no more reason to say there are twenty faculties than to say there are a thousand. No line can be drawn between any one faculty and its next door neighbour, nor can any one faculty by any possibility be accurately defined. Take "love," for instance. What an utter farce the attempt to define it must be. Brown is an excellent young man of twenty-one. He is passionate and ardent, but impressible and inconstant. He is in love with Clara, who has blue eyes. But how can his

love be defined? It is one thing one moment, the next it is something totally different, and the next different again. It is one thing when Clara presses his hand, another when she talks to Jones, and something totally different from either, when she dances with Robinson. A few months afterward, Brown is in love with Laura, who has black eyes. All these same circumstances occur again, but Brown's feelings under them have assumed altogether different shades. They are different again in the case of Mary, of Jane, Elizabeth, Dorothy, and the rest. His combinations and permutation of feeling are absolutely infinite in complexity and variety, and yet they all come under the one head, "love." By this one word all is expressed, although every faculty Brown possesses with every organ, blood-vessel, and nerve in his whole body participates in it. His whole being is in love, not a mere fractional part of him. So it is with every other so-called faculty. A man is *one;* generally preponderating and over-weighted on one side or another, but still no less *one.*

Perhaps the most prosy and tedious books of all to read are those of which the subject is the analyzings and endless discussions upon manifestations of the human mind. And it must be so. When we consider that no two men ever were alike, and that every man within only five hundred years, to go no further back, has had one million ancestors, from each one of whom he has inherited some separate peculiarities, we see what endless distinctions there must be in human nature, and how hopeless must be all attempts at classifying them.

Phrenologists map out the skull into, I believe, about thirty divisions of an inch more or less in diameter. A land measurer maps out land into acres. But in both cases these divisions are arbitrary. An acre is not a

natural measure. There is no reason why we should stop our sub-divisions of land at acres, or our sub-division of the skull or human qualities at the thirty "developments" or "bumps," as they are called. There is no truth in stopping when they do. Nor is there any reason why in each case they should not go on dividing until they come to square barley-corns, or, even then, why they should not get a microscope and carry the sub-divisions still further. There is no known limit to the divisibility of mental manifestations. There is no more reason in the enumeration of mental and moral qnalities to stop at thirty than to stop at 5000. Still, for practical purposes, thirty broad qualities may do very well. I mention phrenologists because their classification is peculiarly definite, but what I have said applies to all the analyzers of mental manifestations or qualities, as they are called. There is not much to chose. Mr. Bains' classification will do very well; so will Adam Smith's.

Classification is always false, though it is sometimes convenient.

To define is as hopeless as to classify.

Strictly speaking, except in the merest mathematical and arithmetical matters, and things connected with only the dead side of nature, nothing can be accurately defined. Who, for instance, can define the flavour of a strawberry, the feeling of gratitude, or the meaning of the word "Divine?" All that a man can say of the latter word is that it means every thing that is excellent, holy, and exalted. But to some poor creatures these terms are without meaning; and of others, the meaning is different to each one, for no two people are alike.

A man may do some little in the way of defining what he means by such words as hope, joy, worship,

&c.; by metaphor, poetry, and music; but ordinary language is impotent.

We call ourselves free from superstition in these days, but really I cannot see it. Superstition means believing in things that really only exist in the imaginations of foolish people. The form of superstition changes, but, surely, only the form.

We believe in imaginary malignant entities, which we call by the names of different diseases. Why is this less superstitious than the old beliefs in malignant spirits which made people ill?

According to Zoroaster, there are two kinds of spirits. The Amschaspands, or good spirits, who bring health and happiness to man; and the Devs, or malignant spirits, who bring disease and misery.

The only difference I can see is, that in these days we only believe in the Devs, not in the Amschaspands.

Formerly, the Devil caused disease by means of witches; now he does it by means of malignant little diabolical animalculæ, or fungi.

Still, in some respects, things are better now than formerly.

A woman at Basle, as we read in "The Hexenhammer," had, for nearly seven years, interviews with the Devil, till at last God, as we are told, took pity on her, and accordingly she was seized, tortured, and burned alive by a slow fire.*

* It used to be supposed that witchcraft was confined to women, on account of the inherent wickedness of the sex. Phenomena connected with somnambulism puzzled the learned in those days very much. By some it was supposed to be caused by witches; but the more prevailing opinion was that it arose from the somnambulist having been baptized by a priest when in a state of intoxication.

We read in the Old Chronicles, that in 1459, at Arras, very terrible things took place. The discovery was suddenly made that many of the inhabitants were in the habit of going by night to meet the devil, who delivered to them his commands and received his homage. He allowed them to kiss him. On account of these things many people of condition were imprisoned and horribly racked and tortured, till they confessed every thing. Others were burned alive.

Now, these two stories undoubtedly show that whatever superstitions we may be subject to in these days, the accompanying circumstances are less horrible, which leads one to hope that, after all, in one or two countries, improvement is taking place, however slowly. No doubt a man in England, at the present day, is treated very cruelly by the law when he refuses to have his younger children vaccinated because his elder ones have been killed by the operation; but at any rate he is neither burned alive nor tortured in body.

I know it is the fashion to say, that in civilized countries the age of superstition is over. But is it so?

Not long ago, in a Yorkshire village, amongst the candidates to prepare for confirmation, an old women presented herself. The clergyman pointed out to her that the rite was usually intended for younger people; but she was unable to see it. She said, "What's good for yoong fawks moost be good for awld fawks, and aw dear I has the rheumatiz so bad that I says to Mrs. Brown, 'Mrs. Brown' says I, 'I'm joost gawin to try confirmayation,' and Mrs. Brown says, 'Betsy,' says she, 'your right,' them was her words."

Of course it may be said that this took place in a poor and ignorant class; but is it much better amongst the educated? I was told a table-turning story not long

ago. A "seance" was being held, which came to an unfortunate termination. The unhappy table taking too sudden a turn, tumbled down and broke its leg. Now this was vouched for by a room full of educated people.

In America, belief in spirit rapping seems to be quite as general as the belief in witchcraft was formerly.

There will be no hope for medicine till the "positive-entity" superstition is conquered, and I fear it will take some time, as there is, I have no doubt, an unconscious bias in the minds of medical men in its favour, partly in consequence of its being one of the props of Vaccination.

The unintelligent inability to see that each so-called "disease" is not a separate clearly definable entity, leads to a great deal of the difference of opinion that is proverbial amongst doctors. If a case shows as many symptoms of one complaint as it does of another, it will, of course, be a toss up which it is called.

During the cattle plague, everything was called rinderpest, and every animal was slaughtered. But there were all degrees of rinderpest. One case I knew of a beast surviving because it got well before the executioner arrived. It merely had a slight cold for forty-eight hours. Most of the others in the same yard had the complaint in its worst form. Some in the yard escaped altogether.

If I give illustrations from cattle plague experience, it is only because they are equally illustrations of the disagreements that take place amongst our own doctors; for the same superstitions produce the same confusion and helplessness of mind in both cases.

One case I knew where the inspector ordered a beast to be slaughtered. The owner expostulated, and said it was not a case of rinderpest; but all in vain, and

slaughtered it was. When too late it was discovered to have been an ordinary attack of pneumonia.

Some boys were once sent up to Dr. Keats, the flogging head master of Eton, to be examined for confirmation; but by some mistake he thought they had been sent up to be flogged. The boys expostulated, but the doctor was accustomed to boys expostulating under the circumstances, so flogged they were every one of them. When the ceremony was over the mistake was discovered.

During the cattle plague, a very graphic account was given me by an eye-witness of what took place in his town. How some beasts were driven thirty miles in thirteen hours; how symptoms of disease appeared amongst them; how the whole town was in alarm; how the mayor, the corporation, the doctors, and the police, all came in a posse to the spot; how all the doctors differed as to the nature of the disease; how the inspector at last gave the word of command for the slaughter to commence; how, with this view, prussic acid was administered to the beasts; how, upon their neglecting to die, the dose was doubled; how, this only seemed to refresh them and make them rather more lively and cheerful than they were before; how knives were then had recourse to; how this was attended with great success; how the medical inspector then demonstrated clearly and indisputably, from the state of the intestines, the undoubted existence of rinderpest; and *how all the doctors still differed as to the nature of the disease.*

Everyone who has had anything to do with illness must see that these stores well illustrate the disagreements always going on amongst our own doctors, and which must exist so long as medicine is founded on

superstitions, and not upon facts—so long as people believe that God works strictly according to doctors' patterns, instead of the truth that He pays no attention to them whatever.

CHAPTER VIII.

Meddle and Muddle.

"Quam parvâ sapientiâ mundus gubernatur."—*Proverb.*

My position is this: that even supposing it to be apparently expedient, it must be wrong to introduce into the veins of every born human being, filthy half-decomposed matter from a diseased brute.

The position of the government is, that right or wrong, it is expedient, and therefore must be made compulsory.

There is no doubt that expediency is at present the acknowledged war-cry of politicians—not principle, but expediency or measures that produce good consequences. Their motto seems to be the same as that of the pious editor in the "Biglow Papers"—

"I don't believe in princerple,
But O I dew in interest."

But what in the world can men know of consequences?

I will put a case solely from the expediency or good-for-the-country-in-a-pecuniary-sense point of view.

A miserable creature is born into the world, who, perhaps, possesses very great intelligence, but no principle, conscience, will, or self-control. According to

the laws of nature, or to use a phrase I prefer, the laws of God, such a being soon dies from the unchecked indulgence of his desires. What does a utilitarian government do? It argues in this wise. Here is an extremely intelligent citizen who may be of the utmost use to the country in a pecuniary point of view; let us keep him alive by all possible means. With this intent the man is actually kept alive for a few years by compelling him to be comparatively sober, temperate, and chaste, by act of parliament—for a short time only, but still long enough for him to beget a considerable family of still more imbecile creatures than himself, one of whom lives long enough to accomplish a gigantic swindle upon the government; another, a clever engineer, (for they are all clever,) in a drunken fit, sends a railway train to destruction; another passes his life in jail; whilst a fourth lives on poor rates. The men are drunkards, the women are worse. One or two more generations succeed, each one more imbecile than the last, till at length the race ends in drivelling idiotcy; by which time this interesting family has cost the country a very tidy lot of money.

See what Dr. Maudesley says on hereditary degeneration in an excellent little work entitled "Body and Mind." His account of typical degeneration of these families is as follows:—

First generation:—Immorality. Alcoholic excess.

Second generation:—Hereditary drunkenness. General paralysis.

Third generation:—Hypochondria. Homicidal tendencies.

Fourth generation:—Feeble intelligence. Stupidity. Mania. Transition to complete idiotcy, and probable extinction of the family.

Then is nothing to be done for poor weak-charactered creatures? Nothing by government undoubtedly. Much, very much, by real Christian influence. The author of "Ecce Homo" says, "there exists no instrument for turning a bad man into a good one, except personal influence." The influence of a strong Christian character over a weak one is sometimes miraculous. The weak may become strong and lastingly strong. But what influence can a government exercise upon a poor wretch? Simply the influence of policeman X; in other words absolutely none.

The *New York Times*, of December 19, 1874, gives a curious bit of statistics about hereditary crime. A Dr. Harris was struck by the fact of a great number of criminals in a district having the same name. Upon investigation they were all traced back to a young girl called Margaret, who was left adrift many years ago in one of the villages, who was completely uneducated, and who lived the life of a tramp. She became the mother of a long race of criminals and paupers, and her progeny has cursed the country ever since. The county records show two hundred of her descendents to have been criminals, and seven hundred more to have been idiots, drunkards, lunatics, and paupers, the cost of whom to the country must have been enormous.

A Hint or two about Christianity as opposed to Expediency and Utilitarianism.

I say the only force that can act to any purpose is character; the force of a strong Christian character over a weak one. And the way it acts is by creating and inspiring noble passions, which destroy the ignoble ones. All the cold reasoning in the world of torpid souled logical utilitarians will not keep, or even tend to

keep, a man from giving way to degrading passions that tempt him. Whereas the Christian or unselfish passions set up in opposition do the thing at once. The author of "Ecce Homo," instead of "passion" uses the term "enthusiasm," but the word is a weak one. "Enthusiasm" gives me the idea of mere excitement of the imagination over a hobby. A poor professional philanthropist incapable of passions, good, bad, or indifferent, unless fuss can be called one, or self-importance—I say even this poor creature, who merely heats his brain over a hobby, will claim to be inspired by an "enthusiasm of humanity." The author of "Ecce Homo" himself, says that, "Christ's aim (in contradistinction to the philosopher's aim of subjugating the passions to reason) was the subjugation of the low passions, by placing them under the dominion, not of reason, but of the high and holy passions." He also says, "that men do not become generous and humane by logical influence—that the philosophic good man, who comes to his moral conclusions by reasoning, is usually a languid, melancholic, hard man, who does right if he does it at all without warmth—that his feelings of sympathy, feeble perhaps at first, have been made still feebler by brain work and solitude—that at times he will startle us with immoralities into which he has been led by ingenuity unchecked by healthy feelings—that no one loves such a man, whatever cold esteem people may have for him, &c., &c."

Passion alone can drive away passion. To expect a passion to retreat before the ratiocinations and maundering moralizing of utilitarianism, however true or truistic they may be, is simply childish; one might as well expect a mad bull to turn tail at the sound of a sheep's baa-baaing. Set a tiger upon the bull and he decamps then and there.

Christianity means baptizing people with fire.

Utilitarianism means baptizing them with water gruel.

Heine's definition of the divine life was "unceasing passion without unrest."

Passion may be defined to be that which sends and keeps the blood coursing through the veins in opposition to abstract thought, melancholy, depression, and death.

Dante put melancholy people into his lowest hell.

Crabbe Robinson said that he recognized the greatness of passion, though he could not reach it himself.

Les grandes pensées viennent du coeur, says the French proverb.

Heine says, "the deepest thought can only come from the highest passion."

If this be true I wonder what sort of article Matthew Arnold's "sweetness and light" will turn out. And as for utilitarianism, men do not gather figs from thistles, neither do they make nectar from sawdust, nor sweet wine from deal shavings.

Few experience these Christian passions to any great degree it may be said, and with some truth perhaps; at any rate the lower passions are without doubt considerably prevalent. "Many are called but few are chosen." Still most men, who have the capacity to know one when they see him, have met with a saint once or twice in their lives. And when I say saint I mean the real thing, not the canting counterfeit, nor the passionless nonentity. The real saints are always free from anything that can possibly be called cant, and they take the greatest interest and most effective part in all the ordinary pursuits and occupations of every day life; indeed none so thoroughly enjoy life as they do; for being free from every kind of vanity there is nothing to prevent them from putting their whole souls into what

interests them, and thus extracting from it delight to the full, undiminished by those considerations about self, which cause so much anxiety and distraction to the rest of the world; and this freedom from vanity comes from the fact that it, with all the other selfish passions, have been driven out of their house by the Christian or unselfish passions. In comparison with these people, and with what they themselves might be, mankind in general rightly feel and call themselves miserable sinners, but, except by comparison, they are, as a rule, very good kind-hearted beings, whilst some of them are charming, and many are highly intelligent. Men are said to know nothing absolutely, except a few of their own sensations and mental processes, but none deny that they have innumerable ideas which they obtain by comparison. Thus, men in general can compare themselves one with another, with the saints of whom I am speaking, and who are above them, with the animals who are below them, and with the malignant-minded diabolical men who are below the animals, and in this way they can arrive at a great deal of relative knowledge.

The saints do not always live to a great age. The fire of life burns too bright. And yet they do sometimes, as for instance St. John.

Bats, newts, abstract thinkers, and other cold-blooded creatures, often live for a very long time.

Human cold-blooded creatures disbelieve in the Christian passions.

People who are without some one of the qualities of human nature not only are without it, but, as Herbert Spencer admirably shows in the *Contemporary Review*, they cannot understand that they are without it, however great their intelligence may be in other

respects. If a man has no capacity to feel, for instance "gratitude," "musical harmony," "reverence," &c., the meanings even of these terms cannot be taught him. "Virtue and goodness to the vile, seem vile," says Shakespear. Perhaps it would be truer to say virtue and goodness to the vile seem meaningless. There never was a man more liberal or more open to new ideas than the Rev. Sidney Smith, and yet because he could not himself see any beauty in musical harmony, he denied in his lecture on the beautiful that it has any.

A clever utilitarian London newspaper condemns a distinguished statesman, because there is a religious side to his character. I have no doubt that to the writer of the article "religiousness" is a word altogether without meaning.

I say that none enjoy life so much as the saints, but of course they suffer more grief also. Grief is disappointed joy, so he only can mourn, who can rejoice. The man who can only rejoice over a good dinner, can only mourn over a bad one.

When I talk of Christianity, I do not mean this or that supposed form of it, but the religion of Christ. Lessing said, "Christianity has been tried for eighteen hundred years, the religion of Christ has yet to be tried." I suppose he meant on any extended scale. He would not have denied that it has been tried by Individuals.

Gœthe said that nothing higher than Christianity would or could ever be taught. I need not say that when he said this he was not thinking of Calvanistic persuasions, however suited they may be to some stages of the human mind. Nor was he thinking of embroidered ecclesiastical petticoats, however proper they may be from some points of view. Gœthe himself was no saint, but he had a marvellous faculty for seeing truth

with his poet's imagination, whether he could live it or not.

No doubt one reason why people took to Calvanism instead of Christianity, was that it was so much the easier of the two. To keep the world, the flesh, and the devil, in their proper places—to keep the passions of pride, vanity, sensuality, hatred, envy, &c., in subjection to the Christian passions is extremely difficult. Whereas comparative little difficulty was found in believing in the damnation of everybody except onself. And when, in addition to this, we consider the peace and sweet contentment, this creed seems always at once to have imparted, the popularity of it may be considered to be in a great degree accounted for. Still this is merely a hint. Circumstances and causes are so infinitely complex, that not even the simplest matter in the world can really be explained under two volumes 8vo. of close print.

I now return from this digression to the subject of meddle and muddle.

Politicians may be sure that it is not so easy to improve upon God's ways of doing things as they seem to think. If foolish people arbitrarily interfere with the natural working of things, no power on earth can prevent suffering resulting from this interference, and that just in proportion to the amount of foolishness.

To give one illustration out of millions.

It is nature's intention that all young creatures should run and jump about in natural ways, and to a very considerable degree. Amongst the richer classes, girls are often not allowed to do so. The consequence is they grow up with crooked spines. Boys are allowed to be natural, and so they do not grow up with crooked spines. Wise people know truth when they see it. Others want

authority. So I must say, that I get the above facts from Sir James Paget. When governments interfere too much with liberty or the natural working of things in a nation, nothing can prevent its spine becoming crooked.

It is impossible to account, with certainty, for the rise and fall of nations. But it is very probable that the downhill tendency of the French nation, ever since the first revolution, may have arisen, in a great measure, from interference with liberty, or the natural working of things; from sacrificing liberty to equality; either one of which destroys the other. Equality, if it can be got at all, can only be got by enacting arbitrary laws of legislation, custom or public opinion preventing inequality. Liberty can only be got by allowing inequality; by allowing the inequality which must come when people are left to be free in thought, word, and deed. Nature's intention says, that no two things, animals or persons, shall be alike; also, that the better shall supersede the worse, and thus deterioration be prevented. These are what are called nature's intentions; or to put it after the manner of M. Comte, these are the phenomena presented to the observation of mankind; or to put it in the manner I prefer, these are the laws of God. Foolish people, on the other hand, say that all men shall be alike, and that sameness, monotony, and uniformity shall be law. They legislate with this view, and deteriorate their race by doing so. Savage Landor says, that their is more variety of nature and character in one English family than in the whole French nation. The English have, hitherto, preferred liberty to equality, and, consequently, are superseding all other races on this planet. Equality means sameness, tameness, and want of spontaneous self-dependent energy. But what is a country without the latter.

One consequence of these national differences is, that Englishmen can colonize a new country, whilst Frenchmen make bad colonizers.

An Englishman, with energetic self-dependence, goes into the bush with his axe, by himself, and sets to work.

A Frenchman gathers together many other Frenchmen, more helpless than himself, and talks; and very pleasant, no doubt, they make themselves.

In the accounts of the early French emigrants to Canada, I have read that, in one settlement, their first measure was to erect a "salon de danse." But one evening when they were all earnestly engaged upon a minuet, a party of Indians came and scalped every one of them.

Hatred of liberty is a fatal bar to progress, either in an individual or a nation.

A Hint or Two about Equality and Inequality.

Inequality is God's contrivance for preventing the deterioration of man, and for ensuring his progress and improvement. The weak in soul die out, and the strong take their place. A great greyhound breeder was asked the secret of his success. He said, "I breed a great many and I hang a great many." He hung the bad and kept the good. He aimed at excellence and superiority. Some people, as I say, think that the decadence of what are called the Latin races arises in a great measure from their acting, by their laws and customs, on the opposite principle to this of the greyhound breeder, for aiming at equality they hate superiority. "He that hath to him shall be given, and he that hath not, even that which he hath shall be taken away from him;" badly enough expressed on the part of the translators, no doubt, but in meaning a simple observed fact in the natural history of

the world, unjust, as it appears, to the equality lover. The fittest survives and takes the place of the less fit. What little the latter has is taken away. He dies, and the race is saved from degeneration. Nature abhors equality and uniformity. God does not go to the communists to learn what he must do. It is to the man of great intelligence that more intelligence is given, whilst from him who has little intelligence is gradually taken away, even that which he hath, till he dies or becomes idiotic.

It is the loving to whom more is given, and who become more loving, whilst the unloving sink down to indifference, apathy, and either death or life in death. So it is with all the gifts and graces. It is the gifted who become more gifted. The ungifted and the weak lacking strength to grow or become greater, necessarily become less.

Many proverbs say the same thing. "He that is down down with him." Again, "Knock a man down and kick him for falling." The Christian man does not kick him for falling, but on the contrary, spreads cotton wool for him to fall on. Still, he does fall just the same, and the proverb is true to human life in general.

Communistic dreams are old as the hills. Why they seem to be dreamed rather unwontedly just now has probably something to do with the rapid spread of railways and telegraphs, which have created for a time a sudden activity, and, therefore, demand for labour all over the world—a demand beyond the supply. When a beggar is put on a horse he naturally rides to the devil. When an uneducated man suddenly finds his wages doubled he naturally thinks the millennium has come, when there shall be no more work, when everybody will have a thousand a year, and when the rivers will run beer instead of water.

Men in all times are like the Jews of old, who looked and longed for happiness and salvation, but thought it meant wealth, temporal greatness, and lands flowing with milk and honey, instead of the inward happiness of energy, industry, activity, righteousness, godliness, and vitality that each man can bring from within him if he will.

When clever and cultivated men like Mill or Comte take up the idea and belief in a rapid reorganization, communistic or otherwise of society, the phenomenon is no doubt to be accounted for by that narrowness of view which is always observed to arise in men who never were at a public school, who wrap themselves up in their own ideas, and who isolate themselves from their kind. A man can only learn to swim in the water. A man can only learn wisdom amongst his fellow-creatures. He can get knowledge elsewhere, but not wisdom.

In every country, as I need hardly say, reorganization either for better or worse is always slowly going on. Neither a man nor a country can remain the same. Perhaps there is a regular pulsation on our planet—say, ten or twenty thousand years of progress and improvement, and then ten or twenty thousand years of deterioration and savagery; then again, improvement and so on. Everything in the universe seems to be done on the principle of pulsation.

With all his clear headedness there was a strange confusion in Mr. Mill's mind about justice and equality. He seemed to think that these words are synonymes. He says, "There is no shadow of justice in the general arrangements of nature." But he evidently means that there is no shadow of equality in the general arrangements of nature. This of course is true, but justice there is. Justice requires that by as much as energy

and life is expended, by so much should advantage be gained; and this, in fact, is the law of nature. The active, earnest-minded little dog that expends most life and nervous energy in the battle gets the bone, whilst the big, lazy, cowardly dog that expends least, loses it. What can be more just? "No sweat no sweet," and "No pains no gains," say two proverbs. But he who takes the pains ought in justice to have the gains. He who takes no pains ought in justice to have no gains. And that this is observed to be the case in nature these proverbs show, for proverbs are the concentrated essence of the wisdom and experience of the ages.

The craving for equality in external circumstances is founded upon vanity, selfishness, and envy. Balzac says, "En France ce qu'il y a de plus national est la vanité. La masse des vanités blessées y a donné soif d'égalité.

Again he says, "Plus nos lois tendront à une impossible égalité, plus nous nous en écarterons par les mœurs."

This, if true, illustrates H. Spencer's doctrine, that legislation has often a directly opposite effect to what is intended.

According to Mr. Darwin and the latest philosophy, the whole system of the universe is founded upon, and kept going by inequality; that is, that throughout nature the only thing that keeps life of every kind from falling back again to its lowest forms is the inequality that leads to the more fit to live taking the place of the less fit to live. No doubt this inequality is an essential principle in the world. To call it the secret of nature is nonsense. But still it very likely is one of the necessary wheels of the machinery.

Inability to see this is one of the stupidities of the trade unionists, communists, and equality-worshippers;

and therefore one great cause of their failures; for acting on a stupidity must lead to failure.

There are few men I like better than my friend Jones. But he has one weakness. He seems at times almost unable to keep himself from writing verses; and one day, after we had been reading together Mr. Hughes' speech in the House of Commons, in which he said that the dominant feeling amongst trade unionists and working men of the present day was a craving for equality and uniformity of wage, Jones brought me the following composition :—

The Trade Unionist's Soliloquy.

Another bairn be dead. My God it's hard to bear—
The wife and children starving, and I a sitting there—
Forbid to move a finger. Them was their words, says they—
"You don't do not one ounce more work until we says you may."
I really dunnot see what good these unions go to do,
Still Potter he must know what's right, and Muster Odger too.

And yet old Jem, as is just gone, he too I thought spoke true;
(My old mate Jem's a cunnin' chap, who knows his two and two,)
"Bill, poor old boy, you're wrong;" that's what he said, said he,
"You've joined the wrong trade union, why don't you do like me,
For I joined a union (only one), it'll be six year or more,
And it now consists of self and wife and the children which be four.

"We've never knowed a rainy day and there's always something over,
To help old friends like you as happens not to be in clover."
With that I ups and says, "Old chap, that may be all quite true,
(Them was my very words) but what I says is, who
Be you and me that we should go and set ourselves agen
Potter and Muster Odger, which be schooled and book-larn'd men?"

My old mate, then, he looks at me a moment and says "Bill,"
(Them was his very words) "I see that you be still
The good old simple chap you was for elseways you would know
Loud barkin' dogs be good for nout, high prancin' horses slow,
That deepest waters stillest run and gently take their way,
And the spouting chaps be like to rantin' actors at a play.

Says I, "That union managin' chap comed here a week ago,
And I shows to him the hungry bairns and says that I must go
And work, I can hold out no longer." Then he flies right out
And says, "You're a scandalous brute beast, a ignorant low-born lout,
A cowardly traitorous scoundrel," (them was the words he said);
"And for your wife and children, who cares if they be dead."

Then Jem he turned quite red and clenched his hands and rose
And said, "If such a hound himself should ever interpose
Betwixt my children and their bread I'd floor him where he stood,
I'd fell the interfering cur upon the spot, I swear I would."
How grand Jem looked when he said this, like a lion as had found
His brood of whelps was threatened by some sneakin' prowlin' hound.

Then Jem puts on his sarmon-preachin' face, and says, "You chaps is wrong."
How well I knows that face of his when he's agoin' to come it strong.
"Youre wrong," he said, "you sacrifice yourselves, your families, and your freedom,
To a word preached to you miserable dupes by interested demagogues
Who live upon you. The idiot word equality—gotten of envy,
Born of ignorance. Humanity on a dead level, and that a low one.
Thou shalt not earn a higher wage than I. We will compel
The workman that has hands and head to be upon a par with him
That has got only hands. We forbid the slow or unskilled man
To work for what his work is worth. Let him starve and die,
What's that to us? Equality! It is the corner stone
Of your whole building. Yet where in all God's universe do you find it,
Except within the brains of ignorant men? There is no such thing
In nature. God never made two equal things. He never made
Two equal men. He never even made two equal pebbles on the beach.
His works are infinite in variety. He never imitates himself.
But of all created things the inequality of men is greatest,
For the room for it is greatest. Men range from angels down to devils,
(That is lower than the brutes), and they range from wise men down to fools.
God wills (or nature, which is but the atheist's name for God),
I say he wills a perfect liberty of action and development
To every individual thing and being. Blaspheming fools
Say "God is wrong, if he wills freedom he shall will in vain."
"Men shall be equal and not free. We hate all excellence."
"We forbid the man who has both hands and head"

"To rise above the one that has got only hands."
"We ordain that he who has a giant's strength of body or of mind"
"Shall throw away these gifts of God and do no more"
"Than ordinary men. The men *below* our average, the slow the weak"
"Who cannot earn full wage—Well, they may starve and die. What's that to us?"
"Men *shall* be equal"—that is, *not* free, for liberty and equality are opposites.
Where one is the other cannot be. You yourselves
Have gained perhaps some semblance of equality, but, in doing so,
Have lost your freedom, and are slaves to your society and its levelling laws.
Your teachers seem to think the ladder of life by which
Men climb to heaven has only got one spoke in it, and so
They endlessly repeat the cuckoo lie, "All men are equal.'"

Here Jem pulls up a bit, and then I thinks, leastways, it seems to me,
The argufying did'nt ought to only come from he;
And so I ups and says, "Old chap, that may be all quite true,"
(Them was my very words) "but what I says is, Who
Be you and me that we should go and set ourselves agen
Potter and Muster Odger, which be schooled and book-larned men."

With that Jem looks at me, then thinks a bit and smiles,
And shakes his big rough head, a mutterin' to hisself the whiles
Somethin' (I dunno what he meant) like "seems no use a talking."
Then gripes my hand nigh off, and says, "I now must be a walkin."
And so he goes. Hullo! what's this, what's this here that I've found?
Oh, blessins' on his dear old heart, it's a bright gold yaller pound.

When I had read it, I said, "this is all very good as far as it goes, for the craving for equality is undoubtedly a chief corner stone of trade unionism, but it must not be forgotten that there are other corner stones, in favour of some of which much can be said." "That may be," answered Jones, "but my protest is against tyranny and the delusion about equality."

Communism or extreme Radicalism is, of course, often a mere question of ownership of property. Dean Ramsay tells us of a man in Scotland, named Davy

Armstrong, who was at one time the hottest of red-hot radicals. A few years afterwards a fellow-communist who had been away from the village all this time, returned and commenced the old way of talking. But Davy did not respond, and he found that his old fellow-grumbler had become a rank Tory. Very much shocked at this discovery, he asked how it had come about. "I've a coo noo," said Davy.

What is called the carping radical and the envious communist are, I fear, not generally very exalted specimens of mankind. They pass their lives either picking holes in the national coat or enlarging old ones. Corresponding people in private life, who employ their time in this way, are called ill-conditioned and dyspeptical-minded bores. People in this world see what they have eyes to see. In travelling through a country the geologist sees the stones, but never finds out there are any flowers. The botanist sees the flowers, but never finds out there are any stones. So it is in moral matters. The good see only the goodness. The rogue sees nothing but the roguery. "Set a thief to catch a thief." Of course, for the thief has an eye to see what is invisible to honest men.

The radicals of this type may be called "the detectives," for, being discontented, they have eyes only to see the flaws that exist.

A French writer, describing this class of mind, says, "Cette race destructive dont le sang est froid comme celui du crapaud voit clairement les trois taches du soleil mais n'a jamais observé ses rayons." And yet these men have their uses.

The ill-conditioned type of radical is well described by a writer in the "Pall Mall Gazette," who tries to account for the fact that their querulous complaints are

often just, at the same time that the complainers themselves are apt to be morally, intellectually, and physically such very poor creatures.

I need hardly say that radicals of the ill-conditioned and discontented type form but a fraction of the (so-called) liberal party.

The writer in the "Pall Mall Gazette," compares the radical in question and a well-conditioned contented man of more conservative proclivities to two pedestrians walking along a road. One, a strong, hearty man full of life, joy, and vigour, with all his senses drinking in the glories of the country he sees around him, is absolutely insensible to the roughnesses, the stones, and unevennesses that undoubtedly exist upon the road. But it is very different with his poor, querulous, valetudinarian companion. He is always calling out for help. "Do stop a moment," he cries out, "a beastly great stone has hurt one of my corns; or, oh, my bunion! these cursed ruts are a disgrace to civilisation; there will be no hope for our unfortunate country so long as the holes and stones upon our highways retain their present scandalous dimensions. There is really nothing for it but a root and branch reform of our ridiculous and antiquated system of highway management." And the end of it is the poor weak creature does agitate in the matter, some of the ruts do get filled in, and the public derives benefits that would never have been got from his strong hearty companion.

No doubt there is a good deal of truth in this picture. But whilst sometimes the whining is about real grievances, small enough though they may be, they are sometimes simply ludicrous.

"Oh!" cries one man piteously, "do make a law to prevent any one selling me a glass of gin." Or, "Do

make a law to permit us to compel ourselves to prohibit us from drinking beer ; we do like beer so much, and yet it makes us so very drunk, and is so bad for our health. Oh, do, please, pass a permissive-compulsory-prohibition Bill."

Another cries out, "Oh, do make a law that will prevent people finding me out when I tell them lies about the way I have voted at elections. Do, pray, make a law to protect me."

Another man lifts up his voice, and cries, "Oh, do make a law to compel railway carriages, omnibuses, and four-wheel cabs to carry hot water bottles for my feet. I have not got a very quick circulation, and my feet do get so dreadfully cold ; do, pray, pass a compulsory hot water bottle Bill."

Another poor wretch whines out, "Oh, do make a law to protect me from catching contagious diseases. I cannot help going to places where I am likely to catch them ; but, oh dear, it is such a dreadful thing to catch a contagious disease. Do, do make a law to protect me." And the fact is if this political party had their way liberty would be at an end, and an Englishman would become a drilled machine, unable to move a step for the points of compulsory enactments bristling on all sides of him.

Communists of the envious type seem unable to understand that human beings are generally made in a manner totally opposite to them. Sydney Smith says, "it is human nature, as a rule, not to envy but to admire disinterestedly the rich, the great, and the fortunate. Splendour placed out of their reach men admire with enthusiasm." Adam Smith says the same thing. The dyspeptic minded communist, who judges by himself, cannot understand this.

Man is not an envious animal; he is a generous animal. "No man," says Sophocles "speaks evil of him that wins." We constantly see instances of this. One day, a year ago, the winner of the shooting prize at Wimbledon was hoisted on to some enthusiastic shoulders, and carried round the ground, amidst the cheers of everybody. I think it must be a very disagreeable thing to be a winner of the shooting prize at Wimbledon, but it is an instance in point, and shows how ignorant of human nature the communists of this class are. A Mr. Beezely said a year or two ago, I think in the *Fortnightly Review*, "that society would not long put up with what he called the insolent display of riches that is made. But *The Times* newspaper, with far more knowledge of human nature, gave the Marquis of Westminster a lecture when he became the Marquis of Westminster, telling him to spend his money right and left with munificence, and that for rich men to spend their money freely was a highly popular proceeding. I do not mean to imply that Mr. Beezely is a communist of the type I am alluding to, for I know nothing about him, but I only say that he wrote in the way I have described, and showed great ignorance of human nature in doing so.

I repeat that Mr. Beezely is totally wrong; man is not an envious animal. The display of riches—that is to say, beautiful pictures, beautiful statues, beautiful gardens, beautiful buildings, beautiful horses, &c., instead of being offensive is a pleasure to beholders, the only sufferer in the matter being the owner. "Magna fortuna magna servitus." Still, if this owner is a right minded man he takes pleasure in giving pleasure, and in adding to the beauty and the poetry of human life.

"Thou think'st the lords of all these glorious things
Are blessed supremely! so they are—like kings.
Envy them not their lofty state, my boy;
They but possess the things that you enjoy."

Thus writes Crabbe in "Silford Hall."

There are two sides to Christianity. First, to rejoice with those that rejoice; secondly, to mourn with those that mourn. Theoretical Christianity has dealt most with the latter; but to rejoice with those that do rejoice, and to do all in one's power to add to their joy, their active happiness, and their innocent pleasures, ought for most people in civilized countries, which are in a settled condition, to be the rule of life, whilst mourning with those that mourn will be comparatively exceptional. If people have no innocent pleasures they are sure to take to vicious ones.

In England at the present time the tendency of the Liberal party is towards retrogression—that is, towards paternal and despotic government, and the curtailment of personal liberty. It ought to be the business of the Conservatives to keep this tendency in check by defending liberty. And they will do so. Emigration is now so easy that England will probably tend to become more and more conservative. The discontented and restless will emigrate, and those of the contented Conservative type will stay at home. Contented people, have contented offspring. Perhaps an unhappy time may come when there will be contentment amounting to stagnation.

My friend Robinson who is a radical of radicals would have everything in the country managed by government. Nobody to move a finger without leave; no one to manage his own affairs; and everybody to be compulsorily educated at the government expense, in other words, every child in the country to become (in the

matter of education) a pauper child. A pretty dependent, helpless, self-controlless, nonentity an Englishman would, in a very few generations, become if Robinson had his way.

The radical of the discontented type is always wanting something new, but when he gets it he is just as discontented as ever, for the thing is all in his own mind. That is true of him which is said of the French people, that, "they don't know what they want, and they never will be content till they get it."

"The individual liberty," says H. Spencer, "and independence of Englishmen, as distinguished from the submissiveness and subjection to official control of Germans and other continental nations, are signs and accompaniments of our more advanced social state." The extreme radicals or retrogressionists seem to want to take us back to the continental condition.

It is convenient for practical purposes to divide politicians into two great parties. But more truly they form three parties, namely, sensible men in the middle and two mad ends. At the present time when we consider the way the extreme radicals are for going back to compulsory legislation, and the curtailment of that individual liberty which has been slowly won through much tribulation during many ages, the three parties are best described as sensible progressionists in the middle, with mad tories or stagnationists at one end, and mad radicals or retrogressionists at the other.

Progress, of course, means change for the better whatever the better may be.

Say what one may of the communists, they form a curious and interesting sect, and when their dreams are prompted by benevolence, as is sometimes the case, it is impossible to help trying to believe in the truth of them.

According to one of these theories, absolute social equality is the right thing, and all assistance given by the rich to the poor is equally degrading to the giver and the receiver. Indeed, if newspaper reports are to be trusted, Sir W. Harcourt says, in so many words, that the whole system of assistance almost universal in country districts on the part of the well-to-do towards their poorer friends and neighbours is completely pernicious and wrong.

As men are generally made, perhaps the best way of explaining things is by illustrations that realize them to the imagination.

I am the squire of my parish.

Not long ago I learnt that a poor woman in the village was a terrible sufferer from rheumatic fever. The doctor said it was absolutely necessary that she should be removed to a town ten miles off for better air, better accommodation, and better nursing. But she was too poor to bear the expense of removal. Now came my difficulty. In such cases it is, of course, the custom in country districts for the squire or the parson of the parish to manage the matter. But I had just been reading Sir W. Harcourt's speech. I had been reading it, I need not say, with great interest; for it related to people in my position, and I am always trying to gain instruction from the words of eminent men.

What then was I to do? Was I to leave the poor woman where she was, to die, in accordance, as it seemed to me, with the teaching I had just been receiving, or was I to sin against the gospel of social equality and remove her? Perhaps I ought to be ashamed to confess that at last I decided upon the latter alternative, and did not leave her to die. On the contrary, shutting my eyes to the truth as it is in Utopia,

following the custom of my class, giving way weakly to the degrading instincts of my narrow-minded squire progenitors, I just ordered a mattress to be rigged up in my omnibus and sent the woman off. Still the question remains, was this a justifiable proceeding on my part, or was it not a justifiable proceeding?

To be serious, I look upon Sir W. Harcourt's enunciation upon this subject to be as eccentric as anything one ever hears from that most eccentric of all sects, the sect of communists. How are we to account for this eccentricity?

We all know that politicians often profess strange and extreme views, and that they do so from a great variety of motives; but when any individual instance comes before me I always try to attribute the best motives I can think of.

In a case like the present then, I can well suppose it possible for a great intelligence to be, for a time, swamped by an overflow of philanthropic sensibilities and gush of bubbling benevolence. "L'esprit, says Rochfoucault, est toujours la dupe du cœur." I can well imagine when this takes place, how the eyes of the understanding may become darkened; how the wish may become father to the belief; how, in the mind of the gushing enthusiast, facts may be wiped away like cobwebs, how poverty may become a thing that is not; how the millennium may become a thing that is; how social equality may already reign supreme, how to give may become a presumptuous assumption of superiority and to receive a degrading acknowledgment of it.

Dreams all.

The poor shall never cease out of the land. Inspired wisdom and newest science agree there. In the struggle of life, the stronger must excel the weaker. It is the

law of God that prevents degeneration, and the law of God is stronger than the law of Mill. Mr. Mill may be called the king of the communists. Whether he called himself one or not, I don't know, but his later writings lead logically and directly to communism, and he is the only man of culture, character, good intentions, and genius the sect has on its side.

> "What is a Communist? One who hath yearnings
> For equal division of unequal earnings.
> Idler or bungler, or both, he is willing
> To fork out his penny and pocket your shilling."

Thus writes Ebener Elliot, the laureate of the working classes.

Saying that it is God's intention that imbecile-charactered creatures should kill themselves by the unchecked indulgence of their desires; that this is the way deterioration of the human race is prevented; and that it is not the business of parliament to prevent it, inasmuch as it is not the business of parliament to teach men Christian religiousness, which is the only influence that can tell upon these poor wretches—all this will be considered by many very shocking, but, as I have shown in my introductory observation, the one advantage an amateur author has over professionals is that, having no motive to do otherwise, he can tell the truth without scruple.

Some people think that the law of survival of the fittest has nothing to do with men but only with animals.

A Hint or two about Natural Selection, or Survival of the Fittest.

Amongst animals the weaker ones die out, and the stronger ones take their places, and thus degeneration is prevented. But it is a mistake to suppose that

natural selection or, what H. Spencer calls, survival of the fittest does not hold good amongst Christian men just as it does amongst animals and savages. The difference is not in the thing done but in the manner of doing it. The stronger animal simply eats up his weaker brother. The stronger savage knocks his weaker brother on the head, eats him, and takes his place. Whilst the strong christian man takes his vicious imbecile or drunken fellow-creatures place just as the savage does, the only difference being that he does not eat him, and that he takes his place on the earth with infinite pity, and with endeavours to mitigate, as far as in him lies, the poor creatures sufferings, which, at the same time, he knows to be inevitable.

Survival of the fittest is only a rough outside law and there are any number of deeper laws behind it. During droughts in Africa, we are told that those Giraffes which chance to have the longest necks, and can therefore reach the highest branches, survive. The shorter necked ones die out and thus a long-necked race remains. But why do some *chance* to have longer necks than others? There is no such thing as chance. What we call chance is only ignorance of cause. We often say about the weather, for instance, "It happened by good chance to be a fine day;" but this only means that we are ignorant of the causes that prevented rain. There is no such thing as chance. There must be a cause why one Giraffe has a longer neck than another, and when we have found that cause there must be a cause for that cause, and so on. Perhaps it is the old story of mind making matter instead of matter making mind. During 500 years, we will say, of freedom from drought, perhaps, those Giraffes with the strongest wishes, passions, and minds, that is with the most life in them,

made the strongest efforts to reach the high branches and these efforts gradually, in many generations, actually caused the neck to lengthen. Then came the drought and these longer necked ones alone survived. But why had some stronger wishes, passions, and minds, or more life in them than others? This again could not be chance, for there is no such thing. Then find out the cause. But when found—what is the cause of this cause, and so on?

Spenser sings—

> "For of the soul, the body form doth take;
> For soul is form and doth the body make."

There is of course nothing new in Darwin's Theory about the survival of the fittest, or natural selection.

As long as men have existed they have observed how two cocks will fight and, how after the weaker one is killed and the fittest has survived, the conquering hero struts off, cock a doodle dooing, to his hens. Indeed a friend of mine instead of "survival of the fittest" always uses the expression "the cock fighting theory of creation." Mr. Darwin as we all know has worked out and illustrated his doctrines in an admirable and wonderful manner, and he has done it all in a spirit of candour, courtesy to opponents, and acknowledgement of the weak places in his own arguments, which is still more admirable. But men have always known that cocks fight, and that those animals which can get nothing to eat die.

I now return from these digressions to the subject of Expediency.

Expediency and utilitarianism are partly matters of race. Wherever the Anglo-Saxon is found, from the first dawning of cilivized society, to the highest developments of civilized governments, the same tendency may be observed.

A settlement in the western part of America has, at first, no law but lynch law. A shoemaker commits a murder. Judge Lynch condemns him to be hanged. At the last moment it is discovered that he is the only shoemaker in the place; so they hang a tailor instead. There are two tailors.

Now, there is no doubt that, from the expediency point of view, they did the right thing. The immediate utility and advantage to the community was undoubted. And yet they were really wrong. The ultimate consequences were disastrous. The dawning sense of justice and morality in the community received a check. Lynch law lost its terrors. Crime reigned supreme. The settlement got a bad name; and its progress was thrown back for years.

As a rule in politics, everything turns out differently from what is expected. The only probabilities are improbable events. All that the wisest man can foresee is, that things are certain to be different from what he expects them to be. Mr. Herbert Spencer's writings on this subject, in the *Contemporary Review*, are most excellent. But, if his views are true, the moral is, that people should act upon principle, or, by what is right, not upon expediency. The latter always fails in its object. The former has been proved by thousands of years of experience, even if by nothing else. Principle, or right, may be defined, with some truth, to be inborn convictions and habits of mind, derived from the experience of ages. Expediency may be defined to be, "Guesses about the future by fanciful politicians or philosophers, no two of whom agree." The possibility of human society arises from the very little effect even the worst governments really have. Governments, composed of a few hundreds of people, who occupy

themselves about laws, alternately enacting and repealing them; collecting money; paying bills; making public speeches; whipping, hanging, shooting, cutting the ears off, torturing, or shutting up, according to the country and era, evil doers, are, of course, absolutely necessary to keep in check these evil doers, whether domestic or foreign. But, all the time, the millions and millions who comprise nations, and who are not evil doers, quietly carry on the real business of life, according to the natural working of things. The former produce most of the materials, which form the ground-work of those entertaining works of imagination that come under the general term, "History." The latter do the work wanted on this planet.

A Hint or Two about "History."

Napoleon said, "History means tricks we play the dead." Goethe said, "The spirit of history means the spirit of this or that ingenious gentleman who writes about what he calls history."

Sir Robert Walpole used, in his old age, to say to his friends, "Read to me something—not history, that must be lies."

Davenant calls history "A record of dead facts," and poetry he calls, "Ever-living truth." Aristotle calls poetry a truer and more excellent thing than history.

What is history? Men can only attend to one thing at a time, so even the best history is but as if a fly were to buzz over the universe, settle on a flower here and a flower there, extract some tiny morsel from each, and then buzz about it. After a time it settles on another, and then buzzes again. Of the infinitude of flowers it does not settle on it is quite unconscious, and would not see even if close to them, for an insect is conscious only

of the one object to which it belongs, and on which it gets it food. So it is also with science. And this is not depreciating history, or science, it is exalting them; for it is showing how infinite these fields are. Men sometimes call themselves used up, but how can a man be used up with this marvellous universe spread out before him, on which, even if he lived a thousand years and worked his hardest, he would still be but as the buzzing fly in his acquirements and doings. This is not the common view, because people, like the flies, are generally conscious only of the things in which they take interest, and about which they think they know something. And yet that things innumerable did happen to mankind in the reign of Elizabeth for instance, more than are recorded in history is a matter only of faith, undoubtedly, still of faith amounting to complete certitude. In science at all times men have thought they knew almost all there was to know. But now we know that the scientific knowledge of a thousand years ago was as nothing. So it is at the present time.

I think it may be laid down as a rule, without fear of contradiction, that a government never meddles without muddling. Of course, some things a government must undertake. A country must have sailors, soldiers, policemen, and judges. But, in providing these, the rule still holds good, "A government must muddle." But that is no reason for meddling when it is not necessary. The soldiers, sailors, policemen, and judges ought to be infinitely more effective than they are; but then the country should, for the most part, be left to itself.

Why governments, which are composed, generally, of rather clever and intelligent men, should muddle everything so very much, may not seem quite clear; but a leading article in the *Times* made a good observation

on the subject, showing that an assembly composed of clever men will often corporally propound an opinion that to each of them, individually, is incomprehensible, and that they will, also, often corporally come to a conclusion that each one by himself vigorously condemns. Why this is so, it might be difficult to say. Perhaps it is an ultimate fact, behind which one cannot get; but the truth of it must be manifest to everybody.

This principle will account for the general want of success in the long-run of co-operative associations. When the business is mere routine work, like the management of a grocery, it may succeed. Little is wanted beyond the industrious, saving, and punctual qualities of ants and bees. But where the continual exercise of intelligence, foresight, and thought, under constantly novel circumstances is wanted, a company has no chance against an individual. A clever cotton manufacturer buys his cotton at the right time, place, and price. A co-operative association, even composed of equally clever individuals, would always buy their cotton at the wrong time, place, and price. A clever farmer cuts his crop at the right time and in the right way. A co-operative farming association would always cut their crop at the wrong time and in the wrong way.

Before the country can be left free to act by itself without government interference much legislation will be necessary not to meddle, but to prevent meddling, by some "imperium in imperio;" to prevent narrow cliques, classes, professions, and other assemblages of men from interfering with the free action of their own members and of others; also, to do away with all impediments to liberty of barter, and to the natural working of things. Corn growers tried to compel people to buy corn at their shops. Grocers try to compel people

to buy tea at their shops. A piece of land instead of being easy as a cow to sell, takes six months to dispose of. The trade unionist tells a man that if he does not join their union, his tools shall be taken away from him, his means of livelihood destroyed, or his wife and children blown up with gunpowder. The employer tells a man that if he does join the trade union, he shall have no employment, and his wife and children shall starve. Professions enact arbitrary and often ridiculous rules, interfering with the liberty of their individual members. These are merely a few instances of meddling and tyranny of narrow-minded people, which will require legislation for some time to come, even in countries which think themselves civilized.

Stern enforcement of penalties for breaking contracts or solemn promises is of course a duty of Government.

A man who breaks his contract or engagement to do a thing, has told a lie. Plato thought a lie the worst of all crimes. The definition of the devil is, "the father of lies." In other words, lying for the good of self, and the harm of others, is the essence of the evil principle in men.

The business of a country is best carried on by every individual in it working his best for his own interest. To give one out of innumerable instances. This is the way London is supplied with food. Conceive the predicament we should all be in, if we had to depend for our daily dinners upon a constitutional Government. No fish one day, no cabbages the next. Butchers meat in plenty; vegetables to eat with it supplied by the contractors a week or two afterwards. No beer to be had. Why? Pressure upon Government on the subject. Not a potato to be got for love or money. Why?

Potato contractor has swindled her Majesty's Government—gone off to America, and left the Metropolis potatoless.

These are only a few of the innumerable disasters that would be of daily occurrence.

The greatness of a country rests upon the active self-dependence, energy, and self-control of its individual inhabitants. Every interference of a Government takes something away from these things.

The "meddle" does not end in mere confused muddle. It generally brings about the very evils it wishes to prevent, as Mr. Spencer shows.

Governments have forbidden books containing obnoxious opinions. Their doing so, spread these opinions.

Governments, for the benefit of borrowers, have forbidden a high rate of interest. Their doing so compelled those who borrowed to pay a still higher rate of interest.

Governments, to keep down the price of bread, have made it penal to buy grain in order to sell it again. Their doing so has enormously increased the price of bread.

There has lately been pressure put upon Government for legislation towards the encouragement of breeding horses. If the pressure had been successful the result would no doubt have been much discouragement to horse breeding, and a great decrease in the numbers of horses bred ; to say nothing about the inevitable jobbery that would have ensued.

Preventive legislation is also observed to fail in its object.

Any legislation to *prevent* Bill Sykes from murdering his sweetheart would lead to Bill Sykes murdering his

sweetheart much more than he does now. All that legislation can do is to hang Bill Sykes surely, speedily and effectually, when he *has* murdered his sweetheart. What we want is, for each man to be responsible. Every bit of responsibility taken by Government takes something from this responsibility of each man.

Formerly convicts in Australia were turned over to settlers, in order to save the government the expense of keeping them. The ultimate expense from doing so was quadrupled. Sidney Smith put the matter as follows:—He imagines "a wicked little tailor," who has been transported, getting his liberty in this way as soon as he reached Australia. He says, "after a time the nefarious little needleman writes home that he is as comfortable as a finger in a thimble, that he has several wives, and that he is filled every day with rum and Kangaroo. This and all such letters are read in England; the fear of transportation ceases to act as a preventive of crime, and the annual crop of criminals together with the consequent annual expense to government is quadrupled accordingly."

The old game laws, with the view to diminish poaching enacted that game should not be sold. This enactment increased poaching so enormously that it had to be repealed.

Dean Ramsay tells us of an old Scotch minister who in offering up prayer in church for the prosperity of the United Kingdom, used always to pray that the Parliament might be so guided as "*no to do ony harm.*"

Interfering with the natural course of things must end in disaster. To give an instance: the natural course of things amongst men is that any one should be free to give away any piece of property he possesses—say a shilling, a penknife, a cow, a horse, or a field

whensoever and to whomsoever he likes. During the French revolution the government, to prevent anybody becoming rich, took away this natural liberty, and enacted that everybody's property at death should be divided according to fancies of the government of the day. The consequences, according to the best French authorities, are most disastrous to the country. A few of them can be traced, and are stated to be as follows:—That the population of France remains stationary; that colonization has almost ceased; that foreign commerce, compared with other countries, has dwindled to nothing; that national enterprise has come to an end; and that France is becoming a mere second-rate power.

When I use the phrase "natural course of things" I mean what men naturally do until they are interfered with by some government, or imperium, or by some "imperium in imperio," like a trade union, whether of capitalists, lawyers, doctors, or working men.

How striving against the natural course of things fails is well shown by the way the trade unions amongst the operative class work. Events turn out exactly contrary to what is intended. Take the colliers. Their objects, of course, were riches and prosperity to the working man at the expense of the employers and capitalists. But the real result was exactly the contrary. The families and children of the colliers were never so badly off as during the high price of coal and high wages; and their cottages were never in so wretched, furnitureless, dirty, and lost a condition; whilst the high price of coal caused unspeakable misery amongst the labouring classes in the rest of England. But the men who made immense sums of money were the capitalists, the employers, the coal owners, and the coal dealers. Everybody makes hay whilst the sun

shines, but these were hardly the results aimed at by the colliers' trade unions.

Many colliers seem to spend the high wages they earn on their rabbit-coursing dogs. There was an account reported lately of a collier taking his lurcher to a veterinary surgeon for advice. His story was as follows. He said, "I dawnt knaw what's t' matter wi' t' dog. I buys him two legs o' mootton every week; I feeds him reg'lar on eggs and port wine, and now he wawnt eeat nowt." The veterinary surgeon pronounced the case to be one of hydrophobia, and asked the collier if the dog had bitten any others. "Yes," he replied, "he's bitten monny a yan." "Then," said the dog doctor, "you had better tell the owners of these bitten dogs that yours is mad, and so they can take precautions." "Naw, I wawn't do nowt o' t' sort. They mun foind it oot theirsens."

It would be unreasonable to expect Governments, composed as they usually are of active-minded men, to abstain from meddling; but still, if Mr. Spencer's teaching is correct, that the effect produced by measures usually turns out to be exactly opposite to what is intended, it must surely be right to legislate in accordance with that teaching.

I will try to hint at what I mean, by means of an illustrative anecdote.

A short time ago, a volunteer artillery company were practising near a village to the north of London, but much of the shot and shell fell in the village itself, ploughing up the Rector's garden, tearing up the village green, and laying low the tombstones in the churchyard. The target was a quarter of a mile to the right of the village. The inhabitants were naturally rather agitated, and so they drew up a petition to the com-

manding officer, humbly praying that, out of consideration for the safety of themselves and their houses, the men might be ordered to aim their guns not at the target but at the village.

A few more instances of government muddling.

Joanna Stephens, in 1738, discovered an invaluable nostrum for all diseases, which she offered to the government for £5000. The grant was made, and the nostrum turned out to be compounded of egg shells, snails, soap, swine-cress, hips, haws, and honey.

Most people have heard of the Act of Parliament ordaining

(1) That Greenwich hospital was to be rebuilt.

(2) That the new building was to be constructed out of the materials of the old one.

(3) That the old hospital was to be left standing until such time as the new one should be completed.

During the cattle plague, the helplessness of the Government in the hands of the cattle doctors was very amusing, and the orders in council upon the subject rich beyond measure.

"No animals to be moved from place to place without a magistrate's order." Poor women had to trudge ten miles before they could take their pig from one side of the street to the other.

"No hay to be taken about the country for fear of imparting infection." Animals died of starvation. They had nothing to eat.

"No manure to be removed from London." This order had simply to be disregarded to prevent pestilence.

A year or two ago, the Government of Great Britain prohibited the importation of cattle from fear of introducing that terrible *Continental* complaint, rinderpest;

whilst Denmark prohibited the importation of cattle for fear of introducing that terrible *English* complaint, rinderpest.

Governments, and their doings, are always reminding me of children and their little ways.

In England, Russia was supposed to be the chief culprit.

"What do you mean, Master Bruin," says Mrs. Europe, "by spreading that terrible disease of yours all over the world?"

"Please M'm, I didn't do it M'm, Master Bull did it."

"What do you mean, Master Bull, by spreading that terrible disease of yours all over the world?"

"Please M'm, I didn't do it M'm, Master Bruin did it."

There is a great outcry made, and with justice, about the scarcity of live stock in England, and the difficulty of obtaining it. There are two ways of obtaining live stock, importation and breeding, but neither of these ways is permitted by her Majesty's Government in unhealthy seasons.

When there is much disease amongst cattle, farmers are not allowed by her Majesty's Government to move their cows about the country for fear of contagion.

The majority of farmers do not keep bulls. Whether her Majesty's Government is aware that cattle breeding and bulls have anything to do with each other it is impossible to say. I myself, judging from the legislation on the subject to which I am referring, believe that they are not aware of it. But if so, it is most reprehensible in them to legislate without first ascertaining the truth about the matter. There could have been no difficulty in obtaining ample evidence; and, if still unsatisfied, they might surely have appointed a committee.

About thirty years ago, the British Government decreed that the island of Alderney should have a harbour. It was not considered likely that any ship would ever make use of it, but that was no matter. The harbour was accordingly commenced, and is now completed, at a cost of two million pounds; but it is a source of great embarrassment. The Government clearly see the necessity there is that it should be destroyed, but they despair of inducing the House of Commons to vote the very large sum of money that would be necessary for that purpose. In this emergency the Government is advised, that in all probability the storms and the waves will, in no long time, do the business without their incurring any expense. They have therefore at length decided to spend for the next three or four years a sum not exceeding £8000 in keeping the harbour in repair, hoping by that time they will be in a position to judge whether the waves and the storms are likely to have the effect that is anticipated.

An act has lately been passed (undoubtedly much wanted) for the protection of British birds during the breeding season.

A writer to the *Times* describes the way the act works. He says, "Judge of my surprise when I saw, in a field adjoining my house, the old familiar sight—a big blackguard looking fellow with all his bird-catching apparatus in full work. I went to him and threatened to bring a policeman, but he coolly replied, "The Bobby aint no use; I've got the hact in my pocket; I'm a catching linnets and chaffinches as aint mentioned in the hact." Allow a "big blackguard looking fellow" to catch linnets and chaffinches, and the act at once becomes a dead letter.

Upon examining the act, I find, true enough, that the names of many birds, such as the rook, jackdaw, sky lark, chaffinch, linnet, house sparrow, common titmouse, &c., are omitted. Of course, the explanation is that her Majesty's Government is not aware that the rook, jackdaw, chaffinch, linnet, house sparrow, sky lark, and common titmouse are British birds. Nor am I for a moment blaming them for their want of knowledge. Charming as natural history is as a pursuit, it would be unreasonable to expect denizens of cities, burdened with the weighty affairs of nations, to be deeply versed in its mysteries. Still the instance tends to illustrate my position, that Government interference should be reduced to the minimum possible.

From time immemorial, the roads on the east coast of Yorkshire have been mended with sea gravel.

The German ocean encroaches upon, and carries away yearly, a certain portion of this coast.

A storm comes and heaps up along the whole length of it six feet depth of sand and shingle. Another storm comes and carries it all away again. Where to? Perhaps Devonshire, amongst other places. A sailor drowned near Scarbro' was found a few days afterwards on the coast of Kent.

The Atlantic Ocean once made a serious inroad into a celebrated Mrs. Partington's domain; so she seized her mop and did her best with it; but the result was not altogether satisfactory.

Well, it came into the head of the Mrs. Partington, to whose department of government the matter belonged, that if the farmers of the East Riding were prevented from taking for their roads the shingle (which is brought up from the sands on the backs of donkeys) the encroachment would no longer take place; and an

edict to that effect was accordingly issued. The prohibition causes a great loss to the farming community, for now they have nothing to mend their roads with, but the yellow clay of the country; still, it really is almost worth it for the fun of the thing.

The prohibition took place several years ago. Since that time the German Ocean's disregard of the wishes of the Government has been most reprehensible. In the winter of 1873, the encroachment on the coast was greater than was ever known in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Many yards breadth of land along the whole coast was washed away.

I do not like obtruding my advice, but, perhaps, her Majesty's Government is not aware that at some of the watering places on the coast children are in the habit of pebbling to a very considerable extent. I have known one child carry away as much as a whole pocket full of jaspers and agates in one afternoon. Surely this should be looked to.

A great moral philosopher says, that incongruity is the principal ingredient wanted to produce laughter; that no one would laugh to see a dustman bespattered all over with mud, but to see the same thing happen to a bishop in full canonicals would be irresistible. If this is so, I suppose, what makes one laugh in such cases as the above shingle question, is the incongruity between the sort of Godlike standard of intelligence men profess to reach, and the helplessness they really often show when they try to exercise it.

I do not pay very much attention to the smaller political matters; but still I think I can remember that, not many years ago, the British Government disfranchised a borough for having been bribed and corrupted, and made a baronet of a man for having bribed and corrupted it.

Not long ago the law (that is the government) condemned a man, named George Hurry, for not calling in a doctor when his child was ill. The comment of the *Saturday Review* was as follows:—

"It would be an act of tyranny to force a man to take medicine, if he did not believe in its efficacy. Indeed it is an open question whether he would not usually be right. It is a delicate problem whether the health of the world would be improved or deteriorated by the extermination of all doctors."

And again, the reviewer says, "There is much discussion as to the efficacy of medicine, some doctors, and these not the least trusted in their profession, preferring to rely mostly on nature and very little on physic. Now, the prisoner would have been safe from prosecution if he had called in an ignorant quack doctor, or a homœopathist, whose curative measures, according to allopathists, consist of faith and white sugar." Then the Saturday reviewer goes on to say, "That it is not for us to indicate any preference for either the school of allopathists, who, according to the rival school, 'kill their patients,' or, the homœopathists, who, according to allopathists, 'let their patients die.'" *

For myself, I must say it seems (to use a familiar expression) coming it rather strong for a government to force a man to force his child to take a dose of physic, especially as opposite medical sects would dispute as to whether it should take any physic at all, and those who

* The truth is, the homœopathists have converted the allopathists, and brought them round in a great degree to their practice. The latter now following the homœopathists, interfere with Nature less than formerly, and so they are less fatal than they were. Homœopathists have also taught the allopathists to pay more attention to diet, cleanliness, and pure air than formerly was the case.

said it should would not agree as to what the physic should be.

The doctors are like the grocers, who want the Government to compel the public to buy tea at their shops instead of at the co-operative stores. And really, if government interferes in the one case, why not in the other? A man cures his own child instead of getting a doctor to do it. The Government punishes him for doing so. A man mends his own trowsers instead of getting the tailor to do it. Then why not punish him too. I dwell on this because the law might really be very embarrassing some day to me as a magistrate.

Supposing, for instance, Dr. A. comes to me for a summons against a man who had neglected to send for him when his child was ill. I grant it. Next day, Dr. B. comes and tells me that Dr. A.'s medical opinions are heretical, and I must grant the summons to him. I grant it. And now we will shift the scene to the court of sessions, the week afterwards, and will suppose the two doctors and the malefactor before the magistrates, each doctor armed with his summons and protected by a sufficient body of policemen from all chance of molestation on the part of the dangerous criminal. A dialogue, somewhat to the following effect would probably take place.

Chairman: I understand Dr. A. that you got a summons against this man, notwithstanding that you are an unqualified practitioner.

Dr. A.: But I am not an unqualified practitioner.

Chairman: I thought Dr. B. you stated to Mr. C.—— that Dr. A. was an unqualified practitioner.

Dr. B.: He is not unqualified, but his practice is faulty. He sometimes uses what are called homœopathic

remedies, and generally he does not give strong enough medicines.

Chairman: Is this true Dr. B.?

Dr. B.: No, it is not true that my medicines are not strong enough. But the fact is, Dr. A.'s medicines are too strong.

Now, what are the magistrates to do. The only case in point I can think of is, that of the judgment of Solomon, but as this solution would, perhaps, not be altogether suited to the present time, perhaps the best decision for the magistrates to arrive at would be, for the doctors to toss up for the patient. Still, I must repeat that the question would be a very embarrassing one.

The whole thing is as ridiculous as any of the stories of state prosecutions in the middle ages, that one reads of.

In the year 1341, a trial took place of a sow and her litter of pigs for killing and eating a child. They were proceeded against by the public prosecutor of the day. The old sow was condemned to death, but the little pigs were pardoned on plea of their tender years and the bad example that had been set them.

In the year 371, under Valens, certain judges summoned to the bar a table accused of sorcery. No sentence was passed upon the table itself, but a man named Hilarius, who confessed to being one of the table's accomplices was beheaded.

The Government decrees compulsory Vaccination because many people die of small-pox; but enormously more die of overeating; then why not compulsory limitation of food. Many die of small-pox; but enormously more die of evils that ensue from a common cold; then why not compulsory flannel waistcoats and compulsory

night caps. In the northern parts of our island, a terribly irritating and undoubtedly contagious complaint is said to be very common. Then why not compulsory and periodical examinations of our Caledonian neighbours by state-paid and competent medical inspectors. Government of this sort is called paternal. It ought to be called grand-maternal, as has often been said.

All the foolish legislation that takes place about diseases, is due to the fact that the gentlemen who form her Majesty's governments are dupes of the doctors, who, as Dr. Dickson says, have a great pecuniary interest in keeping up exaggerated ideas about infection and other things. Those who see all this clearly, and write upon the subject often use strong language with reference to these gentlemen. But men cannot help being dupes. There is nothing morally wrong in it, and therefore strong language is out of place.

A Hint or two more about Homœopathy.

I wonder whether the little medical world is aware of the amusement it affords the great world, by its bickerings and distinctions, that require the microscopic eyes of professional jealousy to distinguish. To the unprofessional, the practice of some allopaths appears to differ so exceedingly little from that of some homœopaths, that the refusal of such men to meet each other in consultation, seems as funny as for Dr. A. to refuse to meet Dr. B. because one prescribes scammony as a medicine, whilst the other prescribes jalap.

When people hear of wars and rumours of wars between contending medical sects, they cannot help remembering Swift's great controversy, which distracted the whole nation, between the big endians and the little endians (that is, whether the egg ought to be eaten at

the big or little end). What a pity it is that doctors, instead of quarrelling among themselves, should not be always ready to join each other in trying to do some good in the world, and endeavouring to diminish, as far as in them lies, the misery that is in it. I am not so Utopian as to expect from the majority of the profession any more than from the majority of mankind in general any great degree of transcendental disinterestedness, or sacrifice of private interests. Still, the medical profession have vast opportunities of alleviating suffering, and to see them throwing these opportunities away, to make room for little etiquettes, is very painful to a compassionate minded man. It is not even as if medicine were an established science ; but it is not. Conformists differ far more amongst each other than some conformists, and some nonconformists. No, it is in the name chiefly. Like the Homooisians and the Homoousians of the middle ages, who consigned each other to eternal perdition, not because their opinions differed, for practically they were the same, but because one sect called itself Homo*ou*sians and the other sect called itself Homo*oi*sians.

Every allopathic medical man I ever talked to on the subject, has allowed that homœopathy has done much good, by proving practically by its success the fatal consequences of too violent modes of treatment ; and yet, these very men refuse to act with homœopathists, because these lives they have saved, were saved in a manner contrary to rule.

Some English soldiers once stormed a fort and took it from the Chinese. The Emperor of China ordered Wang, the Chinese commandant of the fort, to be beheaded for allowing it to be taken. But Wang said the English had not fought fairly ; that they had fought

in a manner contrary to rule, and got over the walls by a back way. Upon this, the Emperor spared his life, merely ordering that his ears should be cut off, and that he should be hung up for a few years in a cage.

A government must muddle. How in medical matters, for instance, can it possibly obtain the requisite knowledge for legislating to any good purpose, when no two of the authorities they must consult agree, and without consulting supposed experts I need hardly say that the knowledge of government officials is apt to be, to say the least, limited.

An American secretary to the admiralty (answering, I suppose, to our first lord) one day in his official capacity had to visit some ship. As soon as he got on board he went to the hatchway and looked down. "Why, the darned thing 's hollow," he exclaimed in the utmost astonishment. The fact was, though, of course, he had often seen ships from the shore, it had never occurred to him before that this was the case.

Now, if the highest government officials of a great country are liable to be ignorant about so simple a matter as this, what can one expect when the questions are about such complex and endlessly disputed and unsettled things as diseases and their treatment?

A paternal government implies a childish people. Treat people as if they were childish, and they will become so. A short time ago there was a bill before parliament to prevent persons from using soap when they bathe in the Serpentine. About the same time there was another bill to provide foot warmers in railway carriages. Sir W. Harcourt, in an excellent speech said, he was always expecting a bill to compel everybody to wear flannel night-caps when they went to bed, to ensure them from catching cold.

The line between meddling and judicious legislation is usually not difficult to draw. Take, for instance, laws about betting, we hear so much about. To prevent by law gambling and betting would be meddling legislation, besides being impossible; but its outward and public manifestations are nuisances to the general public, and as such should be put down.

To prevent betting men ever meeting together would be meddling and impossible, but to advertise in the newspapers houses for betting or gambling is offensive to the public. Entirely to put down what are called houses of ill-fame has been repeatedly proved to lead to worse evils still, but to advertise them in newspapers would be intolerable to society.

To prevent a man drinking a glass of beer when he is thirsty would be meddling legislation; but a drunken man is a disgusting and dangerous nuisance, so he should be liable to far severer penalties than he is at present.

One difficulty in legislation that leads to much muddle is the difficulty of drawing lines which do not really exist, but which, nevertheless, must in some measure be drawn between offences; that is, between their innumerable degrees, shades, and dovetailings. We have, for instance, sanitary laws; but no house is absolutely pure and clean, so what is the exact degree of uncleanliness that would authorize the interference of the sanitary officer?

We read in the *Medical Press* newspaper that in County Kildare, Ireland, a great discussion arose whether one Patrick Kelly transgressed the sanitary act by living in a cottage with his ass, which cottage contained only one room. The sanitary officer was inclined to think he did not, whilst the chairman of the board of guardians maintained that he did transgress it. They discussed

the point in all its bearings. Was it in accordance with the sanitary laws that a man and his ass should live together in the same room? What harm would come of it? Was any danger to health likely to arise from the practice? If so, where was the danger? Was it to the Irishman from living with the ass, or to the ass from living with the Irishman? At length it seems to have been decided that the arrangement was not a transgression of the sanitary act, and so no proceedings were taken against either Kelly or the ass. Now, if the legislation had provided for this particular case, of course there would have been no difficulty. But legislation cannot possibly provide for all cases, for cases are infinite in variety.

Even the United States of America with all their liberty, do not seem quite free from meddling legislation about trifles. It appears that in some of the states any girl may have up any man for giving her a kiss; and that the penalty is a heavy fine. Now, nothing can be more absurd than this, though, of course, in practice a sensible magistrate avoids carrying the law out. An instance was reported only a very short time ago as having occurred in the State of Kentucky. In this case the magistrate absolutely refused to impose any fine whatever. He said, "The fact is, the girl is so extremely pretty that nothing but an overwhelming sense of its dignity and responsibility, prevents the court from kissing her itself."

CHAPTER IX.

General Observations.

"The only thing I know is, that I know nothing."—*Socrates.*

There will be no chance for medicine becoming a science till it has got rid of its superstitions; till it has learned that diseases are not positive entities; till it has learned how extremely exaggerated and absurd its present ideas are about infection; till it has cured itself of the superstition that every shade and variety of zymotic disease is caused by its own separate invisible, malignant, and diabolical animalcule, or living organism; till it has learned that though classifying symptoms of various derangements of the body under heads is convenient, there is, in truth, no more line to be drawn between one so-called disease and its neighbouring one, than there is between orange and yellow, every disease or bundle of symptoms dove-tailing into the neighbouring bundle of symptoms, just as each prismatic colour dove-tails into the colours on each side of it. A line can no more be drawn between the bundle of symptoms representing one so-called disease and another, than it can between the animal and vegetable

worlds. And yet we must have classification for convenience. Sidney Smith gave us a sad illustration of the necessity classification is to the human mind. It was after the discovery of the Australian duck billed Platypus. He says, that the latter part of the naturalist Dr. Smith's life was rendered miserable, because he could not determine whether the creature was a bird or a beast.

Lastly, there will be no hope for medicine till it has learned that great as is the effect of body on mind, it is as nothing when compared with the effect of mind on body; and when I say mind, I mean the living something which, whether actually made of matter or spirit (whatever matter or spirit may be), is not, never has been, and never will be understood, or in any way comprehended by mortal man.

Enthusiastic physiologists expect to explain "life." Some indeed seem to think they can almost do it already. But this is only that kind of slight monomania, which always comes from exclusive devotion to a hobby. A hobby often creates happiness, but it always destroys judgment, more or less.

Mr. Lecky says, that "when all the motions of the heavenly bodies have been reduced to the dominion of gravitation, gravitation itself remains an insoluble problem. What "life" is, science is utterly unable to say. In grouping phenomena or appearances, its achievements have been great. In discovering ultimate causes, it has absolutely failed. An impenetrable mystery lies at the root of every existing thing. We know next to nothing of the relation of mind to matter, and to suppose that the tendency of science is to eliminate the conception of the first cause from creation, is completely to ignore the sphere and limits to which it is confined."

Charles Lamb defines knowledge as "our ignorance classified."

Sir W. Hamilton says, "that human knowledge is like a farthing rushlight, surrounded by an infinite expanse of darkness."

Father Newman likens man to a fly walking up a great wall. The fly has no sense of the uses of the wall; nor can it conceive the whole of which it forms part. The fly has only knowledge of the tiny portion covered by its own feet.

Archdeacon Hare says, "the higher we rise in knowledge, the vaster is the extent of ignorance before us. Men are always foolishly believing themselves to be approaching the end, but they will be no nearer the end in a thousand years." And yet Dr. H. Maudesley says, "the regions of the wonderful are becoming less and less as science advances." Now what an astounding thing this is for a clever man to say. That the revelations made by microscopes and telescopes tend to diminish the sense of wonder! The former shows us, according to the well-known couplet, that

> "All things that live have little fleas to bite 'em,
> And these again have lesser fleas, and so ad infinitum."

And yet, according to Dr. Maudesley, the knowledge of this endless series is no more wonderful than that merely of the one parasite so well-known amongst the less civilized races of men. Again, science tells us that the heavens above us consist of worlds infinite in number and infinite in distances, and that amongst these endless worlds, our earth, in addition to its own revolutions, accompanies the sun and all the planets at an inconceivable rate through space, where to, and where from, none can tell; and yet, according to Dr. Maudesley, this knowledge is less calculated to create wonder

than the beliefs of the ancients that the earth was a stationary plane, and that the stars were lamps to give light to it, fixed in a solid firmament, a mile or two distant, which revolved round this plane once in twenty-four hours.

The Hebrews believed that the sky was a solid vault with windows, and that raining meant these windows being opened.

Dr. Maudesley's point of view seems to be not an uncommon one amongst men of science, whose ideas about what is wonderful and miraculous always seem to me very curious. Supposing the inhabitants of the earth had always lived with no light but that of the stars, and all at once, for one day, and only one day, the sun had risen in the east and in twelve hours set again in the west, they would call this wonderful and miraculous; but the infinitely more wonderful and miraculous fact of a similar thing happening every day, for thousands of years, they seem to think nothing of. Emerson says, it is a sign of genius to see the miraculous in the common; but, I think, ordinary common sense is sufficient.

When one considers that wonderful as the sun, stars, and galaxies are, the flea's flea is infinitely the more wonderful thing of the two, being living instead of dead matter, and again, that a living man is infinitely more wonderful still, the above assertion of Dr. Maudesley, and the scientific men of the period becomes astonishing.

That matter should walk, move, and feel at all is marvellous. That it should experience the joy and bliss of which men are capable, is so utterly astounding, that there is nothing for it but dumbfoundered amazement, and adoration of the Author of all this bliss. Then how about the misery of human life? As an exceptional thing it is terrible. Looking on the human race as a

whole, the talk about it is nonsense—sheer nonsense; the talk itself arising out of the simple fact that men are conscious of their exceptional unhappiness, and therefore can talk about it, whilst they are not conscious of their normal happiness, and therefore cannot talk about it.

It is only the unhappy who talk or write about the matter at all; so, of course, we only hear or read about the unhappiness.

Many rich people also who are idle are undoubtedly thoroughly miserable; so also are vicious people; but the mass of mankind are neither rich nor vicious.

A Hint or two about Consciousness.

Emerson says, "A man admires a beautiful thing. He thinks about his feeling of admiration; he analyzes it and the beauty is gone."

Mr. Dallas, in "The Gay Science," says, "We can describe every kind of wickedness and woe, but all we can say of bliss is, that it is unutterable."

Again, he says, "Life is destroyed by thinking of it."

Again, "In health the sense of existence vanishes. Except we suffer, we scarcely dream of our being."

Again, "Self-consciousness culminates in suicide."

Again, "Outside of consciousness there rolls a vast tide of life which is far more important than the little isle of our thoughts which lies within our ken."

Wordsworth says, "Thought was not, in enjoyment it expired."

The author of "Ecce Homo," says, "Self-consciousness and sensualism are enemies of true delight."

Goethe, looking back on his past life, said, that he had spent very few happy days. Now, in the first place, I do not believe him; and, in the second place, he was a man eaten up with self-consciousness.

Perhaps there is no fool like the epicurean fool. For he defeats his own object, which is enjoyment, by the very means he takes to secure it; that is conscious search for enjoyment. The author of "Ecce Homo," says, that the very birds and beasts enjoy their food more than the epicurean enjoys his, simply because they do not aim at, or think of their enjoyment. This arises from what he calls the paradox, that no man is so happy as he who does not aim at happiness.

C. Tennyson says, "The consciousness of life must fade, before the bliss it yields be felt at all."

Self-consciousness kills thought.

A man consciously tries in vain to remember a word. Unconscious thought recalls it at once.

Life analyzed is no longer life.

But the analysers and metaphysicians are all in the other story.

Professor Ferrier says, "We *are* only in so far as we *know*, and we *know* only in so far as we know that we know, that is, that we *are* only in so far as we know that we know." This means in other words that "life" means "self-consciousness," or "consciousness" that one is "conscious."

Mr. M. Arnold, who is in the same story, quotes with approbation a French writer, who says that the essence of life lies "In thinking and being conscious of one's soul." Now, the truth is, that the man who did nothing else but be conscious of his soul would very soon have no soul to be conscious of. Fortunately for us, Mr. Arnold himself does other things. He has written some charming poetry. Here are a few of his lines taken at random.

"And what but gentleness untired,
And what but noble feelings warm;

Wherever shown, howe'er attired,
Is grace, is charm?"

Now, these are charming lines; but they are not the children of self-consciousness. The author of them could not possibly have been thinking of his own soul, and of what constitutes "charm" at the same moment. To express himself well a man must be conscious of his object, not of his soul. A man will never kill a partridge if he sets to work to be conscious of his soul immediately the bird gets up. I do not mean that when he wrote these four lines, Mr. Arnold never was conscious of his soul once the whole time. He may well have stopped for a bit at the end of the first line, or after "attired," or again, after the end of the fourth line, to be conscious of his soul, and to say to himself, "That is very nicely expressed," or something to that effect. I only mean that no particle of these lines could possibly have been composed at the very moment that he was conscious of his soul. A man cannot think of two things at the same time.

A promising young legislator gets up to make his first speech. He is well up in his subject, and for ten minutes his words flow like the waters of a running river. A dissentient voice is heard from the other side of the house. At once the current ceases to flow, his liberty of speech is gone, and he cannot utter one single word more; so he is seized with a violent fit of coughing, and sits down amidst loud cheers from a good-natured and sympathetic house. The fact is, he had all at once became "conscious of his soul;" the objects of his thoughts vanished, and he became for the time being an idiot.

Consciousness of consciousness is a disease of the mind common amongst metaphysicians and men of analysis. The part of a man's life of which he is

conscious of being conscious is nothing; and the man who was nothing else than this part would be an idiot.

A great living physiologist talks somewhere of nature's great progression from inorganic force to conscious intellect, as if he thought the highest part of himself was the consciousness his own intellect has of itself. But this is absurd, for this great living physiologist is a very eminent man; so if he were seriously to tell me this was the highest part of himself, I should be sadly at a loss what to say, for I could not possibly believe it of so distinguished a man as he is. Sam Slick, when some one told him the thing that was not, answered, "I wont say you lie because it aint polite, but it is very like what I say when I lie." But I could not for a moment think of saying anything like this to a great living physiologist; for, in the first place, we don't use such language on this side of the Atlantic; and, in the second place, I never do tell lies. No, I think I should say to him that it was impossible such a very eminent man as he was could have so circumscribed a mind as he thought, and that with all his value for consciousness of consciousness, I did not believe he was conscious of more than a fraction, and that an extremely small one, of his own soul; that is, of the soul he must have whether he believes it or not. I have purposely refrained from stating the name of this great living physiologist, because I shonld be sorry for so eminent a man as he is to be known to have written so very foolish a thing, which, after all, may have been but a slip of the pen. "Nemo mortalium omnibus horis," &c., &c., &c., &c.

Freedom from consciousness of self is necessary to good art.

"The whole of a great artist's power," says Ruskin, "depends upon his losing sight of his own existence."

"Great men," he says again, "never know why or how they do things. They have no rules. The moment, in any art, a man begins to talk about rules, you may know him to be a second-rate man. If he talks much about rules you may know him to be a third-rate man." That is to say, he works by consciously critical knowledge, instead of by unconscious inspiration.

An English nobleman taking lessons in musical composition from Haydn asked him the reason for certain modulations in one of his quartets, which seemed to him contrary to rule. All Haydn could say was that they sounded well. But the Englishman persisting that they were contrary to rule, Haydn said, "I see, my lord, it is you who are having the goodness to give me lessons, and that being the case I have the honour of wishing you good morning." And he walked out of the room forthwith.

Genius sings as the birds sing. Then critics step in and make what they call rules, which no doubt have their uses.

A Cuckoo sings a minor third, but the Cuckoo does not know that it is a minor third, and if it did it would no longer sing it.

Colbourne, the American calculating boy, was asked by the critics and philosophers by what mental process he accomplished his wonderful arithmetic feats. "God," he answered, "puts it into my mind, and I cannot put it into yours." Of course not. If he could the power would have been no more there.

Socrates, in Plato's "Phœdrus," describes what he calls "divine madness" as "that which proceeds from the Muses taking possession of a soul and inspiring it towards poetry. Whilst, he who without this madness from the Muses approaches the poetic gates, having

persuaded himself that by art alone he may become sufficiently a poet, will see the poetry of his cold prudence vanish into nothingness before the light of that which has sprung from divine insanity."

Sir I. Newton said, that the way he worked was not consciously to think but to let his mind go; to leave it alone. Thus he performed his miracles. That is, he did things contrary to man's experience—different from what is called the uniform course of nature.

Goethe was a self-conscious man. Therefore, acting freely from natural impulse was a mystery to him which he tried to explain in a bungling way. He saw people without what he called much intellect exercise great influence, so he said they were possessed by a demon. The influence really came from strength of character, passion, or unconscious motive power. Goethe confessed that he himself was without this influence.

Archbishop Whately gives another instance of strength of character accompanied by stupidity. He says, when he was at school, the boys used to play at soldiers; but it could not be done unless he himself and one other boy, he called a very stupid boy, were both present. Whateley who was without unconscious motive power and influence, but could only analyze and think, understood the manœuvres and so knew what orders should be given. The other boy then gave the order. If Whateley gave the order the boys paid no attention to him. If he was not there the other boy did not know what orders to give.

Wordsworth said, that men would find everything easy if they could concentrate their attention as a bee does on a flower without thought or consciousness of self.

Dr. H. Maudesley says, "The most important part of mental action is unconscious mental action. The

inspired poet is simply dictated to from within. The characteristic of health in the brain is that its processes take place unconsciously." Again, "Contemplation of our own thoughts and feelings leads direct to madness."

Unconscious inspiration leads direct to action. Conscious analysis leads direct to puzzle-headed inaction. Hamlet can think but not act.

Our great want in this life is true knowledge how to act. The men of science tell us that the way to arrive at all knowledge is to analyze organized life in its primitive forms, and then trace its development up to men at the present time. But they begin at the wrong end.

It may be said, "What does it signify which end you begin at so long as the result is the same; that is, whether you begin with the analysis of primitive forms of life, or with man at the present day, with all his developments of conscience and passions; that is, his unconscious inspirations. Now, no doubt, to a man who is chopping sticks it does not much matter which end of the stick he chops first; but in morals and in moral philosophy it is different. We really have not time to wait for the discovery of first principles. We are hungry and we want to eat. We are in love and we want to marry.

That excellent young man Brown wants to marry. Brown is conscientious, and wishes to do what is right; so he goes and asks the philosophers. But they don't agree amongst themselves about the first principles, or even whether there are any.

Are we to start from the anthropoid ape, or go still further back to the amorphous jelly fish? If the latter, what conclusions about matrimony are we to arrive at from studying the habits and customs of these primordial organisms? Some say, that the primeval amorphous jelly fish neither married nor was given in marriage.

Some say, that his ancestor was brought to us from another planet on an aerolite. Some say, that he was spontaneously generated on our own planet. Now, these discussions are exceedingly interesting and important, but they take rather a long time, and Brown is waiting. He is waiting to be told whether marriage in his case is justifiable. Time is going on and his Marianne is already not quite so young as she has been. No, analysis is a charming occupation, and valuable from some points of view; but, perhaps, on the whole, it would have been better for Brown to have put his trust in God than in the men of science, and to have believed, as his progenitors had believed before him, even though he had no scientific proof to go upon. So it is with regard to all the unconscious inspirations wherewith men are inspired.

No doubt, hitherto men of science have usually denied all inspiration; but now, at last, they are beginning, though only just beginning, to recognize the fact that there is such a thing, though they call it by a new name—"unconscious-cerebration."

I believe the eyes of science were first opened to the existence of unconscious-cerebration or inspiration by means of some beautiful experiments that were made upon frogs. One day a distinguished man of science cut the head off one of these creatures and then tickled its stomach. To his great surprise the frog (that is, what was left of it) immediately scratched the tickled place with one of its hind feet. The distinguished natural philosopher could hardly believe his eyes. At once he caught another frog, cut off its head, and then tickled it also on the stomach. The result was exactly the same. Again and again this beautiful experiment was repeated, and each time the frog immediately

scratched itself on the tickled place. Now, as the frogs' heads had all been cut off this scratching could not possibly have been done by conscious will, and so it must have been done unconsciously. Thus the fact was indisputably established, that there is such a thing in nature as inspiration or unconscious-cerebration.

Ordinary people believe a thing when they experience it. Men of science believe a thing (sometimes) when they think they have traced it to some principle they call fundamental (such as gravitation), or classified it under some head they think they understand all about, though really they understand no more about it than about the thing itself. Thus they are now classing many phenomena under the head of "unconscious-cerebration."

Why should the word inspiration be changed to the new phrase unconscious-cerebration? Inspiration is the old word to express the unconscious utterances of poets and also of prophets or religious teachers, that is of men inspired by a holy spirit, and I see no reason for changing it. The inspired poet or religious teacher during a moment of exaltation—filled with a spirit of beauty—or possessed by passions of holiness and duty, or to use the biblical expression "a hunger and thirst after righteousness"; every particle of his being raised to the highest pitch of vitality; this man uttering his "thoughts that breathe and words that burn"—thoughts and words so wise and great that they live through all time—this man, I say, *knows* that he is inspired, and therefore that there is such a thing as unconscious inspiration.

The analyzing man of science, after ages of denial, is just beginning to have an inkling of the same truth by cutting off frogs heads and then tickling their stomachs.

"A man," says Carlyle, "never goes so far as when he does not know where he is going to." Of course not, for he has no self consciousness to hamper him; no doubts which of three courses is most expedient; no hesitation of any kind; he is an inspired man.

Inspiration and consciousness of choice are contrary one to the other. To imagine Christ arguing to himself, doubting, reasoning, hesitating, and uncertain which out of a number of courses it might be expedient to adopt is absurd upon the face of it; being divinely inspired he always knew at once what it was right to do.

Inspiration means action from some motive force. Conscious reasoning always means cessation from action.

When a man in a rage knocks another man twice his own size down, it is not his *conscious* will that does it. Any consciousness would have rendered him more or less incapable of doing it. He is inspired to do it by passion or unconscious will. If our "man in a rage" were to begin reasoning consciously he would find the tables turned at once, and the wrong man knocked down.

The man in a rage is an inspired man, though he is not a divinely inspired man.

Philosophers, when they talk of human conduct, cannot get out of their heads conscious reasoning. But conscious reasoning, useful as it often is, always hampers action. Passion or motive power can alone enable a man to act.

Medical men tell us stories of cases of paralysis, where the patient is utterly unable by *conscious* will to move his limbs in the slightest degree. Some passion seizes him, of fear, perhaps, as of the house being on fire, and he jumps up at once and runs down stairs, as

if nothing were the matter with him. Thus is science at last finding out the possibility of such things as the sudden curing of the paralytic. Produce emotion enough and the thing is done. Science has hitherto denied this. Of course it has, for how can scientific induction cause any emotion whatever, let alone enough to make a lame man walk. Still, medical science seems beginning to acquire, as Mr. G. Wilkinson says, a dawning recognition of the spiritual side of disease and of its cure. "I do think," he says, "that loss of faith and of the other inward graces is the tap root of bodily sickness, and that fears, apathies, hatreds, and self-seekings are the sources which go forth to sow poison through our frames."

We read in Darwin's last book an illustration of the impotence of conscious will, and the power of unconscious emotion or passion.

Mr. Darwin, who observes everything, was struck one day by a peculiar movement in a young lady's forehead upon receiving some painful news. Next day he asked her to move the muscles of her forehead in the same way, but she was unable to do so try as she would. Conscious will was impotent to perform this miracle upon the piece of muscular fibre, which miracle emotion had worked without difficulty or effort. And who can limit the power of passion to work miracles?

A grey-hound inspired with the hunting passion is chasing a hare. The dog stops to scratch himself, and the hare escapes. The dog wants to catch the hare, but his agency is impeded by his consciousness about himself.

"He that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than John the Baptist." What does this mean according to our modern way of speaking? It means that he who

is inspired to right is greater than he who only knows with his consciousness and intelligence that right is better than wrong, and so strives after it. The former Swedenborg calls the celestial man, the latter he calls the spiritual man. "La vraie morale se moque de la morale," says Pascal. The inspired man is above morality or conscious choice of good ; he laughs at it, as the Frenchman says. He follows it without having to choose. He enjoys what is called in technical Theological phrase "the perfect liberty of the gospel."

Of course, self-consciousness is wanted in this imperfect life.

If a man be tempted or inspired to commit a great crime, he had much better be hampered by self-consciousness and say to himself "no, I will not do this thing, for if I do I shall go to the Devil, or come to be hanged," or words to that effect.

Tauler and the old mysties preached self-oblivion to the degree of blindly giving oneself up to God's guidance as they put it. Practically this meant in real life yielding to every impulse, and where the impulses are angelic nothing can be better ; but impulses are sometimes not angelic. When health is perfect we are not conscious of having a stomach, but when the stomach is out of order and works wrong, we must exercise consciousness and put it right. When the soul works wrong we must do the same. Every material fact, says Swedenborg, has a spiritual correspondence.

My friend Robinson, who having no passions or character but only a strong analyzing intellect and imagination, and who before he settled down for life to materialism tried a great many things according as his reading or his imagination led him. Robinson, I say, one day got hold of a book about Tauler and the old

mystics, whose grand principle was that a man should destroy self and self consciousness and give himself wholly up to God's guidance. Robinson thought this very fine, and at once determined to adopt Tauler's precepts; to renounce that is self consciousness and give himself up to God's guidance. That very evening Robinson got drunk, broke several of his friends' heads, got his own broken too, smashed a great number of windows, was walked off by the police, put in the lock-up for the night, and taken before the magistrates in the morning for riotous and disorderly conduct, and all because he thought himself fit for "the perfect liberty of the Gospel," when in fact he was only fit for "the bondage of the law," the bondage of public opinion or for stoicism and conscious renunciation. Those of us who cannot be perfect Christians must be content to be hybrids—half Christian half stoic.

"Absolute harmony," says the author of Ecce Homo, "between inward desire and outward obligation was called by Christ and his Apostles by a name of which 'holiness' is the English equivalent."

"Self anatomy," says Hare, "is morbid. As in the body health without pain is unconscious, so it is with the mind." Shakespeare makes his worst character "self reflective."

"Le secret de charmer," says a French writer, "est de s'ignorer lui meme." Another calls self conscious egoism a poison which actually kills people, whereas self forgetting unselfishness is an elixir which actually adds life to people.

About the happiness attending self forgetting self sacrifice and unselfishness, the mere philosopher can tell us little. And yet the world is full of it. But it necessarily remains undescribed. For description would require self

consciousness and self analysis. But self consciousness and self analysis at once destroy the thing. So there at once ceases to be anything to describe.

I say the world is full of this happiness.

A mother and child are starving with hunger. The former obtains a morsel of food which she immediately gives to the child, and is far happier in doing so than if she had eaten it herself. A man during a shipwreck saves his wife's life at the expense of his own, and his bliss in doing so is complete. But the condition of his bliss is unconsciousness of self; break this condition and the bliss is gone; besides which thinking about himself would have made him bungle the thing, and his wife would have been drowned.

"The Stoic," writes the author of Ecce Homo, "said 'make yourselves independent of bodily wants.' Christ says, 'ye have need of these things.' The Epicurean said, 'certainly we have, therefore we should seek them.' Then Christ turns round and says, 'we must not *consciously* seek them; those who do so miss their aim. He that would save his life shall lose it.'" Thus we come to what seems to many a paradox, that we need happiness, but when we act for the sake of it we miss it, or as the author of Ecce Homo puts it, "no man is so happy as he who does not aim at happiness," and again "we gain heaven by loving our enemies, but if we love our enemies to gain heaven we do not gain it." Thinking about ourselves instead of the object of our love destroys the charm at once.

The essence of self-sacrificing joy is like the poets account of humility:

> "'Tis gone if it but look upon itself,
> And he who ventures to esteem it his,
> Proves by that single thought he has it not."

"Virtue and goodness tend," as Father Newman says, "to make men powerful in this world. But they who *consciously* aim at the power generally lose it and the virtue to." Again, as he says, "virtue is its own reward and brings with it the truest and highest pleasure, but they who *consciously* aim at it for the pleasure's sake fail to attain either one or the other."

"He that loveth his life shall lose it." Of course, for life or vitality means unconscious active delight in what is not self; and this life or vitality is lost just in proportion as a man loveth his life, or in other words thinks about himself instead of what is not self. Immediately this takes place the heart more or less strikes work, the pulse only half beats, the blood crawls through the veins, and the man has lost some of his life. In fact he has just by so much "lost his life."

"Purchase the next world with this; so shalt thou win both," says the Arabic proverb.

Robertson says "No true man is conscious that he is true, no really brave man is conscious that he is brave. They have no time to think about the matter."

C. Kingsley says that the essential characteristic of a true hero is unconscious action without thought about himself.

Consciousness destroys happiness.

Shakspeare says "I were but little happy if I could say how much."

"In joy," says Goethe, "the mind loses consciousness of self."

Swedenborg's way of putting it as follows: "They," says he, "who are immediately inspired to good without conscious choice are in the highest heaven, whilst those who act from conscious choice are in the second heaven."

"When the mind," says a reviewer of Mr. Dallas, "is conscious of its own existence it is miserable. When unconscious, from occupation, it is happy. Also, "all present pleasure is unconscious." Again, "self consciousness is pain." Drunkards act on this and gain self oblivion by drink. "Joy thought of ceases," says Emerson.

Mr. Dallas says "in so far as we are self conscious there is no room for joy."

Sir Cornwall Lewis says "life would be bearable if it were not for its pleasures." Sir C. Lewis was a recluse and bookworm. Mr. Crabbe Robinson, very genial and not a bookworm, entered in his diary one day in his old age, after spending a morning with some friends, "we were drunk with joy." Shakespeare says "society is the happiness of life." If this is true, what happiness can a recluse have? Life to him will be at most "bearable." The recluse is generally self conscious. The genial man forgets himself—loses himself in surrounding people and surrounding circumstances.

The power of the human mind to become so absorbed in some object of interest as to render a man absolutely unconscious, not only of his own existence, but also of surrounding circumstances, and even of the very place where he is, is wonderful. Once upon a time at a theatre, the scene was in a bed-room at midnight, where an old gentleman was reading a letter. Whilst thus occupied, an assassin entered the room. Silently and stealthily he crept up behind the old man, clutching in his hand a glittering knife, and just when he was about to plunge it into his victim's back, a boy in the gallery called out with frantic earnestness, "Look behind you guv'nor, there 's a fellow going to stab yer." The assassin dropt his knife, and roared with laughter

in which he was joined by the whole house, and the curtain had to be lowered without anybody being murdered. This boy was unconscious of his own existence.

I have said above that the talk about the misery of human life is a delusion, looking at the human race as a whole. The fact is it is in books that we mostly find the whining. The mass of mankind don't write books. King Solomon found out, a great many years ago, that bookworms were a joyless class.

A Hint or two about Pessimism.

Many people call human life a miserable affair. But this only means that those who call it so are themselves miserable. They are sometimes very old people; sometimes analytic and materialistic; generally full of self and without the higher or Christian passions; and almost always more or less dyspeptic. Mind and body react on each other, and no doubt these people are as wretched as they represent the world to be. Poor old King Solomon, when used up with old age and satiety, is a good illustration of this, with his "vanity of vanities." Every man used up with dissipation is an instance. "There 's nothing in it," says Mathews, in his character of Sir Charles Coldstream. "I've tried everything, women and wine, but there 's nothing in it. Travelling! Oh yes, I've tried travelling, but there 's nothing in it. Yachting! All very well, but there's nothing in it. Hunting too, but there 's nothing in it. Alpine Climbing! Yes, I've done that too; went up Vesuvius once; looked down the crater; nothing in it. And so he goes on. But all the time it is himself there is "nothing in."

Sidney Smith once said "the world is a poor coarse sort of place, and all we have got to do is to make the best of

it." Now I do not think this was Sidney Smith's usual tone, but perhaps he was rather bilious at the moment. At any rate he was fond of a good dinner, and once, toward the end of his days, he reckoned up how much he had eaten and drunk more than was good for him during his whole life. He brought the amount up to fifteen waggon loads. He said the same would be found true with regard to most people.

Who could go out into the country on a spring morning with the sun shining and the birds singing themselves hoarse for joy, and call this world a poor coarse sort of place?

"Give me health and a day," says Emerson, "and I will make the pomp of kings ridiculous.

On the other hand, as I say, we are sometimes told that this world is a hell; but this perhaps only means that the speaker is a devil. Every place is a hell to a devil. "He that is in hell," says the proverb, "thinks there is no other heaven."

The king of modern pessimists and misanthropists is Schoppenhauer. Now, C. Kingsley truly says, that the only way to wisdom is through loving kindness. "No one," he says, "knows so little of his follow-creatures and of human nature as the cynic and the misanthropic man." If this be true, and true it is, the necessary inference is that Schoppenhauer's writings are nonsense.

Schoppenhauer says that, "The universe is something that had much better never have been," and that, "all the more profound and distinguished spirits occupy, like himself, the stand-point of pessimism." So much the worse, then, for all the more profound and distinguished spirits.

Voltaire, finding fault to Diderot with some of the articles in the Encyclopædia writes, "you are badly

seconded; there are bad soldiers in the army of a great general. I am sorry to say that the writer of the article "Hell" declares that hell was a point in the doctrine of Moses. "Now," continued he in his peculiar manner, "hell is an excellent thing, but it is plain that Moses knew nothing of it. It is this world that is hell." Now, by saying this, poor Voltaire proves that laugh and joke as he might he was really a miserable man, as indeed all clever men who are without any faith are nearly always observed to be.

"Our opinions," says F. Robertson, "depend upon our lives, not our lives upon our opinions. The opinions are only invented afterwards, as a defence for the life. A man owns slaves and derives profit from them. Then he invents the opinion that slavery is right."

An ill-conditioned misanthropic man is miserable and hates his fellow creatures. Then he invents the opinion that they deserve hatred, and that the world is a bungle.

"Heaven," says Dr. Chalmers, "is not a place, it is a state or temper."

Schoppenhauer, or some such whiner, says that everybody is miserable. But how does he know this? He never was "everybody." In fact he never was anybody but himself, so he only knows what he himself is.

Pessimism such as that of a Schoppenhauer or a Strauss is in the mind of the Pessimist, just as the Kingdom of God is within the Christian man.

Archbishop Thomson says, "Dr. Strauss places our religion in the feeling that we are in harmony with the universe, he having first shown that the universe is as bad as possible. So his philosophy of religion is this, that good people are living in harmony with that system of which all that we know is that it is as bad as possible."

People are always mistaking "the subjective" for "the objective"; their own feelings for external fact.

Mill, Strauss, Schoppenhauer, &c., when they call all mankind wretched, are like the Scotch sedan chair bearers mentioned by Dean Ramsay. They had taken a lady to a party, where she stayed some time, the Scotchmen spending this time over their whisky in such a way that when the lady got into the chair to return, it made no progress, but kept bumping against the ground in a most extraordinary manner. At last she heard one of her bearers call out to the other "let her down, Donald, let her down, mon, *she 's drunk.*"

Robert Hall described such people as Schoppenhauer as "Those miserable men, proud of being the offspring of chance; in love with universal disorder; whose happiness is involved in the belief of there being no witnesses to their lives, and who are at ease only because they suppose themselves inhabitants of a forsaken and fatherless world."

A man with a deformed soul is really more horrible than a calf with three legs and no head. It is not thought so, because the latter deformity is evident to every one who sees it, whilst the former is not. As the spirit is more important than the body, so is spiritual deformity more horrible than bodily deformity.

An inhabitant of the planet Venus, or of Mercury, would probably not be able even to understand what some of our analytic materialists and atheists mean by their philosophy. Such a state of death in life would be unimaginable by them.

An analytic philosopher is often no doubt very wretched. "He that increaseth in knowledge increaseth in sorrow;" and "Much study is a weariness of the flesh," says King Solomon. Of course; for abstract thought

reasoning, and much study are directly opposed to joy and life or vitality. Joy varies as energy. But energy varies as passion; therefore, joy varies as passion. How, then, can the passionless thinker be otherwise than joyless?

We are taught by Matthew Arnold that practical righteous conduct is six eighth's of life, art one eighth, and science, that is, the whole of science, the other eighth. Therefore, dividing science into its two parts, abstract and concrete, we may put the former down as one sixteenth of life. In other words the mere abstract thinker is only one sixteenth of a man. This one sixteenth of a man then feeding itself solely, as it is wont to do, on its own notions and concepts, seems to come to the conclusion like a Hobbes, a Strauss, and a Schoppenhauer that human life is a very poor affair. "Short and dirty," says Hobbes. "As bad as can be conceived," says Schoppenhauer. It is observed that the tendency of most mere analyzing materialists is to take this view. Hobbes and Schoppenhauer are two kings of the school.

In contrast with this, let us see what the *whole* man says. This is what he says or rather sings: "The voice of joy and health is in the dwelling of the righteous." "Thou shalt show me the path of life; in Thy presence is the fulness of joy, and at Thy right hand is pleasure for evermore." "Sing praises, O ye saints, and give thanks unto the Lord; for His wrath endureth but the twinkling of an eye. Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." "Be glad, O ye righteous; and be joyful all ye that are true of heart." "O clap your hands together all ye people." "All they that are true of heart shall be glad." "Let the righteous be glad and rejoice: let them

also be merry and joyful." "Sing we merrily, make a cheerful noise, &c." "O Lord, how glorious are Thy works. *A fool doth not understand this.*"

This is what a man sings—an all-sided, complete, fully-developed man. To the man whose development has been arrested, either at animal savagery on the one hand, or by exclusive devotion to analytic pursuits on the other, these modes of expression are without meaning. All such ideas are over their heads. The savage, as we have seen, can conceive nothing in the universe more exalted than the taste of meat in a state of half-decomposition. And the third-class man of science can believe in nothing beyond little atoms of matter, so hard that they cannot be divided or in any way made smaller. To the one as to the other all beyond and above is a blank. And truly, what can be expected from one-sixteenth of a man.

The wonder is, that these wretched, joyless, faithless, hopeless, passionless, analyzing pessimists do not commit suicide. Still, great numbers of them do. There always seemed to me something very fitting and consistent about the suicide of Lucretius. Lucretius thought, dreamed, criticised, and analyzed till he was forty-four years old, and then he found he had reached the state to which such a life always brings a man—he found himself what Christ would have called a dead man. He found himself without faith, without hope, and without the power to rejoice, or even to grieve, about any earthly thing; in fact, he found his soul was dead; therefore, thinking naturally enough, that it was no use pretending to be alive any longer, he put a stop to the circulation of his blood, and thus killed his body too. A physiologist may account for the suicide by saying that Lucretius was insane; and, no doubt, analysis and criticism carried

to the extreme and to the exclusion of everything else *is* insanity.

Pessimism is in the mind of the pessimist alone. His philosophy is utterly false.

An American writer says :—

"In human action there is always more virtue than vice—more industry than idleness—more thrift than spend-thrift—more temperance than intemperance—more wisdom than folly—more family affection than family hatred—more sincerity than falsehood. Even an American politician does not tell so many lies as he tells truths."

We meet thousands of apparently happy people. Some day we meet an apparently unhappy one (who may have broken his leg, we will say), and forthwith we set to work talking of the misery of human life. The fact is, we are conscious of the one exception, but unconscious of the thousands.

I now return from these hints about consciousness and pessimism to the subject of "knowledge and ignorance."

Sir W. Hamilton says, "The highest knowledge is consciousness of ignorance;" and "our dream of knowledge is a little light surrounded by darkness."

Sir Isaac Newton said, "Man's search for knowledge is like a child picking up sand on the sea shore, grain by grain;" so I suppose it is only the second-rate men of science who believe that men can really comprehend anything.

No one thing can ever be looked on in its absolutely full and true light, unless everything else in the universe be grasped and comprehended at the same moment with reference to it, for the universe has no unconnected parts. It is impossible to look upon even so simple a thing as a

lump of chalk in a perfectly fully and true light, without knowing all knowledge on all subjects, in all worlds, in all time, and being able to grasp and comprehend all this knowledge with reference to, and at the moment of contemplating the lump of chalk in question ; for a part cannot be fully understood without the whole of which it is a part being comprehended at the same time with reference to it.

"A mind," says Lord Shaftesbury, "which sees not infinitely can see no one thing fully ; for each particular has relation to things in general."

Tennyson says, "We have but faith—we cannot know." Pascal says, "Notre intelligence tient dans l'ordre des choses intelligibles le même rang que notre corps dans l'étendue de la nature." Dr. Arnold says, "I consider as superstition the imagined knowledge and certainty which men suppose they have of the laws of nature."

Laplace says, "Ce que nous connaissons est peu de chose, ce que nous ignorons est immense."

Shakespeare says, "The fool doth think himself wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool."

Montaigne says, "Confession of ignorance is the surest sign of wisdom I know."

"We live," says G. H. Lewes, "encompassed by mysteries."

"The whole universe," says C. Kingsley, "is full of mysteries. Only the shallow or conceited are unaware of their presence ; only the shallow or conceited think they can explain them."

"The man of science alone truly knows that in its essence nothing can be known," says H. Spencer.

"We are as ignorant," says Lock, "of spirit as of substance. We only know its manifestations." Also, "Man can know nothing absolutely."

"Canst thou by searching," we read in Job, "find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection. It is high as heaven, what canst thou do? It is deeper than hell, what canst thow know?"

"Behold, we know not anything," says Tennyson. "I can but *trust*."

"It is only," says Sir H. Holland, "in the dark circle of ignorance that knowledge is regarded as certain and complete."

Mr. Huxley says, "The little light of human intelligence shines as a mere speck amidst the abyss of the unknown and unknowable."

"Now I perceive," says W. Whitman, "that I have not understood anything—not a single object, and that no man ever can."

"We know not what we are," says Carlyle, "any more than what we shall be."

"Even the most elementary operation of the laws of nature," says Dr. Farrar, "is infinitely beyond the comprehension of our most exalted intelligence."

Says Tennyson:

> "But what am I?
> An infant crying in the night—
> An infant crying for a light;
> And with no language but a cry,"

"The scientific jargon," says C. Kingsley, "about vibratory atoms, vital forces, and plastic powers of nature, are but metaphysical abstractions only hiding from us our ignorance of the vast unknown."

"Only the genuine man of science," says H. Spencer, "can truly know how utterly beyond not only human knowledge but human conceptions is the Universal Power of which nature and life and thought are manifestations." Again he says, "Science realizes to us in

a way nothing else can the littleness of human intelligence in the face of that which transcends intelligence."

H. Spencer says, "regarding science as an ever increasing sphere, we may say that every addition to its surface does but bring us into wider contact with surrounding nescience.

"Though the relation of subject and object," says H. Spencer, "renders necessary to us the antithetical conception of spirit and matter, the one is no less than the other to be regarded but as a sign of the unknown reality which underlies both."

"L'univers," says Pascal, "nous écrase. C'est le privilege de l'homme de savoir qu'il est écrasé.

"What," says Father Newman, talking of himself, "do I know of substance or matter? Just as much as the greatest philosophers, and that is nothing at all."

"Whatever," says Lock, "in the world we can reach with our eyes or our thoughts is but a point, almost nothing in comparison with the rest."

"What is a mystery? Rather what is not?
Where wilt thou find in earth or heaven one thing
More than another thing mysterious?

* * * * *

And none can tell where matter ends, and mind
Begins, nor if the twain indeed be twain.

* * * * *

And all is marvellous alike; all clear
Only to minds incompetent of thought." J. C. EARLE.

We live by faith; we have *no absolute knowledge.*

Clever men have at times wasted much ink in demonstrating that we cannot know that there is such a thing as a necessary universal law or truth. But, of course, we cannot know that there is such a thing, we can only have faith that there is. We observe, for instance, that there is a force (whatever the word

"force" may mean) of gravity (that is a pulling in front or a pushing behind, whichever it may be), which force varies inversely as the square of the distance. But how can we know that in some distant nebulœ this force may not vary inversely as the distance itself, or even not inversely at all. Still, most men have faith in the universally uniform action of this law, though they cannot have certainty. So it is also in spiritual matters. We say that it is wrong for a person to be cruel to another merely from malignity or pleasure in the suffering he causes. But how can we tell that in some distant nebulœ purely malignant cruelty may not be considered the highest of virtues? We cannot *know* anything about it. Still, a wise man has faith amounting to subjective certitude that purely malignant cruelty is essentially, universally, and eternally wrong, wicked and detestable. We live by faith not by knowledge; "We have but faith we cannot know." We can only *know* our own sensations, thoughts, and feelings.

"Our ignorance," says G. H. Lewes, "of the nature of matter and molecular forces is almost complete."

Comte was altogether wrong. He seemed to think it was matter that was the sole object of positive knowledge. Whereas all we have any certain positive knowledge of is mind, that is our own thoughts, feelings, and sensations. We can only believe by faith in what is external to our own minds, and, in spite of Mill and Berkeley, we ought to believe in it. I have absolute positive knowledge that I experience mental sensations which collectively I call a tree. But I can only believe by *faith* that there is some external object, that is in some way connected with these sensations, that is, I cannot prove it to a rigorous logician like Berkeley or Mill who disputes the fact. Coleridge said there was

no flaw in Berkeley's reasoning. I am not a disciple of Mr. Mill, so I possess this faith, and not only that but faith amounting to absolute subjective certitude, but still it is only faith. And if I, like Mill, renounced all faith in what cannot be proved to the understanding, I should be obliged to disbelieve with him in the objective existence of the tree. But we live by faith not by knowledge. And I have faith in the existence of a tree, which faith is founded on faith in the composition of my own mind, that is, in its instinctive conclusions being in some sense true. But (objects the inductive materialist of the day) this is sticking up for the old exploded "a priori" reasoning. Certainly it is, for this a priori reasoning is undoubtedly at the bottom of all reasoning. All reasoning, thoughts, and ideas depend upon the mind of the reasoner and thinker. Alter the mind and the ideas become altered, though what are called the objective material facts remain the same. Even the slightest difference in the living soul makes a corresponding difference in the reasonings, thoughts, and beliefs it turns out.

What is called the highest truth means all the mental and spiritual products and beliefs of the highest souls.

If a man only has senses he believes that the sun goes round the earth, but this is true to the senses alone, the higher faculties are left out. Add understanding, and the belief becomes different; but still it is infinitely incomplete, for the higher faculties are still left out. Add poetry, it is different again; but still incomplete. Add the higher parts of the soul, and thus form a complete man; and then come right beliefs, right inferences, right faiths, and right psychical states, as far as man can have them, and if they cannot be called absolutely and infinitely right (for we can only

see as through a glass darkly), they are beautiful and excellent to degrees without known limit. These inferences, and faiths, and states in a Newton, a Kant, and a Herschel include hope, wonder, humility, belief in free will, in duty, in a God to worship, and consciousness of the nothingness of human knowledge. In a Schoppenhauer, a Strauss, and the third class man of science of the present period, they generally include conceit, hopelessness, faithlessness, necessitarianism, pride in what he calls knowledge, and belief that protoplasm is the creator of heaven and earth, and neural irritation of the ganglionic centres and of the medulla oblongata a complete and perfect explanation of all the marvels of the spiritual or living side of nature.

What is the use of science? Most likely in the end incalculably great. That is, the results will be a far larger crop of the fruits of the Spirit than usually grow now. If, at present, the fruits often seem more of the nature of conceit and irreligiousness, that no doubt is due to science being in its infancy. Kant, Coleridge, and Bacon say, and Pope implies, that a little knowledge tends to deteriorate the character, whilst a great deal has a contrary effect. In itself, the knowledge that Sirius is bigger than the sun is not a jot more important than the knowledge that a pumpkin is bigger than a potato; but if the former leads more than the latter to its possessor experiencing awe, wonder, and reverence towards the Creator of these suns, the superiority of the first piece of knowledge becomes infinite.

The principal part of human life is made up of necessary faiths—faiths, that is, which have become necessary (to put it in the form of the psychical ingredients into which it seems to be analyzable) by the hereditary conclusions of the mind gradually accumulated during ages.

This way of putting it suits man's limited intelligence. We do not, of course, know what it means; for we do not even know what such words as time and ages mean, still, we most of us believe in there being something that answers to them.

One or two Hints about "Time."

What is time? The way the hands of clocks point. Take away the clocks, what is it then? The periodical movements of the earth and the heavenly bodies. Take these away and leave nothing existing but living souls; what is time then? The sense of it in these living souls. Yes, but the sense of it to a soul in joy is one thing, the sense of it to a soul in pain is a thousand times longer; so which soul must we go by?

"That mysterious thing time," says F. Robertson, "is a matter of sensation not reality. It depends upon the flight of our ideas. Long to a man on the rack, short to a poet during inspiration." Shelley once passed a whole night talking. He thought only ten minutes had passed.

Cowley says:

> "Nothing is there to come, and nothing past;
> But an *eternal now* does always last."

And P. J. Bailey, "We live in deeds not years; in thoughts not breaths; in feelings not in figures on a dial."

And again,

> "We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
> Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

> "Let there be light, and there was light: 't is so:
> For was, and is, and will be, are but is;
> And all creation is one act at once,
> The birth of light: but we that are not all,
> As parts, can see but parts, now this, now that,
> And live, perforce, from thought to thought, and make

One act a phantom of succession: thus
Our weakness somehow shapes the shadow, Time;"

Thus writes Tennyson.

"There is not," says Archbishop Whateley, "with God (that is, really or absolutely), as with us, a distinction of past, present, and future, but an eternal present. Our ideas about time," he says, "comes from the imperfection of our minds.

St. Augustine says the same.

St. John, in the Revelations, speaks of "When there shall be no more time.

Kant says, "Time is only a form of thought."

Charles Kingsley talks of, "When time, space, and the phantom we call matter have passed away."

"One day is with the Lord (that is, really or absolutely) as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day," says St. Peter.

"Eternity," says Swedenborg, "does not relate to time but to state. One day conversing with an angel, I found that he could not be got to understand what I meant by 'time.' So I had to explain to him about the sun and earth revolving, and thus causing years and days; also about months, hours, &c., &c. On hearing this he was very much astonished, and said that he knew nothing of such things, but that he knew what 'states' were. Then I told him that even on earth men talked of leaving the things of time; and also that some knew that times are really only states, from the fact that times are altogther according to the states of affection in which men are; short to those in joyful, long to those in sorrowful affections."

Swedenborg was rather mad, and always thinking angels were talking to him; still, his imaginary angels often said very wise things.

It is the way with our third-class men of science to deny immortality, and only to believe in the things of time. But if all the writers I have quoted above are right in saying that our ideas about time are merely delusions arising out of the limitation of our minds, the truth must be that there is nothing else but eternity. A thing once is a thing for ever. A bit of real positive life and joy is an eternal reality. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

D'Arcy Thompson says, "The meaning of the words eternal and everlasting is as much beyond the comprehension of a Newton as it is beyond that of a theologian or a baboon."

We may say, however, that "things eternal" are the opposite to "things temporal," or relating to time. But, as we have seen, most wise men say that our idea of time is a mere illusion. Now the opposite to illusion is truth or reality; therefore, eternal may simply mean real. What reality means, no doubt, as D'Arcy Thompson says, cannot be comprehended.

"Christ," says Dr. Farrar, "came to reveal that the eternal was not the future but the unseen—that eternity was no ocean whither men were being swept by the river of time, but was around them now.

A Hint or two about Faith as distinguished from Knowledge.

"We have but faith we cannot know, for knowledge is of things we see," says Tennyson; but this is only taking the old Hebrew view of the matter. The Jews had no notion that seeing was not believing. Now, we in these days know that nothing is so deceptive as sight. To sight alone the sun goes round the earth; so, instead of saying, "Faith is the evidence of things not seen, we

should say, faith is the evidence of things not proved to the understanding." Many illustrious men of science maintain that the sun is neither hot nor light. The Jews would have been unable to conceive that it is not both the one and the other, for being a sensuous but not a scientific people, they thought sight was proof.

"The deepest subject," said Goethe, "in the history of mankind, and that to which all others are subordinate, is the conflict between faith and unbelief."

"That mind," says Sir H. Holland, "must be shallow which refuses belief to all it cannot understand." But what can we understand?

Even every mere physical question comes at last (to the man who thinks deep enough) to a metaphysical one, as H. Spencer says. What does time mean, or matter, or ultimate atoms, or spirit, or space, or force, or eternity, or infinity? These are the questions to which everything comes at last; and then where is certainty, and what becomes of conclusive demonstration? Still we all have in real life the practical certitude which comes of faith. And this is what we all live on, whether we think it or no. This is the ground of all our actions.

Mr. Clerk Maxwell and Mr. Burden Sanderson, two eminent scientific men of the first class, pointed out not long ago the necessity belief in a God is to men. Upon this all the small Comteists and third-class men of science all over the country set upon them like a pack of little dogs snapping at two big ones, and chattered about people arriving at conclusions unwarranted by facts, and with insufficient data. Insufficient data, indeed! Do these people ever eat, I wonder. For if they do, how is it that they act in such a manner, when they have only insufficient data to go on. Eating is an act people

perform from *faith* in the miracle of its efficacy to preserve vitality, but it is only faith, for what vitality is, what the meat is, what matter is, and what life is are things absolutely unknown.

Do these people ever shake hands with a friend? If so, why? They can have no data to warrant the conclusion that he is a friend. No man can know another. Shaking hands is an act of faith in a supposed friend's hypothetical attributes; attributes which cannot be proved, or scientifically known. The only approach to arriving at scientific proof or knowledge of another man's attributes, seems to be by an anatomical examination of his medulla oblongata and emotional ganglionic centres. But how can a man possibly make an anatomical examination of his supposed friend's medulla oblongata and emotional ganglionic centres every time he wishes to shake hands with him? But if he does not do so, where are the facts to go on? Where is the sufficient data? Men live by faith. Even these poor little Comteists themselves live by faith, whether they know it or not. Faith often amounts to certitude in the man's own mind. But this is not scientific proof. How can a man prove scientifically that he is in love? But he is quite certain of it in his own mind. A godly man is quite certain that he has faculties for knowing God, but as he cannot prove it scientifically the scientific man, who has nothing but analytic intellect to judge by, denies that the godly man has these faculties. The musical man is quite certain that harmonious combinations of sound are divinely lovely, but he cannot prove it scientifically, so a Sydney Smith, who not being musical has only his intellect to judge by, denies in so many words that there is beauty in musical harmony.

I repeat that nutrition is a miracle, like everything else, when we look deep enough. No doubt our Positivist philosopher will retail much knowledge (very uesful in its way), about chyle and chyme, lacteal vessels and the lower part of the duodenum, but the real mysteries that lie behind these things remain just where they were before. Life and force are for ever inscrutable things. Thus eating ones dinner requires faith in things that cannot be proved to the understanding, whether the faith be exercised consciously or unconsciously.

I say that Tompkins the Positivist philosopher, whom the word faith sends into a fit, and who foams at the mouth if he hears about beliefs "in the evidence of things not seen"—even this poor creature cannot do anything that he does do, cannot even shake hands with his friend without exercising faith in something that cannot be proved to his understanding. He cannot, as we see, even eat his dinner without faith—that is faith that he will digest it. Indeed, the hypochondriac who is without this faith does not digest his dinner. What does our Positivist know about the conversion of dead mutton into living nerves and muscular tissue? Nothing whatever.

So absolutely incomprehensible, mysterious, and miraculous is everything, that great numbers of men of the very highest intelligence, like Berkeley, J. S. Mill, and Kant have, as the easiest solution of difficulties, denied the existence of matter. They may be right, but men in this world *must* believe in matter whether it is right to do so or not. The true and honest thing to say is tha, men cannot know the real nature of things, but that this incapacity does not interfere with the one really important thing in human life, which is an active faith that there are realities which answer to the highest

hopes and aspirations of men, and which also warrant that passionate delight in life and in the things of this beautiful and wonderful world, which it is natural to the healthy minded and healthy bodied human being to experience before vice, folly, indolence, extreme old age, or too continued habits of abstract thought have exercised their deadening influence.

Belief in force, belief in time, belief in cause, belief in a God with attributes, belief in matter, belief in spirit, and belief in free agency are, in spite of philosophers, necessary parts of human nature. Take any of them away, and a man just by so much ceases to be a man, and approximates just by so much to inert matter. He can hardly even speak without using some of these words, which are therefore to him symbols of parts of his life and of himself. Take their meaning away, and just by so much is some of the man himself taken away. A pig can do without them, but not a man. A man could not even express himself without these words. For instance, there is an axiom in Dynamics that a thing will remain at rest till some force causes it to move. But if our philosophers are right that there is no such thing as cause, but only circumstances that are observed to precede other circumstances, this axiom is nonsense. It ought to be "a thing will remain at rest until it is observed that it ceases to be in the same place immediately subsequently to a preceding circumstance that was observed to take place with respect to the thing." Or, to give an instance, if we are describing a bull chasing a man and then tossing him, we must not express ourselves in this false and unphilosophical manner as if the act of the bull caused the man to go up in the air, but we must say that we saw a man in the air, which fact we observed had been immediately preceded by

the appearance of impact between the horns of the animal and the hinder surface of the man.

The fact is force or cause is one of those innumerable things that men (so long as they are men and not mere philosophers) must believe in by faith, even though they cannot be proved by analysis to the understanding.

We live by faith, not by knowledge. We don't even know that the sun will rise to-morrow, but we have faith that it will, simply because it has often done so before of a morning. But that is no proof. A thing having happened a million times is no proof that it will happen the million and oneth time. There is no necessary connection between the two things whatever. Astronomers tell us that distant suns sometimes go out suddenly. They are seen one night but not the next, and never again. Why should not this happen to our sun? We know that our solar system is rushing through space with inconceivable rapidity, where to and where from nobody can tell. How do we know that before to-morrow morning we may not all run up against some body almost a million times bigger than the whole system put together? Perhaps astronomers may tell us that this could not happen without one knowing something about it, at any rate for a few nights beforehand. But nights are sometimes cloudy for weeks together; besides the living body might be opaque, and therefore invisible. Again the astronomer may tell us that such a collision is impossible, because the last time our solar system went the round of its periodical revolution it found the course clear; but this last time may have been about nine hundred and ninety nine thousand millions of billions of years ago, when what has now become integrated into a solid mass was mere nebulœ dissolved into its primitive atoms, through which we dashed without ever finding it out.

Again, according to J. S. Mill, in the regions remote from our solar system, things may be altogether different from what they are with us, and integration of atoms (if there are such things) may take place in a much shorter time than we think. J. S. Mill says "There is no difficulty in conceiving that in some one of the firmaments into which sidereal astronomers now divide the universe, events may succeed one another at random, without any fixed law. In distant parts of the stellar regions, where phenomena may be wholly unlike those with which we are acquainted, it would be folly to affirm confidently that what we call the laws of uniformity must prevail. The laws of uniformity and causation must not be received as laws of the universe, but only of that portion of it with which we are acquainted." Most men of science, I suspect, do not agree with Mr. Mill here, and do believe in uniformity in all time and in all space, but if so, whatever they may think or say, they do so not from knowledge but from faith in things that cannot be proved to the understanding. Thus we know nothing about the sun rising to-morrow morning, we only have faith that it will do so. That collisions between the heavenly bodies do take place we all know, by those that are constantly occurring between our planet and aerolites.

It may be said that I do not speak with sufficient respect of the solar system and the heavenly bodies, and undoubtedly I do not feel any overwhelming amount of emotion in the contemplation of the dead side of nature. I can look upon life in all its miraculous manifestations with infinite awe, wonder, and reverence; but a piece of clay, even though it be as big as the fixed star Sirius—well, it is a piece of clay, I cannot see that the size makes much difference.

The essence of Comteism is denial of the truth that we live by faith and hope, and not by sight. Positivism is the denial of the truth that without these illusions (so called) we could not live, but should all die off like rotten sheep; denial of the truth that we live by faith, and not by sight nor by proof—by faith in the evidence of things not seen—of things not proved—of things not capable of proof.

But it may be said that Tomkins, the Positivist and third-class man of science, who has killed off all his illusions, who believes nothing, hopes nothing, loves nothing, who analyzes and only analyzes, it may be said that Tomkins remains alive notwithstanding.

Now, in the first place, what do we mean by alive? Christ would not have called him alive, for he always called such men "dead men." But the fact is, Tompkins still has some faiths in spite of himself, and which keep in him the little life he has. He still believes in matter, time, atoms, force, cause, and a few other things, in spite of the fact that they cannot be proved to his understanding. He also still clings to a few illusions, such as, perhaps, some small passions of vanity or ambition, petty enough, but yet sufficient to keep a little life in him.

Christ called all men dead who do not live under the inspiration of the noble and Godly passions—that is, the passions that have not regard to self; just as we talk of a man being dead to art, or dead to music, or dead to beauty.

Never believe what cannot be proved to the understanding, says the third-class man of science.

Kant proved that the material world was eternal.

Kant proved that the material world was not eternal.

Kant proved that there must be a God.

Kant proved that there could not be a God.

Kant proved that men had free will.

Kant proved that men have not free will.

Kant defied any one to find a flaw in any one of these six proofs, and nobody ever has found a flaw in any one of them.

But the world must be either eternal or not.

There must be or not be a God.

Men must have or not have free will.

Thus, three of these six hypotheses must be true. That is, we are bound to believe three of them. But these three things which must be true and which therefore we are bound in logic to believe, Kant has proved to be impossible. Thus, we are bound in logic to believe in three things which are proved to be impossible. We may chose which three impossible things out of the six impossible things we shall believe ; still we must believe in three impossible things. The only alternative is to have no belief at all ; that is, to consent to be idiotic on the subject—vacant—dead.

Kant not being vacant-minded or idiotic had a belief about these matters. He was a firm believer in God, free will, duty, and conscience. Kant's contradictory impossibilities is a very old story ; still, foolish people want reminding of old stories sometimes, and books are written to instruct foolish people. All the great questions on which religion is founded remain just where they always have been. Physical science has not touched them, and never will. The vast " unknown," compared with which the " known " is nothing. The awful wonders and inscrutable mysteries of creation—time, spirit, matter, and force—what is the relation between spirit (so called) and matter (so called)—between object and subject—questions such as these remain just where they were thousands of years (so called) ago, and where they

will be thousands of years (so called) hence ; for to solve them man must fly above himself, and this he cannot do, though Hegel passed his life trying. But the idea of doing so is nonsensical—nonsensical as any absurdity—nonsensical as the story of the man in America who climbed a tree, pulled it up after him, and was never seen again.

A French writer says, "Là, ou finit le raisonnement, commence la veritable certitude"—meaning by "certitude," faith amounting to subjective certitude.

"Pascal," says Sir H. Holland, "lucidly as always illustrates the impotence of reason to reach a truth, which must, nevertheless, be such. Pascal says, that we can neither conceive a line divided by an infinite number of bi-sections, nor a section that cannot be divided ; but though these contraries are both inconceivable, one of them must necessarily be true."

"The fool," says Sophocles, "who does not understand, will say, 'It cannot be.'"

Mr. Spencer tells us that there is an unknowable compared with which the knowable is as nothing. Indeed, he says, that, strictly speaking, we cannot even know whether this absolute that transcends the knowable is knowable or not. And yet he believes in it.

Some people whose minds must be fearfully and wonderfully made, and who, as far as I know, are best represented just now by some of the writers in the *Fortnightly Review*, seem to deny that there is an unknowable. What in the world can they mean ? That the human mind is a measure of the universe and all that is therein ? That human knowledge instead of being a drop of water from an ocean, comprehends all things ? That there are no sounds but what the human ear can hear, no things but what the human eye can see,

no substances but what the human touch can feel, no tastes man cannot taste, no smells that he cannot smell? In history, that nothing has ever happened that cannot be known? In astronomy, that the manners and customs of the inhabitants of the planets that revolve round Sirius are knowable? That the manifestations of life and passion in all worlds and under all circumstances are all knowable by man? That all these circumstances themselves are knowable by him? That the meaning of the word life is knowable? That even a thousandth part of the fortnightly reviewer's own soul is knowable by him? That the meaning of the word "force" is knowable? That the cause of the universe is knowable? And so I might multiply questions without end. In all ages shallow people have thought there was nothing men did not, or at any rate, could not know. Men used to "know" that the sun went round the earth. At last they learned better. This "knowledge" dropt off them. In vain they looked for it. Other knowledge had taken its place, and it was to be no more seen. Then they said, "Well, we were wrong about the sun certainly; but now, at any rate, *we* do know everything. A Tadpole in a pond once knew it had a tail. But one day the tail dropt off. In vain the Tadpole stretched its head back to look, first on one side then on the other. The tail was gone. Legs had taken its place, and it was to be no more seen. Then the creature said, well I was wrong about the tail certainly, but now at any rate I *do* know everything.

The Comteist (of the true breed) does not believe in the existence of the unknowable. H. Spencer does. That is, H. Spencer has faith; the Comteist has none. But Mr. Spencer does not call it faith. Why not? It *is* faith. Faith means belief in the evidence of things

not seen, as the sensuous Hebrews put it; in the evidence of things not proved to the understanding, as we put it.

Those who believe in nothing but what comes under man's powers of conception, senses, and comprehension, say that such words as "cause," "force," and "absolute," really express nothing, and ought to be banished from language. But these expressions must express or they would not be expressions. Their existence as words prove man's want of them. The absolute includes all those things which are beyond the human mind to experience and to conceive; all those things which lie beyond phenomena; things, nevertheless, which men must believe in. For instance, the human ear is made to hear sounds suited to it. But wise men believe that *absolutely* there are sounds innumerable too high and too low for the ears of men to hear, though our "experiential" philosophers would, I suppose, disbelieve this. Many men with excellent ears cannot hear a cricket chirp, the note is too high for them. A note a little higher still nobody could hear.

We delight in beauty up to our capacity to delight in it. But a wise man believes that *absolutely* there exists beauty ineffable and inconceivable by man. M. Comte believed that absolute positive knowledge was only possible about matter and material things, whereas the truth is this knowledge is but phenomenal; "things which are seen are not made of the things that do appear." The only absolutely positive knowledge any man can have are the thoughts, feelings, and sensations of his own mind. All other (so called) knowledge being really only faiths amounting more or less to subjective certitude, which faiths, nevertheless, we ought to have in spite of Messrs. Mill, Berkeley, Hume, Hegel, and Co. Still, they are only faiths.

"The soul or mind," says Jean Paul Richter, "as a power is more evident and certain to me than my body, for only by the former can I know and feel the latter."

Mr. Palgrave writes :—

"The sequences of law
We learn through mind alone;
'Tis only through the soul
That ought we know is known:
With equal voice she tells
Of what we touch and see
Within these bounds of life,
And of a life to be.
Proclaiming one who brought us hither,
And holds the keys of whence and whither."

The error of analyzing idealists from Mill to Feuerbach is want of faith in anything else but the subjective sensations. Mill saw rightly enough that there is no proof in there being any external world answering in any way to these sensations, and so being without faith he denied that there is any external world. Feuerbach saw rightly enough that there is no absolute mathematical proof in the existence of a God, so being without faith he denied that our belief in his existence is anything but subjective processes of our own minds.

A man without faith is a dead man—dead while he liveth.

What we want in the world is more faith, more hopes, more that is positive not negative. Any fool can doubt.

"I would rather hang myself," says Goethe, "than be everlastingly denying, eternally in opposition, and finding fault with all existing things."

The Devil he describes as "Der Geist der stets verneint."

"It is faith in something that makes life worth looking at," says Dr. Wendall Holmes. "I've seen an old woman that wouldn't fetch five cents if you should put her up for sale at public auction; and yet come to read the other side of her, she had a trust in God Almighty that was like the bow anchor of a three-decker."

"Faith," says W. Whitman, "is the antiseptic of the soul."

Mazzini says, "The writers of the present day have no faith; they have only opinions."

The men of science tell us that *doubt* is the correct attitude of a man's mind until a thing is proved to him. Fortunately, however, for them as well as for every body else, *belief* is, on the contrary, the correct attitude of a man's mind till a thing is disproved to him. It is the law of nature that it should be so. A blackbird gives its young one a worm. The young one believes without doubt, and eats the worm. If it did not the little idiot would die. So it is also even with the man of science. If he does not take on trust (until positively disproved) what the experience of mankind has tested, and which he is born to believe, he dies just like the young blackbird. The only difference is that the death of the young blackbird is of small importance, whereas the death of the man of science is, of course, a frightful calamity. But frightful calamities will take place just as much as little ones, if the laws of nature are ignored and opposed.

They are the wisest who believe the most;
For all that human thought and hope can span,
Is but a glittering shell upon the coast
Of science and religion's boundless plan.

J. C. EARLE.

"The common-sense decision of mankind," says Dr. Carpenter, "is practically worth more than all the arguments of logicians who have discussed the basis of our belief."

I now return to the Doctors again.

In consequence of Vaccination and other causes, many people, in talking of the medical profession, often allow themselves to make use of very strong and even violent language; and in the cases of those whose children have been killed by Vaccination, this is hardly to be wondered at. Still, one or two considerations on the other side might be useful.

"None so blind as those who won't see," is true generally of the profession, in regard to the deaths, diseases, and skin affections, that so often follow Vaccination. This must, I suppose, be granted.

On the other hand, we must remember that hundreds of regular practitioners courageously run counter to the view of their professional brethren, and conscientiously refuse to practise the rite. He will appreciate this who comprehends the great force exercised by professional clanism, esprit de corps, trade unionism, or by whatever other name it may be called.

When we consider that opposing Vaccination is opposing public opinion and therefore ensuring loss of practice, we cannot be surprised that there are so few anti-vaccinating doctors compared with the whole profession. Hervey and Hunter lost practice immediately their discoveries were published, and Sir Charles Bell says, that his practice fell off after the publication of each successive stage of his discovery. Of course, we must blame the doctors for perservering in what so many of them know to be an injurious and often fatal operation; but are we all sure that we should be any

better if we were in their position. No doubt martyrdom to honesty, truth, and humanity is the right thing, but how about a wife and half-a-dozen children starving before our eyes in consequence of this martyrdom? Before we throw stones at the doctors, we had better look at the matter a little from this point of view. Still, the stones must be thrown, for the misery the doctors cause is very great.

I have quoted the saying that "none are so blind as those who wont see." But it is, after all, often worse to see a thing that does not exist, than not to see anything at all. Now the doctors not only wont see that Vaccination kills or injures thousands of children, but they *will* see good results in the thing that does not exist, and that suits their pockets to see.

They are exactly like Patrick M'Carty, the Irishman in America, who one day found a blanket from the government stores, marked in large letters U.S., for "United States." Paddy at once rolled it up, put it under his arm, and said "Yis, that's moine, U for Pathrick, S for M'Carty. Be my sowl but this larnin is a foine thing. If I had not been well edicated I would niver av known the blanket to be moine at all, at all.

The medical profession tends towards the discouragement of sanitary measures,* from (of course

* Instead of cleanliness, Doctors are fond of recommending people to use great quantities of disgusting and nasty smelling compounds, called disinfecting fluids. I say disgusting, because *any* substitute for cleanliness is disgusting. The Doctors are exactly like the Hindoos. We read that when Hindoos discover any putrid object or foul thing near their dwellings, they don't remove it or have recourse to cleanliness, but they "do Poojah," that is, they cover it up with votive offerings, go through some superstitious ceremonies, and leave it where it was. Our Doctors in similar cases are, I repeat, exactly like the Hindoos. Instead of cleanliness they "do Poojah."

unconsciously) interested motives. I suppose we must grant this too.

All honour then to men, who, like Drs. Angus Smith, Hawksley, Simon Playfair, and others, devote their time and talents to the encouragement of these measures.

I only mention these names because in my very small acquaintanceship with matters relating to medical men I can think of no others, but I know there are hundreds more ; nor do I allude to their opinions, which of course are only the opinions of the day, but to the war they have industriously waged against filth.

According to opinions I have quoted above of eminent physicians, medicine up to about the present time has been more fatal to the human race than all pestilences and wars put together. This, too, I suppose we must grant.

On the other hand, we must remember the signs there are of better things ; that skilful surgery is already an unmitigated blessing ; that bodily pain during operations is almost banished ; that at any rate half-a-dozen or so drugs are undoubtedly useful when used judiciously ; that many of the regular practitioners are following homœopathists and other nonconformists in turning their attention, instead of solely to drugs, to those infinitely more important things, diet and general hygienic measures ; and that some are even beginning to understand beforehand something about constitutional peculiarities, without having to depend upon experiments, whereby the patients have so often been killed before these peculiarities have been learned.

When I think of this advance, I cannot help looking forward to the time when therapeutics will deserve to be ranked amongst the sciences.

The progress of surgery since the days of savagery is enormous. Amongst the South Sea Islanders the surgeons considers headache to be caused by pressure of the brain upon the inside of the skull. Their remedy is to scrape away the bone of the skull from the outside with a sharp piece of shell, until they have made a hole as big as a crown piece. The brain escapes through the hole, and the pressure is relieved. It is stated that the patient usually dies under the operation.

In Morocco for rheumatisms and inflammations firing with a red-hot iron is practised. This shows that the surgeons of that barbarous country are in point of professional knowlegde at the same stage as our own English veterinary surgeons. Indeed it was formerly the practice in England to fire people for inflammations, just as the horse doctors now do to horses.

Again, we must not fail to recognize the value of classification of symptoms of bodily derangement, that is, of what people call diseases, and which has been carried out so elaborately; for though classification is false, it is useful. There are no classes divided by hard lines in reality; but for practical purposes the thing is wanted.

No doubt, it may not be considered by short sighted people very satisfactory, when they are ill and want to be cured, only to be told what is the matter with them; still, diagnosis, as I think it is called, is a very valuable and necessary preliminary step in medicine. At any rate it prevents ridiculously incongruous treatment.

I once knew a country farrier blister a horse violently in the shoulder for that kind of gouty affection in the foot, to which pampered horses are just as liable as pampered men.

Another horse doctor, for an affection of the eyes threatening blindness, inserted a seton near the root of the tail on the left hand side.

Now, if in these cases the diagnosis had been correct, the two animals would have been spared much needless suffering.

When one considers the deaths, diseases, and misery caused amongst the poor by Vaccination, it is very difficult to restrain one's righteous indignation ; in fact, it ought not to be restrained. I say amongst the poor, because it is amongst the ill-fed and ill-housed children of the poor that Vaccination is so fatal. Compassion for suffering, and indignation at the cause of it, are about the strongest feelings that reign in souls of the higher order. The ideal but difficult frame of mind to arrive at, is the combination of indignation against pernicious doctrines with pity for the poor fool who holds them ; and in cases of moral wrong, indignation against all scoundrelism with pity for the poor scoundrel himself.

Leigh Hunt says, that scoundrels ought to be happy in the next world, since they are so wretched in this. But this is only partially true. A real scoundrel is incapable of genuine happiness. Still, if he is a consistent utilitarian, and an intelligent and temperate epicurean, with a good digestion, he will often pass the greater part of his life almost completely without positive wretchedness.

Mr. Merewether, in his amusing book "By Sea and Land," mentions meeting Madam Arabella Goddard in Melbourne, and states that "she resolutely refused to be re-vaccinated, in which probably she was right. I did the same, as last year, my medical man in England had refused to do it." Now, if Vaccination is dangerous for strong grown-up people, how much more so must it

be for sickly, ill-fed, and ill-housed children of poor people.

I have been told that the late Dr. Bence Jones was strongly opposed to the Vaccination of grown-up people, because he thought it was attended with so much danger.

Such is, as I say, the strong feeling just now entertained in a large portion of the population against the conformist part of the medical profession, that I know I shall be blamed for writing of them in the apologetic manner I have done. But the few doctors with whom I am acquainted are, almost without exception, such excellent kind-hearted men, that I cannot help being biased, perhaps unduly, in favour of the whole profession. Still, I do not think this bias has led me into any error of statement, though it cannot have failed to cast a eulogistic colouring over what I have written.

On the other hand, I have actually been charged by one or two of the more foolish of my friends with entertaining feelings of hostility towards medicine as a profession. So far is this from being the case, that, with one exception, I seriously maintain that medicine ought to be the highest calling in the world; that is, the calling that more than all others ought to lead to the alleviation of human suffering. This is the reason why I take so much interest in it. I say, "with one exception;" for, of course, spiritual good comes before bodily good. Still, they are very closely connected. So closely, indeed, that I sometimes fancy that when the island of Utopia is discovered, the clerical and medical professions will be found to be combined in one. It is impossible that a doctor can be really efficient, unless he thoroughly understands the wonderful influence the mind exercises over the body, and is qualified to prescribe

and administer to his patient the curative remedies of spiritual appliances. But this is a mere imaginative dream, in ludicrous contrast to existing fact.

I will recapitulate the charges brought against the profession. Not the rank and file ; these are but sheep that are led astray. The majority of doctors are excellent kind-hearted conscientious people, highly unqualified to do their own thinking upon any difficult subject, or easy one either, for the matter of that. They are tied to the ideas of a life-time, in which they have been brought up. So wedded to their opinions do most men after the days of youth become, that Plato proposed to banish from his republic all above the age of ten years, and then bring up the rest to correct ideas. It is only, therefore, against the *leaders* of medical opinions that the following charges should be brought:—

(1) That whereas the first duty of the profession is to instruct the community in the laws of health and thus prevent disease, and only the second one to cure it ; their tendency has generally been to depreciate the importance of sanitary measures, thus making themselves indirectly answerable for a vast amount of the pestilence that has existed in the world.

(2) That they have encouraged the superstition, that having had a disease once secures a person against having it again for the rest of his life ; their (no doubt unconscious) object being to keep up the proofs on which Vaccination and the enormous profits accruing from it principally rest.

(3) That they have always done all in their power to induce people to believe in the germ theory of disease, their (probably unconscious) object being, to make the public believe that the atmosphere being full of these

germs even to the tops of mountains,* disease is beyond control by sanitary means and can only be reached by resorting to inoculation, Vaccination, extract of toads, weasles, boiled snails, or whatever may be the fashionable nostrum of the day.

(4) That they encourage the riduculously exaggerated notions which exist about infection with the same (perhaps unconscious) view of keeping up beliefs that induce to their pecuniary advantage.

(5) That they teach that patients in almost all diseases are to be dieted on great quantities of wine and spirits. We need not go into the (in all probability unconscious) motives for this. I will merely hint that champagne is generally considered to be pleasanter to take than jalap, and, also, that this mode of treatment, of course, encourages general drunkenness, and drunkenness is next to filth, the most prolific parent of disease known.

I cannot doubt that of all causes of drunkenness no *one* has been so effectual as the habit medical men have always had of recommending immoderate quantities of wine and spirits to be taken for the sake of preserving or regaining health. Some of my readers may have met with the following lines :—

> "Everyone knows that the doctors allow
> A man, for his health, to get drunk as a sow,
> One day in each month; but which day they don't say,
> So for fear I should miss it, I get drunk every day."

This, no doubt, is only an epigram, but epigrams are sometimes terribly true.

There are instances to show that, even in preparing prescriptions for external application, it is desirable to

* That the atmosphere even to the tops of mountains is full of germs of diseases, I was seriously told by a medical man of great experience and reputation.

avoid alcoholic ingredients as much as possible. Porson was a very great Greek scholar, but he was sadly addicted to drink. One day his doctor sent him an external application for rheumatism ; but he had incautiously prepared it with strong spirits. Porson was in torture ; but the temptation was too great, and he drank off the em-embrocation without leaving a drop for the purpose intended.

I need hardly say that if the motive hinted at above does exist, it exists quite unconsciously ; indeed, I try to believe that all the above doctrines have been taught only in consequence of the unconscious bias produced by pecuniary self-interest.

In consequence of this pecuniary self-interest the doctors are deaf to reason and deaf to facts, far deafer than Hood's old gentleman in the caricature entitled "Very Deaf Indeed." He is being attacked by footpads. They are shouting out to him at the top of their voices for his money or his life, and firing pistols at him close to his ear on each side, but all in vain. The poor old man hobbles along and never even finds out that anything is the matter. He *can't* hear. But the doctors are far more deaf—they *won't* hear.

If it were only a question of the money, a simple minded public consents to be gulled out of—I should not say a word. Doctors are a class of excellent hard-working men, and great numbers of them are very inadequately paid. But when one considers the mortality, the injury, and the suffering caused by Vaccination amongst the poor, the badly fed, and the badly housed, it would be wrong in any one like myself who has found out about it not to do what he can.

Some years ago, the Established English Church did not do its duty, so the public, (who *will* be served),

took itself to Wesley and the various forms of Nonconformity.

Some years ago, the established medical sect did not do its duty, so the public (who *will* be served), betook itself to homœopathy, hydropathy, and the various forms of medical Nonconformity. At any rate they got the truth from them, that wrong diet, intemperance, indolence, and impurity, are the real causes of disease, that the contrary to these things are the real safeguards, and that, in the ignorance which still prevails, and the utter disagreement that exists amongst medical men as to the proper use of drugs and other remedial measures, the most successful treatment of diseases is, (as a rule), the careful removal of all the impediments to the efforts nature is unceasingly making to cure what is wrong.

Of course I know the very disrespectful manner doctors have of speaking about nature. Indeed, one I knew called her "an old fool," in so many words. At the moment, it struck me that, considering that "nature" is only a manner of expressing in one word the ways of God, this mode of speaking was sufficiently blasphemous. But the word blasphemy can only have a meaning to those who believe in the existence of a God. To others, of course, there is no such word. "Ten Doctors nine Atheists," says the proverb.

Euripides, as translated by D'Arcy Thompson, says:—

> "That leech his craft best understands,
> Who leaveth most to nature's hands."

All the things men do and say in this world are mostly but old old stories.

In all ages men of insight, as most poets are, have seen truth in medical matters far better than the medical men.

Some Doctors do, however, believe in the "old fool."

A few years ago a Dr. Jephson had a great name, but only because he believed in "the old fool nature." A self-indulging old lady once consulted him. He recommended a drive, offering to take her one himself. So he drove her six miles, and then having persuaded her to walk up a hill, he trotted away and left her to find her way home on her own legs. Thus he practically prescribed air and exercise; that is, "the old fool nature."

After all, it is only the old story, "There's nothing like leather." Come to me, the only real genuine professor of therapeutics in the whole world. Come to me, says the great doctor, addressing the crowd from his waggon, and I'll cure you of every evil under the sun. Don't go to mother Nature, she's an old Harridan and will kill every mother's son of you. Don't go to that Jabberwock in the next waggon there, he'll kill you quicker still with his globules and water works. Come to me, and you shall have a prophylactic that will secure you against illness to the end of time. Neglect to come to me, and you will never be free from frightful diseases for one single day of your life. Such is the fate intended and provided for you by that idiotic old fool nature.

I will just hint here at another thing which is creating great odium against the medical profession; I mean all that is going on between the Government and medical men in the matter of what is called the Contagious Diseases Bill. The profane do not hesitate to call the whole thing jobbery, but I should be sorry to use so violent an expression. I doubt not that the evidence the doctors all give on the subject is perfectly honest in intention, however false it may be in fact. Writing upon

this subject in the *Contemporary Review*, Mr. H. Spencer says, "We require constantly to bear in mind that personal interest affects most of the statements on which sociological conclusions are based, and on which legislation proceeds."

I gather from Mr. Spencer's article, that all the more horrible features of the disease in question arose from the treatment of it. The treatment is now better, and these worst features have more or less vanished. The doctors with pardonable zeal for the credit of their profession, assert that the disease has become milder in type.

M. W. Thompson, F.R.C.S., says, "I have had good opportunities of knowing, and I can only say that the representations given by the advocates of these acts are to me perfectly unintelligible. They seem to me the grossest exaggeration."

There are no people who allow themselves to be made such fools of by their professional men as the English.

I have shown above in my chapter headed "Meddle and Muddle" that all attempts by government to promote virtue solely by means of acts of Parliament and policeman X, generally end in the long run in quadrupling vice.

CHAPTER X.

Advice to Parents whose Children have been Killed by Vaccination.

"Of all the tyrannies, the tyranny of majorities is the most heartless, the most cruel, and the most implacable."

I will now give a word of advice to those parents whose children have been killed by Vaccination.

Put the case clearly and truthfully before the public, but, although it is one of medical mal-practice and therefore actionable, if you are a poor man, avoid law. Public opinion is still in favour of Vaccination, and therefore you would only lose your money. We read that formerly, when all the world believed in witchcraft, legal proceedings which in any way were opposed to the popular belief always failed. The man's own lawyers even were against him. You retain on your side, we will suppose, a man great in law. What is the consequence? He has passed his life attending to what are considered much more important matters than mere doctors' questions; so he knows nothing about Vaccination. He necessarily, under the circumstances, takes the popular views about it, and naturally, therefore, thinks you half a lunatic for being in any way opposed

to such a God-sent blessing; although he will do what he believes to be his professional duty to you, and even, if he is a right kind of man, feel sincere commiseration for the weakness of your understanding, yet, he will not, and can not be expected to throw himself into your case in such a manner as to ensure, or even render probable, a successful result. Besides, yours would be a medical question, and every doctor in the country would give evidence against you. No matter what they may have said to you in private; once propose to them to say the same things in a witness box, and all with one accord will begin to make excuse. I understand that it is one of their professional rules never to give evidence against one of their cloth. This kind of esprit de corps is common to all trades, professions, and cliques,* and always has a good deal that is generous mixed with it; but a higher culture teaches people that the good of the community, not of some particular clique, is the right thing to aim at, and that truth, at any price, is the best way to secure that.

If, on the other hand, you are not a poor man; if you are rich enough to afford it; or if you have a touch of Don Quixote about you; that is to say, if you are willing to incur risk for the sake of some possible good that may ensue, then you cannot do better than let the matter come into the law courts. At any rate, the

* The strongest examples of that principle in human nature, which produces such phenomena as cliques, trade unionism, esprit de corps, and other such narrow, though sometimes in their day useful, forms of life is afforded by the castes of Hindostan. The opposite principle is Christianity. The first says, "all things and all people, with the exception of a select few, are unclean." The latter says, "nothing is unclean of itself. "God hath showed me that I should not call any man common or unclean," &c.

attention of the public will be drawn to the case, and no reform can be accomplished in any matter so long as the public know nothing about it. You may say that you cannot see that it will do any good. But no one knows what will, or what will not, do good. Fight with the devil and all his works. That is a man's business. Which is likely to win? That is not his business. Mr. Stopford Brook says, "the constant ceaseless work of the saints in heaven and earth, is to fight with evil." Even utilitarians themselves tell us that people should do good, because it will give them pleasure.*

Again, if you are a great rogue who has swindled somebody, or been swindled by somebody, out of £100,000, then you may apply to the lawyers without hesitation. They will consider it a very important case, and will go heart and soul into it; but yours is a paltry affair; only about children, life, death, parents' anguish, &c., &c. No doubt we have all read something about suffering "Little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," but this was said such a long time ago, and we have learned a thing or two since then.† Indeed, that illustrious man, Mr. Malthus, tells us almost in so many words, that there are always too many children in the world.

* I wonder what the utilitarians would make of the case of the used-up man, who could take pleasure in nothing on earth, and who was recommended to try doing some good to his fellow creatures; "O," he said, "do you think I have not tried that dodge? Of course I have, and it did not give me any pleasure at all."

† As we read in the Biglow papers,

"For J. P.
Robinson, he
says, they did'nt know everything down in Judee."

Besides, in those early times, nothing was known about the new beatitudes of the nineteenth century, "Blessed are the rich for theirs is the kingdom of heaven," and "blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after money for their pockets shall be filled."

I am not complaining of the spirit of the age. Everybody should perhaps belong to the era in which he lives. Very likely the progress of the human race is best accomplished by each particular age being devoted to the cultivation of some one quality. It would be idle for a plesiosaurus to be dissatisfied with its era, and aim at acquiring the habits and customs of the higher animals. Any such vain strivings could only lead to the creature's discomfiture. Now this may be the era for the cultivation of worldly prudence; a very valuable and even necessary part of human nature.

No doubt, according to one philosophy, improvement only comes from striving for it. Crawling things acquire legs from trying to walk; wings from trying to fly; and in men, advancement above the condition of Makalolos and Choctaws, from striving and aspiring after higher things. But this is not the place to discuss such matters.

Again, I tell you, that if you appeal to the law you *may* do some good, and you *must* lose some money. But you should remember that in former days, in a similar case of opposing public opinion, you would have not only lost your money but your life as well. Even now, in one country which plumes itself on its liberty, an opposer of public opinion runs the risk of being tarred and feathered.*

* As we read in the Biglow papers,

. . . . . "and then they send all roun'
to see if there's a feather bed that's borryable in the town."

The feathers being of course wanted, with the addition of some tar, for the benefit of some utterer of unpopular opinions.

Yours is, I grant, a very hard case. Your children are murdered according to the law, and you have no redress.

Why evil, misery, and cruel suffering are allowed to befall innocent people is, of course, a hard puzzle, that has perplexed the minds of men in all ages.

Reynold tells us, that in the middle ages, in Germany and Italy, such numbers of people were seduced to sorcery, that the whole earth would have been overflowed with it and laid waste by the devil, had they not in both countries burnt alive some 30,000 heretics.

I have no wish to sneer at American ideas of liberty. Nothing shows narrow mindedness more than judging other people by oneself, or other countries by one's own. Foolish people often hold up American institutions for imitation or warning, but circumstances are so different in the two countries, that such comparisons are generally childish. The vastness of America is a safety valve that takes the place of laws in a great measure. In that country there is room for everybody, wise and foolish, Mormons, Shakers, philosophers, and rowdies. Birds of a feather flock together without incommoding the community. The Mormons at the Salt Lake; the Shakers in some favourable spot for shaking; the philosophers at Boston, where they can transcendentalise with no one to disturb them; and the rowdies in the far west, where they can swear, and gamble, and bully, and murder in peace and quietness. Indeed, there seems to be a corresponding magnitude in all American things, and even in American transactions. The largest trees are in America; the largest coal fields are in America; the richest men are said to be Americans; the most gigantic swindles are American. Even the smaller domestic matters seem to partake of the same character. I read not long ago that a Mr. Stone, an American, had eloped from Burlington, Vermont, with the wives of three of his intimate friends, and that, according to the latest accounts, all three husbands were in hot pursuit. I need not say that in England a man never elopes with more than one at a time, and that even then the husband is so pleased at the riddance, that he rarely makes any pursuit at all.

I merely give these as instances that tend to show how foolish it is to attempt to judge about one country by another.

Here are 30,000 innocent people killed and tortured for a set of childish superstitions.

Mr. Lecky tells us, that during 1,500 years tens of thousands perished by the most agonizing torments without exciting the faintest compassion; that (to give a few instances) a judge at Nancy boasted that he had put to death 800 witches in sixteen years; that at Toulouse 400 people perished for sorcery at a single execution; that 7000 were burned at Trèves, &c., &c., &c.

And all these things, as I say, were in consequence of the whole world being a prey to most ridiculous and childish superstitions.

There were two rival sects at one time, called the homo*ou*sians and homo*oi*sians.

Mr. Lecky says, "however strongly the homoousians and homooisians were opposed to each other, they were both agreed that the advocates of the wrong vowel would be damned everlastingly." And accordingly they of course tortured and burned each other whenever they had an opportunity.

Again, Mr. Lecky says, that what people call Christianity, "has certainly inflicted a greater amount of unmerited suffering than any religion that ever was invented" and all done in the name of the teacher who said, "by this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, that ye love one another."

In reading history, one is really sometimes tempted to believe that the human intelligence cannot rise above the Irish bull stage. But * perhaps it will in the long

* I say intelligence may rise above the Irish bull stage, but we cannot be sure of this. It is difficult to know what to think of the so-called progress of the human race. History tells us of the successive rise and fall of nations. Each nation when it believes it is rising, judges of the

run. If medicine is still in this stage, other sciences are emerging, and medicine will doubtless follow in due time. But till that time comes suffering must attend medical superstitions, just as formerly they attended religious superstitions.

Professor De Morgan says, "it is curious to see how completely the medical man of the nineteenth century squares with the priest of the sixteenth century. The physicians are now the rear guard of the learned world. Nor will they ever recover their lost position till medicine is free."

He also says, "I have a high respect for the physician in everything but medicine."

To continue my observations addressed to those persons whose children have been killed by Vaccination.

I know well that it is a poor comfort to you to tell you that vast numbers of other innocent people have suffered cruel tortures.

Your elder children have been killed by Vaccination. You rightly refuse to allow your younger ones to undergo the operation. You are not rich. You and your family depend for your daily bread upon your daily labour. You are carried off by policemen and consigned to the companionship of felons. Your family has now no

whole world by what it thinks of itself at the time, and talks of the progress of humanity just as many Englishmen do now. At the present time Oriental nations are low down; but their countries are full of wonderful ruins, together with traditions of ancient magnificence and gorgeous dynasties, which may have succeeded each other for thousands and thousands of years. No one can know whether the present races of men are superior or inferior to pre-historic ones. Perhaps, millions of years ago, when warm and temperate climes reigned at what are now the North and South Poles, races of men may have existed to whom we are but as Hottentots are to us.

means of subsistence. Your goods are seized, your furniture is sold, and your wife and children are sent to the workhouse.

Well, your case is a very hard, a very cruel one, and altogether sounds like stories we read in the old chronicles of what used to happen in times when cruelty and superstition reigned supreme.*

* My friend Jones is as indignant about what he calls the Vaccination juggle as I am, and one morning he showed me the following remarks and verses, which he said he intended sending to the newspapers.

"SIR,—Circumstances that have come under my notice have led me to share the doubts now so largely entertained upon the subject of Vaccination. It is said that Vaccination is proved to be beneficial by the fact that small-pox is less fatal than formerly. But gaol fevers, camp fevers, black death, sweating fevers, oriental plague, &c., are less fatal than formerly, without any corresponding causes. The fact, no doubt, is, that in former times medical practice was barbarous and sanitary considerations undreamed of. At most, Vaccination ought to be permissive, not compulsory. To imprison a man for refusing to have his younger child Vaccinated because he believes that his elder child has been killed by the operation, is extremely cruel. The sufferers are poor men. Their influence cannot tell upon political parties like that of brewers and railway directors, and, therefore, their cause has little enough chance of a hearing; but I have yet to learn that a poor man is not every whit as fond of his children as a rich one. One can fancy the Devil chuckling over this bit of legislation. Such cold-blooded cruelty must be perfectly charming to any spirit of pure unmixed malignity. I enclose a few verses.

"I am, &c., &c.

From his brimstone bed at dawn of day—
  From his bed the Devil is risen—
Risen and dressed in his Sunday best,
  To inspect a model prison.

Villanous faces—burglars, thieves,
  Murderers, too, he saw:
But the Devil was sad for they put him in mind
  Of just and righteous law.

I have given you above some instances of these cruelties, and I am sadly afraid you will only call me one of Job's comfortors. But there is no help for it. There is no solution of the puzzle. The puzzle of the

He saw a bare backed garotter flogged,
  Cursing and groaning with pain;
But the Devil was sad, for he thought of the Book
  That says, "Behold, the measure ye mete
  To thee will be measured again."

Plenty of grovelling souls he saw—
  Plenty of vice and wrong—
But petty and mean, so the Devil was bored,
  For he loves it hot and strong.

There were two or three prisoners swearing hard,
  And he caught the word "Damnation!"
The Devil was bored, yet he sneered a sneer
  Of lazy approbation.

At length he came to an honest face—
  "Hallo! my man," said he,
"How in the world did you get here—
  What crime can your crime be?"

"I had a bairn," the man he said,
  "A bonnier could not be;
They poisoned his blood, and he died of sores,
  A loathsome sight to see.

"Another was born, but I swore an oath
  That murdered he should not be;
So here I am in a felon's cell,
  And in felons' company."

"Ho, ho!" said the Devil, as he rubbed his paws,
  "This is nuts, this is nuts!" said he—
"A poor man crushed by the strong hand
  Of legal tyranny.

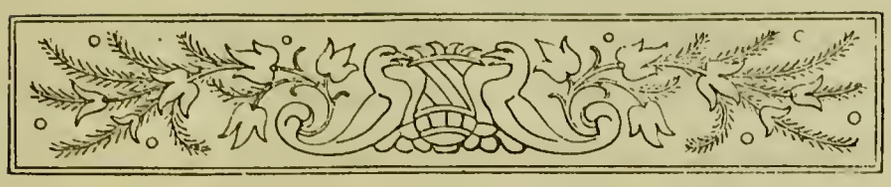
"O! it's a treat to see a good man
  Ground down for doing right—

suffering of the innocent in this world. The book of Job itself is the earliest known attempt at solution. But it is none. Old Hebrew and Oriental utilitarian philosophy taught that prosperity is the invariable

> Doubly a treat when the grinding is done
> By law in its pitiless might !"
>
> The Devil remained—he was far too pleased
> To return to his place below—
> He stayed and chuckled and waved his tail
> Gently to and fro.

Having read the verses, I exclaimed in rather a shocked tone of voice, "Why this is a parody." "Of course it is a parody," said Jones ; "just as, strictly speaking, everything is, more or less, a parody. Everything grows from something that was before it. The child is the parody of the father. Shakspeare's plays are parodies of old stories, Italian or otherwise. Raphael's madonnas were parodies, for artist's had been painting innumerable madonnas before him ; and Byron said that the style of his poem 'Beppo' was imitated." "Well, but," said I, "about your plan of sending it to the principal newspapers, you may just as well save yourself the trouble. A newspaper is a looking-glass that reflects public opinion. How can a looking-glass reflect an object when there is no object to reflect. As yet there is no marked public opinion against vaccination. Public opinion of the day is always exactly reflected in the newspapers—that is, in the looking-glasses of the day—whether this opinion be in favour of killing people for witchcraft, or of burning them for heresy, or of torturing them till they tell some lie, or of hanging them for sheep stealing, or for preventing them from drinking beer when they are thirsty, or of imparting disease to people from animals in order to improve their health and insure them a long life. I say that wherever there is a marked public opinion there must be the reflection of it in the daily and weekly looking-glasses, and where there is no public opinion there can be no reflection of any. Newspapers and public opinion act and react upon one another ; a newspaper will put into definite and clear form the ideas that are going loose about a community on any subject of interest. Still there must be a subject." Jones saw the truth of what I said, and thus was saved the expenditure of several postage stamps.

reward of virtue. The book of Job is the first known protest against utilitarianism. It shows the truth that the innocent do occasionally suffer in this world, and gives no explanation of the fact, but it teaches, at the same time, that there is something higher than mere prosperity, and that something is doing right, trusting in God, hoping against hope unswervingly, and believing in good, in spite of present misery.



CHAPTER XI.

Utilitarianism.

"The philosophy of Bacon, and Comte his disciple, lives in the senses, so is fit only for natural science. The results of it applied to the higher matters are materialism in psychology, selfishness in ethics, and atheism in theology."—*Theodore Parker.*

"The cleverer a man is, the more harm he does, if he has not wisdom to match."—*Archbishop Whately.*

"Materialism and utilitarianism are generally observed to go together." *Madame de Stael.*

"To be spiritually-minded is life."—*St. Paul.*

"Common sense, moral perception, and genius, the great discoverers of principles, do not reason. They see the truth, but do not know how they see it. It is the second-rate men, most useful in their place, who prove, reason, and explain."—*Father Newman.*

"The cold in clime are cold in blood."—*Byron.*

"No heart is pure that is not passionate, ; no virtue is safe that is not enthusiastic."—*Author of "Ecce Homo."*

It may be said that utilitarianism has nothing to do with Vaccination. But it has a great deal to do with it. "Utilitarianism," or "expediency," or "doing wrong that good may come of it," or whatever may be the phrase employed, is at the root of all such legislation as that which makes Vaccination compulsory. I, therefore, make no apology for adding the following observations on the subject:

I suppose everybody knows that the utilitarian war cry is, "The greatest happiness to the greatest numbers." But this is meaningless, because "happiness" is undefinable, impalpable, and immeasurable. Goldsmith's miserable-looking cripple and beggar said of himself in self congratulation, "It is not everyone who is born with a silver spoon in his mouth"; and Shakespeare's king said that kings were miserable men. What does happiness mean? St. Paul says, "Happiness (joy is the word he uses) means that state of mind which results from the spirit of holiness and goodness." So, perhaps, the Jeremy Benthamites mean the greatest holiness to the greatest numbers. But, then, the Esquimaux who were brought to Paris by Prince Napoleon and indulged with every pleasure Paris could afford, fell on their knees before the Prince, and prayed for a darkened room and plenty of blubber, and then they would be perfectly happy. So, perhaps, the Jeremy Benthamites mean the greatest quantity of blubber to the greatest numbers. Socrates said that "happiness" meant that state of mind which resulted from self-control, self-denial, and asceticism. Pope said happiness meant "virtue." The navvy said, "drinking beer with a fiddle going." The Pythagoreans said happiness meant "silence and contemplation;" the Hindoo Yogi says, "standing on one leg, staring at the sun, and eating putrid meat;" the old judge said, "sitting in a court of justice all day, and playing whist all night;" the nice old woman said, "knitting worsted stockings with a clean apron on." That very pleasant writer, Mr. Helps, says, "the feeling of reverence affords the most exquisite felicity of which men are capable." Not to give more instances, again I ask, do the utilitarians mean virtue, or self-denial, or holiness, or whist, or silence, or clean aprons, or

reverence, or beer, or blubber, or what? Becaue, if they cannot deflne the chief corner-stone on which their system is founded, the building must fall to the ground.

To attempt to define happiness is folly. It is different for every born man. But good hints have been given—some even so good that they have become proverbial. Plato said that health was the principle requisite. "Mens sana in corpore sano" is so wise that it has become a vulgar saying. "My mind to me a kingdom is," says the poet; also, "rex est qui metuit nihil et hoc regnum sibi quisque det." Christ said that humble-minded merciful people, who are pure in heart, and who strive after righteousness, are the happiest. Paley said that occupation was the secret of happiness. Voltaire said "work. If this latter be true, and if the common idea is true, that rich people have less occupation than others, of course riches will be unfavourable to happiness; at the same time that the pursuit of riches will produce more happiness than any other one cause, because it produces more occupation.

Many sayings and many instances could be given to show that change from habits of any kind is unfavourable to happiness.

A benevolent lady once took a street-sweeping girl and tried to bring her up with every comfort. The girl was miserable, and very soon ran away back to her crossing.

Sir B. Brodie tells us of a man who suddenly became rich, and who was so wretched in consequence that he hung himself. "Set a beggar on horseback and he will ride to the devil." Men after being in prison twenty years have been miserable when they had to leave it.

"The haunts of happiness," says Sydney Smith, "are varied, but I have more often seen her among little

children and home firesides and in country houses than anywhere else."

Lord Ellenborough said that the greatest pleasure he could conceive was listening to a young fellow called Follet arguing a point in law.

"Happiness," says Epictetus, is not in external circumstances but in ourselves. It depends on our characters." "The kingdom of heaven is within you."

Aristotle defined happiness to be "Energy of soul."

De Tocqueville said, "The more I see of the world the more I am led to think, qu'il n'y a que le bonheur domestique qui signifie quelque chose."

"Happiness," says Sir B. Brodie, "is not so unequally distributed as it seems to superficial observers. The agricultural labourer, who has sufficient food and clothing, and who has the inestimable advantage of living in the open air, is far happier than the rich man in the splendid mansion who has too much lithic acid in his blood."

A little girl who asked what happiness meant, said, "It means wanting to give all your things to your little sister." But then this poor child was not old enough to have studied and profited by the works of eminent utilitarian philosophers.

Sophocles says that in the matter of happiness one station in life is as good as another—that there is nothing to chose. Goethe said the same.

Burns sings—

> "Up wi' my ploughman lad,
> And hey my merry ploughman;
> Of a' the trades that I do ken,
> Commend me to the ploughman."

Young says, "None think the great unhappy but the great."

Sudden changes from riches to poverty will make people wretched.

It would be easy to multiply hints such as these, some of which, however, refer more to the absence of unhappiness, than to the presence of happiness. To attempt the definition of the more intense forms of happiness, the hearty joyousness of (not only good but) high health, the bliss of real Godliness, the joy of the musician in harmony, or the poet in beauty, would be as absurd as to try to define the passion of joy that inspires the skylark's song. The song itself is the only possible definition.

I say, the bliss of real Godliness to distinguish it from the fanaticisms. Fanaticism is not Godliness at all. It is only an enthusiasm or hobby of the imagination over which men excite their brains.

St. Francis de Sales says, that he enjoyed paradise on earth, his life was so intensely happy.

The second corner-stone of Benthamism is "utility;" but this merely means that which conduces to happiness; so if happiness cannot be defined, neither can utility.

The third corner-stone is "denial of hereditary moral sense." Now, the hereditary principle has been so extensively investigated by Darwin and others, that the whole question has become changed. Herbert Spencer's doctrine, in consequence of these new lights, is somewhat to the following effect, as I understand it. Millions of years ago the savage of the period, whenever he stole his chief's arrow heads, or wife, or other chattel, was always impaled at once. After this had gone on for a few thousand years, it at last began to dawn on the savage intelligence that there was a connection between these two circumstances, and in a very few more the

fact became established among them that when the first was discontinued the latter ceased to follow. The more intelligent savages, who acted upon this discovery, surviving by natural selection (or survival of the fittest, as Mr. Spencer calls it), handed down to their children a slight hereditary tendency to escape impalement, by abstaining from stealing. This was the origin of the moral sense in man. Gradually increasing in intensity during the succeeding ages, the feeling has at last acquired such strength that the sense of right and wrong is now almost the sole rule of conduct to great numbers of people, and those to whom it is not a rule of conduct are very apt to find themselves hanged. Of course, H. Spencer does not put it in this form. He lives high up in the serene skies of abstract ideas. One cannot expect a philosopher who defines "life" to be "the definite combination of heterogeneous changes in correspondence with external co-existences and sequences," and who defines "creation" to be "the change from indefinite homogeneity to definite heterogeneity,"—I say one cannot expect such a man to descend to popular exposition. It would be unreasonable to do so.

Again, Mr. Spencer defines a "person" as "something qualitatively differentiated in each portion, that is, separable by introspection, but seems homogeneous and undecomposable." Which means that, whereas Brown thinks he knows Jones, and also thinks that he, Jones, is homogeneous and undecomposable, he really only knows something qualitatively differentiated in each portion, that is, separable by introspection, which something he calls Jones.

Few, however, can put a thing in a popular way so well as Mr. Spencer, when he does descend from the "serene skies." Every Member of Parliament and

professional politician who can read, should study his contributions to the *Contemporary Review*. They are admirable.

What I have described is, whether right or wrong, the philosophy of the day. Knowledge upon such subjects must be for ever infinitely inadequate ; but, at any rate, the theory accounts for an innate conscience, and innate feelings, tendencies, and capacities of mind to any amount whatever, all which the school of materialists, utilitarians, and experientialists denies.

According to the science of the day men are born with innate propensities (acquired by inheritance) to believe in sundry things, such as the existence of a God, and other inspirations, which things, nevertheless, cannot be proved to the understanding, or demonstrated from experience. What was the origin of such ideas ? Mr. G. H. Lewes has written an ingenious book to show that ideas derived from anything but experience are worthless, and what he calls metempirical. But what does he know about ancestral experience ? The science of the day tells us that mankind has inhabited this planet for millions of years. How does he know that in the innumerable oscillations during that time between civilization and savagery our ancestors may not sometimes have risen to such heights that we could only describe them as gods compared with us ? If they did, we must, according to the law of inheritance, have been born to some of their ideas and feelings, and thus these transcendental ideas we find in ourselves would be accounted for, even upon Mr. Lewes's experiential principles. No doubt the science of the day may be all wrong, and the creation may, as Archbishop Usher says, have taken place in October of the year 4000 B.C. Now, if Mr. Lewes agrees with Archbishop

Usher, one can, to a certain degree, understand his point of view. But does he agree with Archbishop Usher?

After all, why should we make such a fuss about Darwinism? The only question that signifies two straws is what a man is now—is he a good one or a bad one. Yet he troubles his head little enough about this, but makes himself unhappy, because he is told that his ancestor was a polypus in the time of chaos. Now and then we meet with angelic men and women walking on this earth. Surely it is wonderful and admirable to think that they have risen to such a height above their ancestor. Sometimes we meet with diabolic men. Surely it is wonderful and dreadful to think that they have fallen to such a depth below their ancestor.

The fourth corner-stone of Benthamism is denial of disinterested, unconscious unselfishness in man. This stone is getting into a sad crumbling state, but it will never, perhaps, be completely destroyed, for it would be necessary to destroy first all those who by birth, habits of abstract thinking, or other causes, are incapable of understanding the meaning of disinterested unselfishness; people who are to the higher things of human nature what the colour-blind man is to colour. I am afraid there are a good many such.

Some Benthamites, seeing the precarious condition of their corner stones, and the dilapidated state of the old structure, are crawling out by the back way; and quite right too. If I were in such a tumble-down building, I would get out of it any way I could. They stick to utilitarianism in name, but shuffle out of its distinctive doctrines one by one. Some try propping. One prop is denial of free will; but it is little suited to the purpose, though were it otherwise it would be serviceable

enough, for, connected as it is with the insoluble mysteries, it will never be completely destroyed, certainly not by reasoning, for that only makes matters worse. He who uses nothing but his reason must logically end in the denial of everything, like Mr. Mill, who denies the existence of both mind and matter ; or like Hegel, who eliminates from the Deity all attributes but knowing and loving, and to the question what knows and loves answers, "the infinite nothing."

Mr. Mill says there is nothing in the world but sensations and groups of sensations ; that "snow," for instance, does not mean anything external to a man's self, but is only the group of sensations expressed by the words, "whiteness," "softness," "coldness," "sparkle," &c. This is one of the two great branches of his philosophy. The other is, that a man is an automaton, without free will, put into motion, and kept going solely by the influence of external circumstances, in a world external to himself. To put these two branches of Mr. Mill's philosophy concisely, every man is composed solely of sensations created by a world external to himself, which world does not exist. This is the absurd contradiction into which one of the clearest-headed men who ever lived has been led, by his refusal to acknowledge that men in this world can only see "as through a glass darkly," and that life hangs entirely upon faith in things that cannot be proved to the understanding.

People who believe in man's power to define, explain and comprehend everything, must contradict themselves at every step, like those who assert that men cannot know anything about God, and by that very assertion, assert that they do know something about him, namely, that he cannot make himself known to any of his creatures.

The human mind is fitted for its business in this world, but not for perfect knowledge beyond that. To see otherwise than "as through a glass darkly," to know absolutely about the great mysteries would be more than it could bear. To know the full meaning of life (so called), and death (so called), and spirit (so called), and matter (so called), and divinity (so called), and eternity (so called), and time (so called), would drive the knower mad, even supposing it possible.

Mr. Mill believes in the truth of logical conclusions and in nothing else.

A man is an organ with a good many thousand stops. Pull out the logic stop and the note may be a very clear one perhaps, but as a manifestation of human nature it will be ludicrously false and inadequate.

The comteist, materialistic, and atheistic scientific men of the day say, that it is superstitious and unscientific to believe in anything only from faith, and which cannot be proved to the understanding. It is a very curious illustration of the peculiarities of the typical scientific intelligence that these very men are unable to see that they cannot make even one step in their own sciences without believing in things, the existence of which, as Mr. Mill very truly says, cannot be proved to the understanding, such as colours, scents, sounds, form, extension, hardness, forces, &c., &c. It cannot be proved to the understanding that these things as we call them, are anything else than forms of our sensations. And yet all scientific men believe in them. That is to say, (according to their own definitions of what is superstitious and unscientific), all scientific men are superstitious and unscientific. Of course, they are right to believe in them ; because faith founded on our necessary instinctive feelings compels us to believe in

them in spite of their not being demonstrable to the understanding. Just so, faith founded on our necessary instinctive feelings compels us to believe (in spite of their not being demonstrable to the understanding) in God, duty, right, wrong, free will, &c., &c. Mr. Mill, no doubt is consistent, and courageously disbelieves in the existence of everything and everybody, mind, matter, and every earthly or heavenly thing except his own sensations; but this power is not given to most people.

Disbelief in free will, and disbelief in God, seem to go together. Sir William Hamilton says, "That fatalism and atheism are convertible terms."

Dugald Stewart says, "It will not be denied that, in the history of modern philosophy, the schemes of atheism and necessity, have been hitherto always connected together; not that I would say it must be so, but only, that every modern atheist I have heard of has been a necessitarian." There are exceptional varieties, but, as a rule, atheism, materialism, utilitarianism, cold reasoning, necessitarianism, are all, more or less, observed to go together. The relative proportion in the ingredients of the mind, that leads to one of these things, as a rule, leads to the other also; or, to put it another way, they are the negative manifestations that show themselves when certain positive qualities are absent; qualities, for instance, such as joyousness, faith, hope, heartiness, Godliness, &c., &c. Most men will have observed of themselves that, when they are at their best, that is, in their highest state of health and joyous vitality, these Christian states of mind have most prevailed; also, that when their vitality has been low, they have been changed for doubt, hopelessness, depression, deficiency in sympathising power, scepticism, hesitation, inaction, &c.

Mr. Mill denies that proof is possible in anything, for who is to prove the axioms on which all demonstration must be founded ? And, in fact, he does deny them. He says, Euclid is all wrong in saying a point has no magnitude, that a line *has* breadth as well as length, and that 2 and 2 although most people think they make 4 in our little planet, may for all he knows, make twenty elsewhere, or even a hundred. He also as I say, denies that there can be any proof of either mind or matter. Following Hume, Berkeley, and others, he says, that although A may talk to B or knock his head against a wall, he cannot possibly know that either B or the wall exist : all he can know is that he has certain sensations which he calls sight, hearing, touch, &c. So far, he is right. But his conclusion therefrom is fearfully and wonderfully wrong. His conclusion is, that it is foolish and superstitious for A to believe in anything else but these sensations of his ; whereas, the true conclusion is, that we live by faith and not by knowledge, and that we ought humbly to acknowledge the limited reach of human intelligence. If a thing cannot be proved Mill denies its existence. His is what Gœthe calls "the spirit which always denies," carried to the utmost possible extreme. His philosophy is absence of faith carried as far as it can be carried, for it is impossible for a man to doubt that he has sensations. Mr. Mill himself cannot do that. His philosophy is the critical analytic and destructive spirit carried to the utmost.

"The tendency to dismember and separate" (that is to analyze) says Mr. Ruskin is a condition of mind leading to vice and ugliness, just as the tendency to connect and harmonize is that of a mind leading to virtue and beauty.

A HINT OR TWO ABOUT ANALYSIS.

The analyzing man says that the true meaning of an object, that is to say the light in which it ought to be looked at, is the ingredients into which analysis resolves it. If this is so the true meaning of bread and meat is the manures, gases and earths into which analysis resolves these things. But if people only took this view of them they could not eat bread and meat at all and, would, therefore, die. Again if the analytic view is the real truth, Smith's Marianne becomes nothing but gases and earths and he would never marry her; indeed all Mariannes would become nothing but gases and earths. No Smith would ever marry any one of them and the human race would come to an abrupt conclusion. No, the results of analysis are for some purposes wanted, but they are nothing. Analysis means death. And its results dirt. And he who resolves by analysing the living glories of the universe into protoplasm and dirt sinks as he does so his soul down to the same level with them. We all know the axiom in philosophy that "he who drinks beer thinks beer." But another axiom says "what a man is means what a man thinks," thus we come syllogistically to the irresistible inference that he who thinks beer is beer. So it is in the case of the analyst who reduces everything in heaven and earth to the dirt from which he supposes it to have sprung. Men of science are bound by the above philosophical axiom to say "he who thinks dirt is dirt."

The most important truth about bread is that it will give *life* to him who eats it, but the analyzing man says that the gases and earths into which he analyzes the loaf of bread is the only real truth about it. Well if it is so give them to the starving man who is dying of hunger.

Will he think these the only real things ? The analyzer of spiritual food says that "God" really only means "deva," that is "brightness" or "the sun" ; or perhaps he will say with M. Arnold that the word means a "force" or a "tendency." Well, if it be so, give this spiritual food to him who is in the lowest depth of spiritual wretchedness and who craves consolation. Will he receive it and be satisfied ? Or again give it to him whose soul, full of the beauty, the wonder, and the glory of the universe, longs to pour out its worship and adoration. Will he be satisfied to look on God as a "tendency"? The analyzer of musical beauty says that harmony is nothing but certain vibrations of air, which air is nothing but certain gases. If this be so tell it to the enraptured musician. What will he answer ? Well, musicians are not always analyzers or definers, so very likely he would make use of a phrase a good deal used by our brave sailors and say "go and tell that to the marines, but you need not expect me to believe it," or something to that effect. So we might go on through all the analyzations to the dirty original ingredients that are made. Still we want analyzation, for we want all knowledge however insignicant and however dirty, and we ought to be thankful that there are men willing to grub in the dirt ; and not only thankful for the fact but grateful to them.

All knowledge is wanted even the most minute, that is, strictly speaking, every manifestation of mind is wanted. For all we know of any bit of what we call knowledge is that it is some manifestation of some mind or minds. Take the minds away and the knowledge is gone. Alter the minds in some degree and the knowledge is altered in that degree. Alter them in a great degree and the knowledge is altered in a great degree.

The mere analyst does not see truth, he only sees a small and distorted fraction of truth. Human truth means the conclusions to which a complete perfect and fully developed man comes. To the arithmetic monster and mere calculating machine, Jedidiah Buxton, a tune was nothing but a certain number of notes which he counted. To the mere analyzing monster a tune means complicated vibrations of air which he analyzes. Poor Mr. Mill incapable apparently of seeing that the beauty that is in music springs from the living soul of the composer and from the living soul of the performer of it, made himself unhappy from the thought that combinations of musical sounds must be limited, and, therefore, that mankind would after a time have nothing but old songs to sing. So also with his posthumous work upon religion. It is nothing but analysis and logical inferences. But religion is not made of inferences. It is every bit as absurd as Jedediah Buxton counting the notes, or as the girl who went into the garden to cut a cabbage leaf to make an apple pie. Apple pies are not made of cabbage leaves. They are made of something infinitely better. In any question analysis can only turn out one little fractional ingredient, which by itself is not truth, though mixed with all the other really important things it may help to form the truth. My scientific friend, Robinson, like the rest of his analysing kind, tells me that a loaf of bread means really the gases, earths, and manures from which once upon a time it sprung. But in the first place what does he mean by once upon a time? What is time? What is gas? What is earth? He does not even understand the words he uses. What then says Robinson to me do you yourself call a loaf of bread? To this I answer that no one can know what it or anything else is. But we know many things about it. We know that it

is made of wheat, a living plant born of ages of culture —ages that is of the labours, the joys, the sorrows, the reason and the intellect of living man, and that it in its turn gives life to him. Before man took wheat in hand it was but an insignificant grass. Thus wheat is organic matter made by man's mind. There are thousands of other truths about wheat, and one of the minor ones no doubt is that arrived at by analysis and connected with the dirt about which the analyst after he has got his mind down to the necessary level tells us.

The mere analyzer I say thinks the true view that a human being ought to take of a loaf of sweet bread is the earths, gases and manures into which it is analyzable by tracing back. So it is with them all. The mere analyzing mad-doctor thinks that the true view to take of a murderer is certain uncontrollable hereditary impulses and morbid actions of certain ganglionic centres of nerves, into which he thinks the man is analyzable by tracing back. They are ludicrously wrong. All mere analyzers are men who have gone mad about one little insignificant fraction of human nature.

That little bit of man "analysis" working by itself kills everything it touches. It kills, for instance, free agency. I, myself, when only analyzing find myself disbelieving in free agency. Here is, we will suppose, before me a living free-acting cow, always doing what it wishes to do, and choosing at once without hesitation between the piece of oilcake and the handfull of grass. This is the evident truth manifest to me when I contemplate the animal with all my senses and all my faculties actively employed upon her; in other words when I, myself, contemplate her. But if I cease to be my whole self—pull out the little analysis stop, push in all the others, and then throw myself into a

state of abstraction, trance, or coma, killing for the time my whole being with the one insignificant exception of the faculty of logical inference from a few little understood facts,—I say, if I do all this I undoubtedly come to some extraordinary conclusions about the cow, utterly at variance with the common sense of mankind—at variance, that is, with the mind of man when working with all its faculties symetrically, and I conclude that the cow is a sort of steam engine, never made at all, composed of gases, earths, and different kinds of dirt, and that it has no more free agency than had the heap of manure out of which its ancestral atom of primeval protoplasm sprang, or perhaps I conclude with Mr. Mill that there is no cow at all, inasmuch as there is no such thing as matter. Now, without denying that ideas of the abstracted mind want working out by somebody, so that every portion, however small, of the human soul may contribute its share towards truth, when we consider that whichever view of the cow we take, the animal is, and ever must be, an incomprehensible mystery; I, myself, prefer the view that is naturally taken by a complete man, when in full exercise of all his senses and of all his faculties. I think it the most likely of the two to be nearest the truth. The latter view excludes the incomprehensible word "life," which really is everything in the world. The former view not only excludes this word but requires a state of abstraction, coma, or partial death to take it in at all. If only one small fractional part of the mind is employed upon a thing the result must be only one small fractional part of the truth, which fractional part cannot by itself be called truth, though he who sees nothing else always thinks it the whole truth. A tadpole sees only its own pond, and thinks it the universe. An insect sees its own flower to

which it belongs, and neither sees other flowers or believes in their existence. The mere geologist sees only stones; the mere botanist only flowers; and the mere analyzing protoplasmist only dirt: all no doubt charming things in their way, but they do not by themselves afford comprehensive or in any degree true views of the universe. My friend Brown never has his boots out of his mind. Everything he thinks and everything he does he thinks and does with reference to his boots, and no doubt every boot he has is a marvel of polish and fit, for his ideas about the boot part of creation are more accurate than those of other people. Still, I do not go to Brown when I want to be enlightened upon the constitution of the universe and the eternal or essential nature of things.

The analyzer seems to think that the original component parts to which a thing is traced backwards is the real thing, whereas it has nothing to do with it. A beautiful flower does not mean the manure from which it sprang. It is the mind of the analyzer that has sunk down to the level of the manure. The flower with its divine beauty, which is the real thing, remains the same as it was.

My very clever but analyzing and most material minded friend, Robinson, who was once staying in a house with some children found a little girl playing with a doll. Robinson is always good natured to children, partly because he is really good natured, and partly because he pities their want of logic, and their defective power of analysis, so he very patiently explained to the child the extreme folly of thinking so much about what when dissected, taken to pieces, and analyzed, was nothing but wax and sawdust, and he finished by giving her a child's primer on comparative anatomy, which he

himself had written for young people. Robinson's experimental demonstration to the little girl to prove what were the true ingredients was very beautiful and quite conclusive. He first made an incision in the doll's stomach, when out came the sawdust; and then he cut off with his pen knife a small portion of the wax and melted it in the candle. Robinson is very eloquent, so the child took the primer, threw the doll into the fire, and was very miserable for several days. Robinson could not help observing this unhappiness, so he spoke to me about it showing that he had only told the child the simple truth about the doll for it really was nothing but wax and sawdust. "Nothing else but sawdust, you wretched analytic idiot," I exclaimed (for I confess I lost my temper) "it was everything else. The doll was ten thousand child ideas, twenty thousand child fancies, and child delights innumerable." "But," persisted Robinson, "These things are nothing; they are only in the mind; the saw dust was the real thing." Oh! very good, I answered. Now we know all about it. It is "life" that is nothing and dead matter that is everything. If this is so we need not talk any further, for language is but the verbal expression of ideas, fancies, pleasures, pains, joys and griefs (in one word "life") and as these things are nothing and only in the mind we may as well hold our tongues; and so I left him pondering and in a state of perplexity, but still unable to see that "life" is *everything* and the sawdust *nothing*.

My friend Jones who was staying in the same house, could not bear to see the little girl's tears, so he rode off to the next town, and brought back wrapped up in silver paper a still more beautiful doll than the old one. But the child would not look at it even, for she could think of nothing but the doll that was burned. Jones

is not easily beaten when he sets his mind upon a thing, so he did not give the case up. He is a wise and judicious person with much self-control, and rarely allows himself to make verses, or, indeed, to do anything foolish; but now there was nothing else for it, so he took the little girl on to his knee, and sung her a song; and this was the song that he sung—

(1) Little Ellie, two years old,
Can any day be seen
Playing with a bit of wood,
And happy as a queen.

(2) Little Ellie, four years old,
Jumping about for joy,
Has got a doll with real legs,
A darling little boy.

(3) Little Ellie, five years old,
Has given him a crutch;
For he's lost a leg and both his arms,
And she loves him very much.

(4) Little Ellie, six years old,
Crying bitterlee;
Whilst a bathing her poor cripple,
He was carried out to sea.

(5) Little Ellie, eight years old,
Is happy, for her brother
Has got her a doll with several
More members than the other.

(6) Little Ellie, nine years old,
Her misery is dire;
For her beautiful new darling
Has been thrown into the fire.

(7) Little Ellie, now I'm sure,
Will live a life of bliss;
For never a doll in all the world
Was lovelier than this.

Jones won the battle. The little girl dried her tears, adopted the doll, and lived very happily all the rest of her life.

Robinson throws his deadly wet blanket over everything he comes near. A doll is "sawdust and wax," music is "vibrations of air from cat-gut," and hunting is running after a stinking little animal with a sharp nose and long tail. But these and all such are but a dead man's definitions. They are exactly what the devil says when he visits our planet. For the devil is the God of spiritual death, negation, and misery—the personified antithesis to life and joy. Robinson is no devil, he is only a well-meaning man of science of the nineteenth century. Still in what they say he and the devil often agree wonderfully. The word music does not mean vibrations from cat-gut, it is man's best way of expressing the life, the grief, the joy, and the divinity that is in him. The word hunting does *not* mean running after a stinking little animal. It means health, exhilaration, energy, manliness, enterprize, incident, skill, courage, geniality, sociability, and a thousand other things. Of course, to a man who has none of these things, "hunting" means none of them.

Robinson is always (spiritually) killing people. He used to travel a good deal, and one day in the West Indies he came across a poor old negro slave talking to his fetish, a little wooden figure. Robinson was so shocked at such degrading superstition, that he took the image out of the old man's hand and proved to him that it was not a God by cutting its head off and throwing it away; but he gave him nothing to worship in its place. He said it was no business of his to do missionary work even if he believed in it himself. To be sure, he told the old man about the immortal German Professor

Trockenalstaub, who had analyzed human nature and probed the fetish instinct, even down to the medulla oblongata itself, and the nervous ganglionic centres; but he might as well have talked Hebrew. At last he gave the negro a dollar, and told him not to be such a fool in future. Well, he was neither a fool nor anything else for long; for having lost what had been a consolation to himself and his forefathers before him, he betook himself to gin, and very soon came to an end altogether.

The human eye is (we are told) analyzable into a mere tactual disturbance by means of light, of some sensitive portion of an organism, which portion in the course of millions of years becomes developed into a complete eye. This may have truth, but whether it has or not it is nothing. The "eye" really means the channel through which pour in all the ineffable beauty that gives birth to the rapture of the poet and the joy of life. This is what the "eye" really means. Still, all scientific analysis is wanted.

A thing no more means the ingredients into which it is supposed to be analyzable than a word means the original word to which analysis traces it.

I know that Mr. Matthew Arnold, improving the occasion on Descartes' maxim, "Cogito ergo sum" (I think, therefore, I exist), discourses elaborately about the meaning of "sum" (I exist), and says that, upon analyzing the term "I exist" to its origin, we find it meant by the primitive savage who first used the word only "I breathe." But the primitive savage was a very stupid person, and had little or no consciousness about himself, except in the matter of one or two animal functions, such as "I breathe," "I eat," "I sleep." So to him "I exist," might well have meant only "I breathe."

But developed in the infinitely complex way man is now developed, "I exist" means states of soul innumerable. To the merely passionless, joyless thinker, Descartes' "I exist" evidently meant only "I think.' To the Godly man "I exist" means I rejoice, I adore, I love, I pity, I sympathise, I grieve, I reverence, I believe, I hope, &c. Whilst to the member of the criminal classes "I exist" will mean I steal, I lie, I cheat, I kill, I am sent to prison, I am likely to be hanged, &c.

Thus we see that whilst the mere analytic thinker will naturally say with Descartes' "cogito ergo sum," another man will quite as naturally say "sentio ergo sum," another "fraudo ergo sum," another "gaudeo ergo sum," another "adoro ergo sum," and so on, through all the innumerable varieties of mankind. Some men cannot think. Would Descartes say that such men do not exist? Thus, when Mr. Arnold says "I exist," only means "I breathe," he must turn himself for the moment in order to say so with truth into a primitive savage.

In propounding this theory that words do not develop but mean what they meant originally, Mr. Arnold is like the travelling showman, who exhibited a small-sized human skull, and said, "This, ladies and gentlemen, is the real, true, and genuine skull of Oliver Cromwell when he was a little boy." Now, undoubtedly, Oliver Cromwell was once a little boy, but he developed and became a man. So every human conception was once in its infancy in the days of the primitive savage; but, like Oliver Cromwell, it develops and grows up to its full stature.

The analyst who explains a thing by describing the primitive ingredients from which they suppose it to have sprung, is like unto the man who offered a hungry pauper

a few grains of wheat instead of a loaf of bread, telling him that one was just the same as the other, for every loaf of bread has originally been nothing else than a few grains of corn. Yes, but the pauper dies. Give him the loaf and he lives.

Analysis (useful and even necessary as it is) means grubbing in farm yard manure to explain and account for the sweet bread we eat, seeing nothing in the brilliant diamond but black charcoal, resolving the glorious beams of the sun into undulations of ether, and the ineffable bliss of which human nature is capable into an agitated condition of the medulla oblongata. Analysis is the death of illusion (so called), and illusion (so called) alone means life. To the eye of pure analytic science faith, hope, charity, and all human passions and imaginations are all "illusion."

Dr. H. Maudesley blowing his professional trumpet and proclaiming aloud that "There is nothing like leather," says that the theologian and the lawyer are absolutely dependent upon the physician's knowledge. From one point of view this may be called true. The theologian talks about the bread of life. But life in the soul cannot exist without life in the body and the bread that nourishes that life. Then if the scientist analyzes further still, he comes at last to the manure that grows the corn that makes the bread that makes the body. Then the analytic soul is satisfied. Man is resolved into manure. The theologian's teaching rests upon physical researches. The bread of life means guano. No wonder materialism is called the dirt philosophy.

"The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God." What does this mean put in modern phraseology? It means that the analyzings and logical argumentations men in this world think so clever are small things, in

fact, as are all manifestations of single and isolated faculties of the mind. They have their uses, especially as helps towards the making of steam engines and other serviceable instruments; but the only really great psychical results are the results of the whole of human nature acting harmoniously. The most extraordinary analyzers and reasoners are generally completely without the higher spiritual faculties. So what can their conclusions be worth, except in mere material matters, such as constructing mowing machines, or finding out how far off the fixed star Sirius is?—things we, nevertheless, undoubtedly want to know. Still, such things, even according to Matthew Arnold, only pertain to one-eighth of human life, but, I think, to very much less still. Surely material science cannot form anything like one-eighth of the happiness or "life" of nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand.

People talk of the infidelity that comes of science and analysis in these days, but the thing is as old as the hills. It simply means the deformity of mind that arises when a man has cultivated only one small part of himself. "There are two things I abhor," says Mahomet, "the learned in his infidelities and the fool in his devotions."

What is a learned infidel? A ship with no life or motion in it is called water-logged. So a scientific infidel may be called logic-logged. St. Paul tells us "To avoid vain babblings and oppositions of science, falsely so called." Deformity of soul is a very old story. Some men are full of facts, and may be called knowledge-logged; they are very helpless people. Their minds are nothing but memory, and they cannot draw even the simplest inference. In consequence of their knowledge their judgement is often appealed to; but they have none.

Some, on the other hand, can do nothing except form inferences, but the results come to no good, for having no memory for facts, they have nothing upon which to form their inferences. These are the men who will manufacture clever, ingenious, nonsensical theories by the yard. If in trade they speculate and ruin themselves. The man without facts is a steam engine without coal; the man with only facts is the coal without the steam engine.

"I protest," writes Sydney Smith to F. Jeffrey, "against your unprofitable scepticism. I exhort you to restrain your violent tendency to analysis, and to cultivate the synthetical virtues. What is virtue? What is the use of truth? What is the use of honor? What is a guinea but a damned yellow circle? The effect of your life is to destroy. You kick down the houses of others, because you think them bad and never attempt the more honorable task of building better ones yourself."

The materialism of the mere analyzer may be looked upon as an opposite thing to Christianity. Christianity means the right working of the Godly passions. Analyzing materialism means the negation of all passion.

Materialists write books to prove and spread their opinions, their beliefs and want of beliefs; but these opinions and negations of beliefs are their own business nobody else's. Christianity or the right working of the Godly passions is the condition of spiritual health and of all happiness that can be called happiness, just as food is the condition of bodily health and ease. If a man refuses to eat food he dies that is all, but it is his own business. If a man has nothing Godly (as it is called) in him he dies spiritually that is all. He becomes

unhappy and restless and discontented, and without the peace of God or of any other kind, like Schoppenhauer the king of the school. But it is his own business.

Materialistic ways of mind come generally from inborn deficiencies, or from habits of vice, or from habits of analysis, or from the loss of passions that sometimes attends old age, or from all these put together.

Some men never grow old in soul. Men of genius sometimes do not.

Many a man who would be astonished to hear himself called a Godly man to any degree, is really one in a very high degree ; that is full of unselfish happiness or energy himself and the cause of it in others.

Gœthe says that " a man is of importance in this world not in proportion to the works he leaves behind him, but in proportion as he is happy himself and make others happy." As a rule a man makes others happy in proportion as he is happy himself.

Christianity looked on as a science is the science of human happiness—looked on in truth it is the happiness itself.

I can fancy some foolish person after reading what I have said about analysis, asking " What then is the use of analysis and scientific investigations" ? But (to say nothing about steam engines, telegraphs, and numerous mere practical though most useful conveniences) there are other uses of far greater importance. One is the faith they tend to produce in the uniform working of nature. It is only inference ; we see no actual uniformity in things, for no two leaves or grains of sand are exactly alike, but we learn to believe in uniform principles, or what we foolishly call laws for want of a better term, and thus we rise above much vulgar superstition, and learn the truth of the old teaching that " in God there is

no variableness neither shadow of turning." Unscientific barbarians, whether nominally Christian or otherwise, seem to think that the government of the universe is an anarchy instead of the truth that it is orderly to a degree and in ways miraculous and inconceivable by man. These people think that the divine ruler specially interferes every now and then when the disorder becomes unbearable, or even whenever something happens which is unusual and not within the range of their little experiences and knowledge (as they call it). In fact those on whom science has not cast any of its light are extremely apt to agree with Schoppenhauer and the pessimists that the whole creation is one vast bungle. An ignorant barbarian sees for the first time in his life a comet. He thinks it a frightful and miraculous prodigy, and an infraction of the uniform working of nature. He is terrified out of his senses and at once sacrifices several of his children in order to induce his favorite fetish to preserve him from it. The man of science does not understand much more about comets than the savage, but he makes inferences from things of which he does partially understand the uniformity, and thus arrives at faith in comets being not infractions of the uniform order of nature, but only rare manifestations of certain more or less unknown forms of force and matter. He arrives at this faith in spite of the thing being incomprehensible to his understanding. So it is with other manifestations that are called miraculous, and supposed to be infractions of uniformity. New spiritual forces and Godly passions are born in some exalted and divine soul; and some new manifestations necessarily appear along side to match. The ignorant man thinks these manifestations are infractions of the uniformity of nature; but the man of intelligence and scientific culture seeing uniformity of

principle in all those things which are within his mind's reach, has faith that these also instead of being infractions of uniformity, are only rare manifestations of some unknown forms of spiritual force, which are not within his mind's reach.

I need hardly say that the uniformity is in the principles and not in the things themselves, for there is no uniformity in things. To give one instance out of innumerable ones. Zymotic fevers arise on the uniform principle that foul air breathed or foul water drunk breeds fever. But no two cases of fever are ever exactly alike. There is no uniformity in the cases themselves. A barbarian or ignorant person sees a man struck down by fever ; there is no cause for it manifest to his senses, so he concludes it is a supernatural infraction of the uniform course of nature—an infraction caused by the devil or by witches, or by diabolical ammalculœ, or by germs of minute malignant funguses. But a really scientific mind knows that all this is only in the imagination, and that there is no infraction of uniformity at all, for that these diseases are brought about upon the uniform principle that foul air breeds fever. This cannot in some cases be traced, but he infers it from the uniformity of cause and of principle shown where it can be traced, and he totally disbelieves in the devil or in witches, or in malevolent animalculœ having had anything whatever to do with the matter. At the same time he is conscious of the fallibility of all human knowledge, and, therefore, always keeps his mind open and ready to believe on sufficient evidence in the action of witches in the matter, or of wicked funguses, or even of the devil himself.

The uniformity of principle that reigns throughout the universe is absolutely miraculous and marvellous.

What conceivable power can it be that prevents confusion and collision, that keeps each one of the innumerable heavenly bodies on its own right road, and that makes one mass of inert matter appear to draw another mass of inert matter towards itself; and not only that, but in so regular a way that it seems as if they all agreed to pull each other on the same principle, that is, inversely as the square of the distance. What force can it be that compels all things to keep in their own proper places with the strictest punctuality in time? Of course, the mere existence of matter is an insoluble mystery. But given a material universe the natural thing for man to expect would be chaos, disorder, and lawlessness. Indeed, the natural savage man does believe in nothing else. It is only after ages of culture and patient observation that men learn the astounding and miraculous truth, that all things work in accordance with uniform principles.

Still, strictly speaking, we can only say we believe in the uniformity of nature by faith. There is no proof.

Mr. Mill, no doubt, tries to prove it, but in rather a hazy way. He says that the general assumption of the uniformity of nature rests upon particular cases of induction; and that these particular cases of induction rest upon the general assumption of the uniformity of nature. Rather circular arguing this for a great logician.

"Why, Pat," said his master to an Irish hodman, who was putting up a scaffolding round a building, "why, Pat, that white spar will fall down." "No it won't, y're honour, it's tied to the black one." "Yes, but what is the black one tied to.?" "Sure, but can't y're honour see that it's tied to the white one?"

But Mr. Mill is full of inconsistencies, and in other places argues that we have no reason to believe in an

uniformity beyond the range of our senses and powers of observation, and that in distant nebulæ 2 and 2 very likely make 5.

Again, the evils, the wickedness, and the lunacy that arise from the absence of the critical, discriminating, analyzing, and logical faculties are, of course, infinite. A friend of Robinson's called Jackson was sadly hipped about himself, and at last got to believe that he was made of glass, as, in fact, many hypochondriacs have done before. He even refused to sit down, except on the softest substances for fear of being broken. Robinson demonstrated to him in every possible manner that this was not and could not be the case; but he always got the same answer, namely, "Your argument appears conclusive, and your proofs irresistible; still they are false, because I feel and therefore know that I am made of glass." Robinson was at his wit's end. He did not know what to do. At length, one day observing Jackson wishing to sit down but not daring to do so, Robinson, solely for his friend's good and with the view of proving experimentally to him that he was suffering under a delusion, and that there was no glass to break, even if he were to sit down on the hardest chair that could be made—Robinson, I say, who had been standing in front of his friend arguing with the utmost earnestness, and endeavouring to convince him of his error—I repeat, that Robinson all at once quitted his position in front of his friend, and as the only chance he could think of to convince him, gave him a very hard kick, as hard a one, indeed, as he could. Then he resumed his former position, and proceeded to point out with the utmost clearness, logical precision, and perspicuity, that if he, Jackson, were really made of glass, such a kick as he had just received must necssarily have broken him to

pieces, but that as he was not broken to pieces, he could not possibly be made of glass. Jackson had on receiving the kick at once turned himself round, and in the utmost state of agitation looked all about on the ground for the broken pieces of glass, and the fact that he found none, together with his friend's admirably clear demonstration for a moment staggered him ; but it was only for a moment ; the next he was as firm as ever in his old delusion. At last there was nothing for it but to put him into a lunatic asylum, where he has lived ever since, and where they humour his fancies and allow him excellent air cushions. It will be seen that Jackson's folly and lunacy arose from his inability to make use of that small but absolutely essential little bit of human nature whose function it is to reason and turn out logical inferences, correct, convincing, and strong enough to regulate his fancies and feelings. There are a sad number of Jacksons in the world in a more or less advanced stage of development.

"The human mind," said Luther, "is like a drunken man on horseback ; prop him up on one side and over he topples on the other." So it is (in our latitudes at least) at the present day. The human mind is toppling over on the side of scientific analysis ; so we want some influence to get it straight again, though, no doubt, as soon as it is straight it will only topple over on the other side. Still, this is the rhythmical way the world advances, and progress is made, or retrogression as the case may be. In two hundred years the reaction from dry science will be at its highest, and if I should happen to be alive then I intend to write a book against unreasoning superstition and in favour of cold logic, of analysis and of materialism.

I now return from this digression about analysis to the subject of faith. So true is it that we "live by faith," and not by knowledge, that if it were possible for a man really to disbelieve in everything but his own sensations, as Mr. Mill tells us we ought to do, and to act out this disbelief he would be dead in a week. What keeps a man alive is the unceasing stimulus that comes from interest in what is external to self. Destroy faith in the existence of that, (supposing such a thing possible), and life must cease.

Faith in the truth of human nature, and in numberless things, which cannot be proved to the understanding, is the most essential of all the parts of human nature. Without faith there can be little hope, little joy. The writings, therefore, of a man without faith can be good for very little, however ingenious they may be. This throws into the waste paper basket a vast quantity of German philosophy. Hegel rightly condemned Kant for holding that the fact of all men believing a thing to be true, proves it to be false. The first to be thrown into the basket must be the works of Feuerbach, the foundation-stone of his philosophy being that, as it cannot be proved to the understanding that there is any actual objective being answering to a man's idea of God, the idea is nothing but an idea in his own mind. If writing is false, its being clever only makes it so much the greater rubbish. All books, even novels, written by disciples of these philosophers, are generally hopeless melancholy affairs. Mr. Mill's own writings are said, with truth, to breathe throughout joyless discontent and despair of human nature.

Instead of the fact of all men believing a thing to be true proving it to be false, a wise man has faith that it shows the thing to be true—dimly true only of course as

seen through a glass darkly, and falling infinitely short of absolute and complete truth; still true.

There is much deeper truth than most people see in the words, "If thou eatest (solely) of the fruit of the tree of knowledge thou shalt surely die." Mr. Mills' philosophy is sometimes called nihilism. The world is carried on by division of labour; so abstract thinkers have their proper place in it. But can they all be called quite living men? The fruits of the spirit are hope, reverence, what Mr. Gladstone calls that highest form of virtue "holiness," joy, faith, cheerfulness, &c.; life, in fact, to put them all in one word. But long-continued habits of abstract thought notoriously tend to destroy these things, and thus he who has such habits "shall surely die" more or less; nothing is left of him but reasoning; that is abstraction; that is trance; that is stagnation of blood; that is death more or less; and his works will usually be more of the destructive, critical, and negative order, than of the creative and positive order. Still many things want destroying. All foul ignorances and superstitions want sweeping away; so in classifying writers, the analyzing and criticising kind are sometimes called "the scavengers." And useful work they do. They are like the fault-finders of every day life, useful in a negative, but not edifying in a positive way. Pullers down, not builders up.

Men are often different from their books, but to judge from his later writings and speeches, Mr. Mill (when he descends from his transcendentals) seems to come under the head of "Misanthropic Philanthropists." That is to say, he seems to hate the world and all its ways as God has made them, but he dreams philanthropic dreams about the very different manner *he* would have done it. He is like the great philosopher, who taught that hunger

was but a clumsy contrivance for the regulation of eating; that the love of parents for their children was one of nature's bungles; and the feeling that is natural between the sexes a mistake altogether. Mr. Mill seems to believe in the world being regenerated by philosophers, not seeing that, regardless of dreamers, it is always being slowly and surely regenerated, assimilating the good grain and letting all the theoretical chaff blow away. Frederick the Great said, "If I wanted to ruin a country I would set the philosophers to govern it." The whining carpers at man, as God has made him to suit each era in which he lives, should remember that among the fruits of the spirit, St. Paul makes no mention whatever of an irritable craving for detraction, nor of discontent, nor of dyspepsia. Not that the class, as a rule, care a straw what St. Paul says. But that does not make his words any less words of wisdom.

There can be no doubt that abstraction of mind, want of vitality, languid circulation of the blood, and defective digestion, are all apt to be connected together. Tissot lays at the door of habitual abstraction of the intellect, and book work, gout, tumours, inflammations, apoplexies, convulsions, &c.—In one phrase, want of the spiritual life which keeps the blood going, and the body healthy. The perfection of abstraction seems to have been reached by the mystics of former times. We are told that by earnestly transposing their self consciousness to the pits of their stomachs, they had the power of merging themselves into the absolute divinity, which appeared to them as a pure white light. For some days they lived on bread and water. Sunk into profound silence, they turned their eyes in deep concentration of soul to the point of the nose, and then the white light appeared. I doubt not that this account is substantially true. The

white light probably really meant idiotic vacancy of mind.

Communists, like Mr. Mill, socialists, and philosophic radicals coolly talk of regenerating society, as if it were the easiest thing in the world. But a man loves property as a sheep loves grass. Possibly the latter might, after a few thousand generations and careful selection, be regenerated into loathing the sight of grass. So men in time may loath the idea of possessing property.

Communism, in some few cases, arises from a generous utopianism, combined with a fervid imagination, and ignorance of history and of human nature. But more commonly it arises from enviousness and discontentedness of disposition, combined with the idea, so common amongst vulgar people, that happiness has something to do with riches. This tone of mind is illustrated by the story of the whipper-in, when he was asked about his ex-fellow-whip "Jem" who had lately come in for a little money. "Oh," he said, "Jem's as happy as the day is long. He is livin the life of a hangel—eatin, and drinkin, and cussin, and swearin, and doin nothink."

The author of "Ginx's Baby" has an ingenious theory about the communistic tone of mind. Trying to account for the fact that shoemakers are especially subject to it, he supposes that the cramped position of body they are compelled to adopt for so many hours every day, tends to produce a state of chronic indigestion, and the ill-conditioned and discontented frame of mind which always accompanies that distressing malady. If this theory is true, it throws a flood of light upon the whole phenomenon of communism. Undoubtedly few people consider the inevitable connection that exists between discontent and dyspepsia, as also between content and a high degree of health.

Half-educated people, who seize hold of the letter of some badly translated text that suits their theories, but who are incapable of seeing the general spirit of things, or of understanding the metaphorical and unprecise nature of Oriental language, often say, that Christianity means communism, and it is true that the early Christians thought so and tried to carry it out. The result was of course what it always has been, and always must be in the end. Pauperism, idleness, and wretchedness, and constant appeals "to distribute to the necessity of the saints."

The conclusion of a writer in the *Quarterly Review* is to the effect, that Mr. Mill, as a man, is quite a different thing from Mr. Mill, as a writer and philosopher. I doubt not that this is so. But what the public has to do with, is his system of philosophy, as contained in his writings.

Mr. Mill had the misfortune to be born with Benthamism in his blood. Utilitarianism was the family philosophy. Just as a young pointer, immediately a partridge for the first time is presented to his notice, stands with his tail stretched out in a straight line, for a quarter of an hour, in opposition to the instincts of his progenitors, before the trick was taught them ; so a man, born and bred to utilitarianism, immediately a question in moral philosophy is for the first time presented to his notice, propounds a utilitarian solution of it, in direct opposition to the whole human race. By the misfortune of his birth, Mr. Mill is a great loss to mankind, for his mental power was very great. But if the key note of a man's philosophy is false, the whole will be false.

A Hint or two about John Stuart Mill.

"Of all destructive philosophers," says a writer in the *Edinbro' Review*, "Mr. Mill is the most destructive,

for he would subvert the eternal truths that are at the basis of society, by denying the rights of property in this world and the hopes of existence hereafter." Again, "Mill with all his courage and honesty, seems to have been aware that if he disclosed his absolute rejection of all the principles of religious faith and accountability to God, which are the rules of life throughout the civilized world, he would stand little chance of obtaining a hearing on any other subject." Again, "His works were wholly destructive and do not contain one practical constructive idea. He only helped to sweep away rubbish."

I have always looked upon J. S. Mill as a sort of decorous Voltaire, but without the charming wit of the latter. In each there is the same craving to destroy all existing things; the same powerful efforts to root up everything that has hitherto served as a foundation upon which the hopes and happiness of mankind have been built, and in each the same pitiable helplessness when asked what must be put up in the place of what they try to pull down. Voltaire has nothing to say. Mill does see the necessity of some building, and tries to answer the question. He says (copying Comte) that mankind n future must substitute for their past faiths and worships reverence for their ancestors and for their descendants—the first as a writer in the *Spectator* newspaper says, "Not having come to much in China whereas the second objects of our veneration would, in all probability, be a set of very great bores"—(bores, that is, if mankind forthwith adopts Mill's philosophy.) Still, in some respects, the minds of these two men were very different. Metaphysical processes of thought may not practically come to much, but, at any rate, Mr. Mill comprehended them. There seems no reason to

suppose this to have been the case with Voltaire. He says, "Quand celui qui parle ne comprend pas ce qu'il dit et celui qui ècoute ne comprend pas ce qu'on lui dit, voila la metaphysique."

Neither when I compare J. S. Mill to Voltaire do I mean that the latter entertained doubts as to the existence of a God. On the contrary he was the first to demonstrate his existence by the simile about a watch, proving the existence of a watchmaker, which argument was afterwards used by Paley. Mr. Mill lost his seat for Westminster in a great measure because he had recommended to a borough that was in search of a member some poor wretch who was only known to the public as a preacher of Atheism, though, no doubt, there were other causes also. One day when he was holding forth to his constituents in favour of women having votes, one of his audience sung out "The missusses have too much power already."

Heine said he once knew a watch at Frankfort which did not believe in the existence of watchmakers. It was a gilt thing, made of tin, and went very badly.

"De mortius nil nisi bonum." Yes, but J. S. Mill is not dead. He still lives and is doing much mischief. Such a writer as he was does not die very quickly.

I deeply regret, says his friend, Mr. Grote, the mischievous teaching of John Mill. I verily believe he is doing more injury than any man in the present day by his socialistic doctrines.

The *Spectator* newspaper says "The general effect of Mill's nature is one of meagreness and pallor."

Mr. Mill is like Strauss and Schoppenhauer in one respect.

The idea that runs through the works of these writers is that all creation is a bungle, and that the creator (if

there be one), is a bungler who has caused nothing but misery in the worlds he has created. These men cannot see the sun for the spots that they think they discover on it.

Thomson asks

> "Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
> His works unwise, of which the smallest part
> Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?"

Horace Walpole says "We are poor silly animals: we live for an instant upon a particle of a boundless universe, and are much like a butterfly that should argue about the nature of the seasons, and what creates their vicissitudes, and does not exist itself long enough to see one annual revolution of them."

"Children and fools," says Archbishop Whateley, "should not see a work that is half done, they not having the sense to make out what the artist is designing. Now, the whole of this world that we see, is to us as a work half done; and thence fools are apt to find fault with Providence."

"J. S. Mill's tone" says J. Martineau, "is one of discontent with the world and all that is therein, disdain of all around him, silence about all above him—a tone that seems to spring from a deep reserve of moral gloom in himself, and afflicting his readers with sadness."

This is quite true. J. S. Mill's life was a life of querulousness. But what is the tone of a man whose soul is grown up to its full stature? This is the way he sings: "Be glad, O ye righteous; rejoice in the Lord and be joyful, all ye that are true of heart . . . The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord."—"I will pour out my heart in the voice of praise and thanksgiving."—"O, clap your hands all ye people; O sing unto the Lord with the voice of melody, sing ye praises

with understanding; magnify him that rideth upon the heavens, as it were, upon a horse; praise him and rejoice before him . . . The righteous shall rejoice in the Lord, and put their trust in Him; and all they that are true of heart shall be glad." This is the way a *man* looks upon the universe and all its wonders, instead of the puling discontent of the mere *philosopher*, because people won't think as he thinks. When I say "a man," of course I mean a fully-developed man, complete in all the righteousnesses and all the passions. Scoundrels are generally wretched enough; so wretched, indeed, that thousands kill themselves, not to mention those who are killed judicially. Mill was no scoundrel. On the contrary, he was a man with a very noble and generous nature. But he was brought up by his Scotch father in a way that proved the latter to be a lunatic; and poor John Stuart was ruined by the process.

James Mill said that religion and belief in God were the principal sources of the miseries and immoralities of mankind. He detested the very words religion, God, duty, &c., &c.; and he tried to bring up his son John Stuart after his own pattern.

John Stuart Mill knew Greek at three years old. Before he was seven he had gone through Æsop, Zenophon, Herodotus, and Plato. Before he was eight, Robertson, Hume, Gibbon, Watson, Hooker, Rollin, Plutarch, and Burnet. Before he was fourteen, Cornelius Nepos, Cæsar, the Iliad, Euclid, Algebra, Virgil, Horace, Livy, Sophocles, Euripedes, Aristophanes, Demosthenes, Dionysius, Polybius, Aristotle, Geometry, Anacreon, Differential Calculus, Mitford, Ferguson, Hobbes, Quintilian, Adam Smith, Ricardo, and the Bullion controversy. Poor John Stuart Mill! How was it that he survived his

childhood? How was it that he was not an idiot for life? As he did survive, how was it that his life was not a greater failure even than it was?

J. S. Mill is often called an Atheist and a Communist. But what would any one with a less noble nature than his have been with such a Godless, heartless, dutyless, conscienceless bringing up as his? Almost any one else would have turned out a member of the criminal classes; not, of course, of the ruffianly Bill Sykes type, but of the swindling, forging, secret poisoning order. To come out scatheless from such an educational ordeal as John Mill passed through under the hands of that terrible cast-iron mad Scotch father of his, would have required a nature præternaturally angelic and superhuman.

Perfect views and opinions, as far as they can be perfect, mean the views and opinions of a perfect man who has had a perfect education. But J. S. Mill, admirable as I belive his nature to have been, received the worst education I ever heard of. One of the most essential parts of education is boy companionship and boy pursuits during boyhood. This was denied to him by his father on principle. His mental training whilst a child, in a great degree, consisted in ingenious arguments being set him by his Father with some slight flaw in the logic. If he failed to find the flaw, John Stewart, as I infer from his own autobiography, was punished. I look upon this training as far more deleterious to the mind than if his Father had spent the time in teaching his son thimble rig, and whipping him whenever he failed in deceiving his Father as to which thimble the pea was under. The result was the inevitable one. J. S. Mill became an analysing machine for turning out logical inferences; and no one knew this so well as poor Mill himself, and he tells us in his autobiography that when

he grew up and first became conscious of this to be the case he was miserable, and for a year or two was almost out of his mind. His only pleasure was to find out what he thought flaws in the constitution of things, and to work out in his mind remedies that might lead to the greater happiness of mankind, but as he says himself he found that about the happiness itself of mankind he did not care a straw. He was so wretched when he found this to be the case that he was almost committing suicide, and really I cannot see why he did not. If a man has no faith, no hope, and no joy in anything but himself and the analysing operations of his own mind, and if besides this he believes the constitution of every thing in the world to be bad, the manifestly correct logical inference must be that the sooner he goes out of the world the better ; and if the man is wholly and solely made up of logical inferences, what is there to prevent his bringing this about ?

I say it is a wonder that J. S. Mill grew up a sane man, considering the way he was brought up by his Father—a hard Scotchman, made of steel filings and horse shoe nails. A keen-headed, bad-tempered, cold-hearted, religionless, energetic, stocial, bigoted partisan of a narrow philosophical sect. We learn from J. S. Mill that he feared his father, but did not love him, which is perhaps not altogetber to be wondered at.

Mr. Grote says that scorn and hatred of the higher classes (meaning every body richer than himself) reigned in James Mill's mind to a degree amounting to fanaticism.

It is no wonder that J. S. Mill was an unhappy and discontented man. " He that slighteth the God's," says Æschylus, shall in due time pay the penalty. He seemed too not to know the meaning of the word humility. Now Æschylus says that " humility" is one of the foundation

stones of happiness, and pride carrieth in her hand a rod of chastisement. "Learn humility" says Euripides, "for the Gods chastise the proud."

The great poets are far wiser men than the philosophers, for they include in themselves more of human nature. They can see with their imaginations far more than the philosophers can find out by their logic and reasonings.

"Happiness," says Sophocles, "is a fruit that groweth in the garden of God only."

James Mill, as we learn from his son, did not believe in happiness or in joy. Of course he did not. Such men cannot. The marvel is that he too did not commit suicide.

A writer in the *Westminster Review*, defending J. S. Mill, says, that he had in the highest degree "the enthusiasm of humanity" in the abstract, but none in the concrete; and that he detested the society of his fellow-creatures. This means, in fact, that he enthusiastically loved the abstract idea "man," but hated men. The writer in the *Review* may call this a defence, but it is really one of the severest things ever said against Mill. The "enthusiasm of humanity" merely means enthusiasm about an ideal hobby of a heated imagination. It is a craze, and the subject of this craze is a nothing—an abstract notion of the brain—a metaphysical idea, to use Comte's expression—a mere word, the word "man" or "humanity;" a word used for convenience to represent a number of individual men or men in the concrete, and quite without meaning when separated from this concrete. But our reviewer says Mill had no love for this latter, so his enthusiasm was merely for the notion itself, that is, for a bit of his own mind.

He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how shall he love humanity whom he hath not seen. The author of "The Natural History of Enthusiasm," well shows that enthusiasm of the mere imagination means heartlessness in reality. But poor J. S. Mill was not naturally heartless, whatever the Westminster Reviewer may say. He was a man with a noble though rather weak nature, ruined in early life by an insane education.

Mill's idea of the wretchedness of man came partly from his seeing some people in worldly circumstances inferior to those of others, and stupidly concluding that they must in consequence be miserable. He called this injustice, and resented it bitterly. Mr. Hannay talks of the intense appreciation of material comforts common to all men of the radical and materialistic type. Now, men with great insight, such as Goethe and Euripides, say that putting aside the depths of penury, external material circumstances have nothing to do with happiness. Christ says the same in his peculiar manner. "The kingdom of God is within you." It may be safely said that no man when in a perfect state of mental and bodily health ever used Mill's language about the misery of human life.

Seneca thought rich men were generally unhappy. He said, "Magna fortuna magna servitus." At least, I think it was Seneca. Heine, the poet, looked on rich men as such an unhappy class, that he thought benevolent societies ought to be organized for the improvement of their spiritual condition.

Christ looked upon rich men as generally so wanting in that joy and peace, which is the outward and visible manifestation in this world of what he called a state of salvation, that he made use of the popular proverbial

expression of his day to express a thing that is difficult; and said, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven," which kingdom of heaven, he says in another place, is "within a man."

Nothing shows the curious shallowness of J. S. Mill's marvellously acute and logical mind, than his belief that the possession of riches means the possession of happiness, and his consequently unceasing complaints of injustice in the constitution of things, which results in some being richer than others; whereas, beyond a very moderate competence, the possession of riches has nothing to do with happiness, except in as far as they lead to engrossing occupation. It is the *pursuit* of riches that gives happiness from occupation, and this is common to all. And yet Mr. Mill is always weakly whining because some are rich and others are poor. Sir B. Brodie, far wiser than Mill, looks upon the lot of an agricultural labourer in good work and full wages as one of the happiest on earth, and describes the misery and often suicide he has known amongst rich men, simply because they are rich men, with all they can wish for, and therefore without object in life.

One mistake of Mr. Mill and the mere thinkers is in supposing that man lives by logical ratiocination and its results, instead of the truth that he lives by the passions of faith, hope, and joy. Mr. Mill and his school have on principle no faith, so they have no hope and no joy. These three things are as closely joined as the Siamese Twins. If one dies the others die also. "Knowledge of premises and inferences upon them," this, says Father Newman, is not to "live."

Mr. Mill believed in nothing but the results of logic, and his style is for the most part strictly logical. "The

style," says Edgar Poe, "of the profound thinker is never strictly logical. Truth for truths sake is seldom so expressed." One reason of this is that an argument so strictly logical as to leave no room for objection to creep in, must at the same time be so wordy that nobody would read it. But there are other reasons also.

Mr. Mill possessed the radical spirit in one of its essences, namely, discontent with the existing state of things, merely because it is the existing state of things and a craving for alteration for alterations sake. He even worshipped eccentricity for itself, quite independently of the right or wrong direction of it, because eccentricity is a practical protest against the ways of men—ways which he hated simply because they are the ways of men.

Mr. Mill was the exact opposite of Lord Thurlow. A deputation of nonconformists once waited on Lord Thurlow to propound their grievances about the established church. After listening to them for awhile, Lord Thurlow cut them short and said, "Gentlemen, I am against you. I am an upholder of the established church. Not that I care for the established church, but I uphold it, because it is the established church. Get your d——nd sect established in its place, and then I will uphold it. I wish you good morning, gentlemen.'

The innovator for innovations sake is a very old institution in the world. "Alter not," says Æschylus, "ancient customs with meddlesome innovations. If thou troublest clear water, thou wilt lose thy drink."

A writer in the *Times* says that Mr. Mill was a sceptic of no common order. That he was the apostle of the philosophy of unbelief—the philosophy that leads straight to materialism; that he made war against marriage and property, and that his wrong-headedness caused an infinity of mischief."'

Mr. Mill lived much in France, and was half a Frenchman in his ideas. Marriage without children is the French ideal of human life. The idea is that if there are no children the parents will have more money to spend upon themselves. This was Mr. Mill's ideal also —that is, to a certain degree—his complete ideal seems to have been no marriage and no children ; but if any, at any rate, no more than two, that is, just enough to replace the parents. Of course, if this were universally acted on, what with diseases and deaths amongst children, there would soon be no parents to replace. The world would be depopulated. But like all men whose sense of right and wrong depends solely on their logical faculty, Mr. Mill was very inconsistent ; for, though he never failed in his attacks upon marriage in the ordinary sense of the word, he had a strong leaning towards Mormonism, and was much shocked at the intolerant remarks that were made upon the habits of the Mormons. Mr. Mill was strongly in favour of complete tolerance (in matters he approved of.) Intolerant attacks upon Christianity, marriage, and human society as it is constituted he bore with much fortitude ; so much so, that he refrained from condemnation in such cases.

Mr. Mill's philosophy is founded on the idea of restricted experience.

Professor Tyndal says that H. Spencer's overthrow of J. S. Mill's philosophy of restricted experience is complete. Then what is the good of a philosophy that is completely overthrown ?

Mr. Mill is for believing in one's own sensations alone, but not in anything external which causes them. He is like the philosopher in Molière's play, who says to a man who is writhing about after receiving a tremendous thrashing, " Il ne faut pas dire que vous avez reçue des

coups de bâton mais qu' il vous semble que vous en avez recues.'

This point of view, familiar as it may be to philosophers, is so different from that of the generality of people, that, perhaps, I had better give an illustration of it. For this purpose it may be as well to choose some word which is generally understood. I think the word "kiss" will do, for it is a word about the meaning of which most people fancy they have a rather clear idea, yet this idea, Mr. Mill tells us, is totally wrong. What then is a kiss? It is nothing but a great number of sensations tied up into a bundle and then called a "kiss." Firstly there are certain sensations of what we call touch, such as softness, smoothness, aud warmth in the neighbourhood of that bundle of sensations we call the mouth; then there are certain sensations of hearing, such as a labial sound and, perhaps, a rustling of silk; there are certain sensations of smell, such as of eau-de cologne, of Jockey Club, or of Haberdashery; there are certain sensations of sight, such as—well these sensations differ very much in different cases. Then there are, what may be called, sensations of the mind, such as a sensation of a certain degree of what can be only described as a feeling of reciprocity—a sensation as of affectionateness—a sensation as of general gratification—a sensation as of "this being the best of all possible worlds"—a sensation as of universal benevolence. In addition to these there are sensations of the imagination without end and number. All these sensations then clubbed together form a bundle which we call collectively a "kiss"; but that there is in the matter any actual something kissed the understanding has no warrant to assert, and, therefore, there is no reason for believing. Such is the idealist's creed. And let not the unphiloso-

phic mind laugh all this to scorn as nothing better than gibberish. Men in all ages have come to similiar conclusions, and they have generally been men of unusually powerful intellect in other respects. Their failing has been not want of intellect, but employing their intellect upon things that are too great for it; trying in fact to fly above themselves. If my intellect came to conclusions like those of Mr. Mill I should not believe what my intellect told me. I should believe not my intellect but myself, and in the particular case I have given above by way of illustration, I feel convinced that if I were ever to give anybody a kiss I should firmly believe that I had kissed some actual object external to myself even though I might find it impossible to prove this to be the case to any third party like Mr. Mill, who chose to deny the fact, or even to my own mere understanding when I investigated the matter only analytically, and argued it logically.

Here we may see how, although we can say of many things, "I am certain" from faith amounting to subjective certitude; we can never say "it is certain," which means that it can be proved to the understanding of any person of ordinary intelligence. We will suppose that J. S. Mill is present on the occasion of this kiss. Now, J. S. Mill, a man of far more than ordinary intelligence, denies altogether in this case the existence of the external kissed object. He says that what I thought I did was nothing but my own sensations, and that what according to the common way of putting it, he saw, was nothing but a bundle of his own sensations.

I say the idealist employs his intellect on things that are too hard for it. First he tries to build the bridge between subject and object—between spirit and matter; but he does not build it for it cannot be built by man.

Secondly, he not only tries to go over the bridge he has never built, but he believes that he does so.

Perhaps the greatest scientific man of the age is Faraday. He by another road comes to a very similar conclusion to those of Berkeley, Hume, Mill, and the idealists, resolving matter into nothing but centres of force. But this again only means that he tries to explain the inexplicable, to comprehend the incomprehensible, and to know the unknowable. Still, people should try everything, or they will end in content with ignorance and stagnation.

Faraday approaches the question from the side of matter, Mill and the metaphysicians from the side of mind; and both arrive at what is practically the same conclusion.

J. S. Mill is accused of keeping silence during his life time about his religious disbeliefs for fear of the odium that follows upon the avowal of infidelity; but whatever may be said of his reticence upon these subjects, his courage and honesty in running counter to his own party in political questions is worthy of all praise. For instance, about the custom of primogeniture, he says, "It should be allowed to a proprietor who leaves to one of his successors the moral burden of keeping up an ancestral mansion and park or pleasure ground to bestow along with them as much other property as is required for their sufficient maintenance."

Again, about America. Whilst his party, with Mr. Bright at the head, worship everything American, Mr. Mill strongly condemns a state of society where "the whole of one sex is devoted to dollar hunting, and of the other sex to breeding dollar hunters."

Thus wrote Mill upon these subjects, though later on in life, after he had, as he tells us, under his wife's

influence became a socialist, he removed from his former works much matter that he found to be inconsistent with socialism. The extraordinary influence exercised over him by his wife, arose from that want of strength of *character* so often observed in those whose mere reasoning and analytic powers have been abnormally developed.

A Hint or two about Primogeniture.

On the side of the English custom of primogeniture, the truth is as follows. The object of a father in making his will ought to be and generally is the happiness of his children. It is a common-place amongst studiers of human nature, that beyond a very moderate competence riches have nothing to do with happiness, but that some engrossing occupation has a very great deal to do with it. Now, if a moderately rich man divides his property equally amongst his sons, he by so doing provides each of them with sufficient to keep him idle, but not sufficient to occupy his time; that is, he provides that each of his sons shall be unhappy. But if he leaves a large property to one son, that son is fully occupied in looking after it, and, therefore, he is happy; whilst the others go into professions, which fully occupy them, and therefore they are happy too. Paley said that the custom of "primogeniture" was good, because the result of it is that only one son in each family is idle and good for nothing. But this view is only very partially true in England. A rich Englishman generally occupies himself very actively. If a man has so large a property that he can leave each of his sons enough to give him full occupation, there seems no reason why he should not do so. Keeping vast riches accumulated in one family merely from family pride or vanity is, of course, like all prides and vanities, despicable.

From a national point of view there is this also to be said about "primogeniture." Nothing is so bad for a country as to be full of idle men with small independencies. Again permanency is good. I am, says Thomas Carlyle, "for permanency in everything; even the horse does his work better if he sticks to the same work in the same place." Trades remain permanently in families. We have hereditary tailors and hereditary shoemakers; and the country is by so much the gainer, for it gets better coats, boots, and shoes from these trades being hereditary. So it is in all things, from shoes up to land.

Mr. Marsh, an American, in his work entitled "Man and Nature," regrets this want of permanency in America, calling it unfavourable for the execution of improvements of every sort, and especially of those which are slow in repaying the capital expended on them. "It requires," he says, "a very generous spirit in a land-holder to plant a wood or lay out a farm which he knows will pass out of the hands of his descendants at his death." The consequence is that the plantations are not planted and the farms are badly farmed.

Again, primogeniture is favourable to "the family principle." Many thinking men believe that the ruin of France (as far as she is ruined) has much to do with the destruction of "the family" by its laws of compulsory division of property.

I now return to J. S. Mill.

Mr. Mill in so many words condemns the feeling of reverence or looking up. He also speaks with great scorn of the feeling of wonder. The word humility, too, was imcomprehensible to him. Of faith in anything that cannot be known and understood he seems to have been quite incapable.

What strange differences there are in the teachings of our (so-called) great teachers of the day.

Mr. Ruskin tells us that "joy, humility, and usefulness always go together," and that "true genius distinguishes itself by discerning firmly what to admire and whom to obey."

On the other hand Mr. Mill teaches that humility is a fault, that joy is out of place in human society, that to wonder at anything is weakness and folly, and that obedience is a degrading propensity.

Again, on the other hand, Carlyle says that wonder and reverence are the conditions of insight and the sources of intellectual strength—that faith is prior to knowledge and deeper too—and that empirical science can but play on the surface of unfathomable mysteries.

The universe is infinitely wonderful, mysterious, and awful. He, therefore, who does not experience this wonder and admiration is inert and pig-like just by so much as he does not do so. Now, Mr. Mill speaks with scorn of wonder as the sign of a weak mind. But Bacon says, "admiratio est semen sapientiæ"; and Plato says, that the divinity that is in man is the daughter of wonder, which is simply Plato's way of putting what I have expressed above, by saying that some men are like pigs.

The complete man who is all there, is so impressed by the wonder of the universe that he breaks out into a song of adoring joy, and says, "Thou art the God that doeth wonders"—"blessed be the Lord God who alone doeth wondrous things"—"blessed be the name of His majesty for ever"—"all the earth shall be filled with His majesty"—"Say unto the Lord how wonderful art Thou in Thy works"—"the greatness of Thy mercy reacheth unto the heavens, and Thy truth unto the

clouds." This is the natural language of the fully developed man in the prime of life—before his soul has lost its fire, when his blood flows freely in his veins, or before trance, analysis, and abstraction have made him old and torpid before his time. But Mr. Mill, writing about Sedwick, says scornfully, "and here he begins wondering! Theologians are always wondering!"

The lightning glares, and the thunder roars, but the pig in the fold yard goes on eating his barley meal and thinks nothing of it. The heavens open and a ladder is disclosed, along which angels ascend and descend. But the philosopher is not going to wonder—not he. He goes to examine what the spokes are made of. He has no time for wondering and nonsense.

There is a story of an old Yorkshire labourer who was observed to be silent and abstracted. Upon being questioned it turned out that he was in a state of bewilderment at contemplating the wonders of the universe. He said "When I thinks of them telegraphs, when I thinks of them cometts, when I thinks of them steam engines a fizzlin and a boomin throoff t' coontry, and when I thinks of the airth a troondlin roond sun as fawlks says it diz, I'se quite daazed and stagnaated." And the fact is if it were not for the insensibility that is in man, this dazed state would be his natural state. If we could only realize the awful wonder of everything, and see it as it is, we should all pass our lives in a state of paralysis from astonishment. From this condition we are fortunately saved by the limitation of our faculties, and by what Gœthe calls the providential frivolity of our nature. Still to be too frivolous is to be an idiot.

J. S. Mill says that when society is re-organised the old virtues are to be changed into prudence and justice. Now, no one, not even any Utilitarian philosopher ever

said a more foolish thing than this. Virtue is eternally the same. That is (in its highest or absolute form), it is active, inspired, passionate, unselfishness, and delight in or sympathy with all things, unconscious of self, like Christ (as we believe him to have been). In its lower forms it has to be combined with more or less conscious striving after this state.

"When activity is highest," says F. Maurice, "it becomes self-forgetfulness."

By justice Mill seems to have meant desire for equality in external circumstances.

Prudence means a man taking good care of himself.

Mr. Mill passed his whole life trying to re-organise society.

There is always a good deal of risk in trying to re-organise society, especially if the re-organization is only negative, that is if the attempt is made to destroy old forms of life without having any new ones to put in their places. Socrates tried it and was poisoned. Mr. Mill tried to re-organise society and passed a life of discontent and unhappiness, because society would not be re-organised by him. Artemus Ward tried once to re-organise his wife Betsy Jane. He used for the purpose the common horse whip. But the thing was a miserable failure; the tables were completely turned round, and the attempt ended in (to use his own words) his finding his "hosswhip laid over himself sevril consecootive times." He tells us that he never tried it again.

C. Greville once met J. S. Mill. He says of him that he talked as if he was always working out syllogisms in his mind.

J. S. Mill says that from early youth he never doubted that his mission was to reform the world. This is really like M. Comte and a very common type of lunatics in

our mad houses. They live by themselves and brood over their own theories and ideas till at last their self contemplation and conceit reach such a height that they go mad, think and call themselves saviours of mankind, and have to be shut up in asylums.

J. S. Mill seems, as I have already said, to have been by nature a man of very much amiability and generosity of disposition, but that is no reason why those who disapprove of his opinions should not express that disapproval. His candid and clear way of writing gave him much influence with some people, and it is the duty of all right thinking people to do all they can to counteract that influence.

Mr. Mill's father was a lover of democracy and of all its characteristics, even down to roughness and unpolish of manner.

His son, J. S. Mill, wrote strongly in favour of the Malthusian plans, for checking the increase of population. So Moore wrote about them as follows :—

> There are two Mr. Mills' too, whom those who like reading,
> What's vastly unreadable, call very clever;
> And whereas Mill, the senior, makes war on good breeding,
> Mill, junior, makes war on all breeding whatever.

I now return to the subject of "utility."

Mr. Lecky says, "Utility is the highest motive reason can reach. The sacrifice of enjoyment, and endurance of suffering, becomes rational only when some compensating advantage can be expected. The conduct of the Turk, who believing death to be an eternal sleep, refused at the stake to make a recantation of doctrines he had taught, replying to every remonstrance, 'although there is no recompense to be looked for, yet, the love of truth constraineth me to die in its defence,' is in the eye of reason, an inexplicable folly; and, it is only by

appealing to a far higher faculty, that it appears in its true light, as one of the loftiest of virtues. It is from the moral or religious faculty alone that we can obtain the conception of the purely disinterested. This is indeed the noblest thing we possess—the celestial spark that is within us—the impress of the divine image—the principle of every heroism."

Utilitarians and materialists deny that men have free-will.

A Hint or two about Free-will.

Herbert Spencer's definition of life denies free-will. "Life," he says, "is a continual adjustment of internal relations to external co-existencies and sequences;" or, as he puts it elsewhere, "the harmonious adjustment between the organism and its environment." Denying free-will, he says, "If men had it, this beneficial adjustment would be disturbed." But it is disturbed every day, and people suffer every day in consequence of this disturbance, caused by this free-will. A school boy exercises his free-will, and plays at cricket, instead of learning his lesson. Next morning, at the usual time for the performance of the ceremony, he is flogged. In this case, the flogging is, to use Mr. Spencer's phraseology, "the external sequence." But surely it must be looked upon as a disturbance, to a certain degree, of the harmonious correspondence between the organism and its environment. And yet, Mr. Spencer denies that this disturbance ever takes place.

The fact is, his definition of life is only a definition of some few manifestations of life, which the coarse senses and intelligence of men are capable of observing. Life remains the same mystery as ever. "Omne vivum ex ovo," is an axiom still believed in by many. Now, all

eggs are, as far as analysis can go, made up of the same ingredients. Then why does one turn into a bird of paradise, and another an ornithorincus paradoxus? I think there is a little mystery here, that the analysts and protoplasmists have not yet quite succeeded in penetrating.

Of course, logic by itself, lands us in denial of free will. So much the worse then for logic. In this, as in so many other things, the highest wisdom consists in believing in what the understandings of men are incapable of explaining.

That small fractional part of a man, his analytic and logical faculties, when they are acute, seem to prove to him that he has no free agency. Yes, but that small fractional part of a man, his analytic and logical faculties, when they are acute (as they were in J. S. Mill) seem to prove also to him that there are no such things as matter and a world external to himself. But every man *knows* that there are such things as matter, and a world external to himself in spite of logic. In the same way he *knows*, in spite of logic, that he has free agency; often hampered by various self-consciousnesses and hesitations, but still free agency. An animal has no self-conscious hesitations, so the animal is a perfect free agent, and does at once what he wishes to do. A cow wishes to eat a mouthful of grass, and at once she does eat a mouthful of grass. There is nothing to hamper her, no conscious choice, no doubts about her digestion, no reading of books to learn what she should eat, drink, and avoid, no misgivings about its spoiling her dinner, no wondering what the other cows will think of her, no hesitation of any kind. The beast simply does at once what she wishes to do. She is a perfect free agent. Oh, but says analysis, the cow is hungry because she has a

hereditary tendency to be hungry, handed down to her from the beginning of time, and starting from the primeval jelly fish out of which she was originally developed. But I am not talking of a primeval jelly fish. I am talking of a contemporary cow. Beginning of time indeed! What can man know about the beginning of time, or the middle of it, or the end, or any other part? No mortal man can have a notion what the word time means. The simple observed fact is that the cow does at once what she wishes to do, and, therefore, is a free agent. All the puzzles about free agency come from men falling down and worshipping that dirty image which material science has set up "analysis," as if it were king. King, indeed! Analysis is man's scrub—useful and even necessary to him, but still his scrub to do his dirty work; and very dirty work it is.

I know well that H. Spencer says, "An ego is not an ego but only an aggregate of feelings and ideas actual and nascent." And again, "this composite physical aggregate which excites an action is at the same time the ego which is said to will the action. But to say that this action is the result of free-will, is to say that the agent determines the cohesions of the psychical states which arouse the actions, and as these psychical states constitute himself at that moment, this is as much as to say that these psychical states determine their own cohesions, which is absurd." Now, of course, any one who reads this will see at a glance that it is all indisputable. Still, I believe in free-will, and so does everybody else. I do not say that my logical faculty believes in free-will, but that I do. A man's logical faculty is one part of him out of a hundred. What is this one little bit of a man that it is to lord it over the other ninety and nine.

Good logic means correct reasoning from uncertain premises; for all premises are uncertain, if you go to the bottom of things. Even Euclid's axioms are disputed. Bad logic means incorrect reasoning from uncertain premises.

I say that the above argument of Mr. Spencer's against free-will is irresistible. The inferences are drawn without flaw; the demonstration is conclusive, and I do not believe there is one word of truth of it. I myself know I am a free agent, impossible as it may seem to my mere reasoning faculty.

Madame de Stael being asked whether she believed in Ghosts, said, "No, I do not; but I am afraid of them." But her fear proved that she herself did believe in them; it was only that very little bit of her, her logical faculty, that came to a different conclusion. If a person runs away to save himself, it shows he himself believes there is something from which he must run away, even though his reasoning by itself may tell him there is nothing. We live by faiths, and hopes, and fears, and passions, not by logic.

I say that Mr. Spencer's inferences are without flaw; but how about the premises? They are not mentioned, but they are taken for granted and built upon. The ordinary ideas about time, force, and matter are a few of these premises. But nobody has shown more clearly than Mr. Spencer himself, that whatever conception man may form of the real meaning of "time," of "force," and of "matter," that conception seems to his understanding impossible to be true. And yet, such are the premises upon which Mr. Spencer builds his argument. What can man, who can only see "as through a glass darkly," know about premises? Mr. Spencer's argument is as if some one were to

demonstrate, after the manner of Euclid, that the straight line A B is equal to the straight line C D, in the following way.

Let A B and C D be two straight lines. It is required to prove that the straight line A B is equal to the straight line C D.

A——————————B

C——————————————————D

Because the straight line A B is equal to the straight line E F, and the straight line C D is also equal to the straight line E F; therefore, A B and C D are each of them equal to E F. But things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another; therefore, A B is equal to C D.

Q. E. D.

Thus, the premise upon which the inferences of this demonstration depends is the straight line E F. But it it so happens that the straight line E F is really rather different from what is supposed. This is the straight line E F:

One result of necessitarianism is denial of what Herbert Spencer condemns as the "great man theory," or, the theory that the world's history has been in more or less degree influenced by great men. If this condemnation means anything, it means that Mr. Spencer believes that he, himself, has and will have no more

influence on the affairs of men than any idiot in a county lunatic asylum. My private opinion, however, is that H. Spencer's condemnation of "the great man theory" does not really mean anything. The idea, of course, is that the doings of great men are the products of natural causes (as the phrase runs) or laws, just as much as are the doings of plants and vegetables. That they are not free agents, and that they no more act than the vegetables act when they suck up moisture; that, in fact, great men (so-called) are simply parts of nature and helplessly follow its laws, just as a cabbage does. But this argument is wrong, for even an influential cabbage would exercise influence, if other cabbages could recognize and imitate its great qualities, as men can those of their Heroes. As to natural causes: nobody knows the meaning of the word "cause." M. Comte denies that it has any meaning at all; and David Hume does much the same. I, myself, do not agree with Comte, for I believe in "cause," but what it means I do not understand, nor does anyone else. Practically everybody believes in "cause"; and I have infinitely more faith in beliefs that are universally natural than in the logic of philosophers.

The third-class men of science talk much of laws of nature, and seem to think men are compelled by these laws to act as they do. They think there are compulsory laws because they see certain uniformities as they call them. I wish to eat, and therefore, being a free-agent, I do eat. But these people say I am not a free-agent, because they observe that another man also eats when he wishes to eat. This uniformity proves they say that we are both compelled to eat by laws of nature. But his eating when he wishes to eat takes nothing away from my free-agency or power to eat when I wish to

eat. This does not to a clear-headed man prove any compulsion or law in the matter; there is only a certain degree of similarity. The word similarity does not mean the same as the word law or compulsion. A man not eating when he wished to do so would give me the idea of compulsion much more.

Thus it appears that the men who talk of a number of compulsory laws of nature, talk for the most part nonsense. Many of these people call themselves Comteists; but according to the gospel of Comte such words as "law" are only metaphysical expressions. We can, he says, only observe facts, not account for them by laws or causes, or even believe in their having had any causes. And this, as far as it goes is plain enough. Comteism, is false and shallow, but it is perfectly clear and not at all incomprehensible. But our Comteists who are not Comteists are shallow and incomprehensible too.

The idea of law is to men necessarily connected with the idea of some living mind or will that makes or enforces the law. To talk of laws of nature acting by themselves is to men, as they are made, as absurd as to talk of a law putting a drunken man into the lock-up, instead of saying that a policeman puts him in directly and legislators indirectly.

> "The laws of nature—empty pompous phrase!
> The pigmy man knows little of these laws;
> Vast and mysterious are they as his ways,
> Who is the only supernatural cause."
>
> J. C. EARLE.

H. Spencer says, "Psychical changes either conform to law, or they do not. If they do not conform to law, this work (Principles of Pyschology) is sheer nonsense. No science of psychology is possible. If they do conform to law there cannot be such a thing as free-will." Now,

the idea here again is that "law" means something compulsory, and that when a living creature eats when it is hungry, it is compelled to eat by what philosophers call a law.

As to a true science of psychology, it *is* impossible, as H. Spencer suggests, as one of his alternatives. What can men know about psychical forces? Still, that is no reason why we should not observe and record any resemblances, or what we call uniformities, that may seem to be manifested. They may be useful in some degree, so I hope Mr. Spencer will not deprive us of his "Principles of Psychology."

"Our ignorance," says G. H. Lewes, at page 295 of "Problems of Life and Mind," our ignorance of the nature of matter is almost complete. But if this is so with regard to matter or the dead side of nature, what must our ignorance be about the spiritual or living side.

Which is the truest view of a thing, the view of a complete man using all his faculties, or that of a man using only the one faculty of analysis? Which is the truest view of the sweet bread we eat, that of the healthy complete man, or that of the mere analyst who analyzes it down to gases and manures? Which is the truest of a divine song divinely sung, that of the complete man, or that of the calculating monster Jedediah Buxton, whose only idea of any piece of music he heard was derived from counting with his one little faculty the number of notes it contained? Which is the truest view of free-will, that of the complete man with all his faculties, who has free-will and who knows that he has it, or that of the mere analyst with his one faculty, by means of which he traces back until he resolves it into impulses of light and heat acting on the primeval protoplasm, from which he supposes all life to have sprung.

Necessitarianism is very simple. I, myself, have nothing to do but sit still, abstract my mind, shut my eyes, throw myself into a half state of coma or trance, become nine out of ten parts dead, slacken the blood's circulation, put all but out the fire of life, turn on the logic cock, analyze human conduct, and at once I become a necessitarian. If instead of conduct I analyze the human intelligence, I at once become a Berkleyite, and with Mill and Hume deny the existence of any realities external to my own mind answering to our ideas of matter, time, space, and force. The conclusions of a live man are truer than those of a dead one.

Who ever disbelieved in free-agency in moments of noble passion, action, and vitality—in moments when life was at its highest point? Of course no one.

But which is most likely to be true, the conclusions to which a man comes when he is in the highest or lowest state of vitality?

There is much confusion of mind about free-agency, free-will, and conscious choice, even amongst the believers in these things. A common idea seems to be that consciousness of choice is the essence of free-will, whereas, in truth, it is a hampering of free-will—a diminution of the liberty. Perfect freeness of will means a man doing at once what he wishes without any thing to hamper him. Of course, the less perfect a man's inclinations are the more he requires some bondage to hamper him. The following illustration will show how the matter stands. Smith hates Jackson and has dispitefully used him; therefore, Jackson being far from a perfect character, desires primarily to kill Smith, but on second thoughts he says "No, I won't kill him, for I remember that it is wrong or contrary to the laws of God and man to kill people—

besides I should be hanged." The end of it is Jackson refrains from killing Smith. That is, Jackson is under the bondage of the law, and his agency is, by so much, not free. Now Jackson has some sons, and the eldest is quite as angry with Smith as his father is, and he is determined to be revenged. "But stop," he thinks to himself, "what will Robinson say, and Mrs. Grundy and Mr. Grundy, and those three dreadfully ill-natured Miss Grundys? He too refrains from killing Smith." That is, young Jackson is under the bondage of the world, and his agency is also, by so much, not free. Jackson's second son is called James. His brothers sometimes in fun call him "Saint James." "How atrociously," James says to himself, "poor Smith has behaved. But after all he is much to be pitied. That wife of his is enough to spoil the temper of an angel, and then those ten children and his small income—I wish I could help Smith in some way." And he does help Smith. Thus James Jackson is under the perfect law of liberty. His duty and inclinations go together. He is perfectly free to act unhampered by any conscious choice, hesitation, or bondage of any kind. This is what St. Paul calls the perfect liberty of the Gospel.

Free-agency means doing at once what you want without being hampered by hesitation or conscious choice. A sheep is hungry and wants to eat, so it eats at once the right thing with perfect freedom and without hesitation. A valitudinarian is not a free-agent. He is hampered by conscious choice. He knows he must eat something, but he does not know what. He hesitates a long time and at last choses. But he choses the wrong thing and dies of indigestion. If a man is a valitudinarian in body or mind that is if he is an invalid or a rascal, the next best thing to unhampered free-agency is for

him conscious choice. In fact there is nothing else for it.

Hampered right is of course better than free wrong.

A man in a rage kills another without hesitation. He is a free-agent, and does at once what he wishes. But he had much better be hampered, if only with the consideration that he is sure to be hanged.

"Resist the devil, and he will flee." "Yes," said Sterne, "but I know the devil is so dreadfully strong that I never attempt to resist him." In fact Sterne would not submit to his free-agency being hampered, and the consequence was he was the scamp he was.

Another illustration of free-agency.

I will fancy a child drowning and describe (1) What a perfect and complete man does on the occasion. (2) What a high Utilitarian does.

There are high Utilitarians and low Utilitarians.

The high Utilitarian like Mr. Mill acknowledges that some pleasures are higher in kind than others. The low Utilitarian like Mr. Bentham believes pleasures to differ only in degree.

(1). A complete man sees a child drowning. At once, without hesitation, without consciousness of his own existence, and with his thoughts therefore quite free to think how best to do it, he rushes into the water and saves its life. This man's free-agency is complete. He does at once what he wishes, without anything to hamper him.

(2). A Utilitarian philosopher sees a child drowning. Of course he wishes to save it as any one must. So he says to himself shall I try what I can do? The water will be dreadfully cold—I think it would be most prudent not. Still Mr. Mill says that benevolence is a higher pleasure than bodily comfort, so, perhaps, on the

whole I had better—and, in fact, at last he makes up his mind, wades through the water, and really does his best. But he is too late. The child has sunk to the bottom; so he scrambles out again as best he can; besides which his blood being somewhat torpid at the best of times, he is laid up with a violent attack of rheumatism.

This man's free-agency is defective and hampered.

Animals are free-agents just like men, or, indeed, more free still, as far as their actions reach. A dog wishes to run after a hare and does so at once. The hare wishes to run away from the dog and does so at once. Their free-agency is complete. A man with a terrible danger pursuing him, will often be hampered in his free-agency by consciousnesses about himself—by conscious choice and conscious will—by conscious thinking which of three courses he ought to pursue—perhaps by wishing that he had made his will—by wondering what his wife will think about his death—will she be unhappy?—will she be pleased?—will she be rather shocked at first, but pleased afterwards? These and many other thoughts sadly hamper his free-agency; he tries to run away, but his legs are tied together by his various hesitations and self-consciousnesses; so he is caught by the terrible danger behind him and turned into mincemeat.

Denying free-will to man makes the creator a monster of cruelty.

A savage Afghan chief tells his young wife that if she gives birth to a girl instead of a boy, he will flog her to death with his hunting whip. She does give birth to a girl, and he does flog her to death with his hunting whip.

Another Afghan chief buries his captive up to the neck in the earth, fastens a rope round it, and harnesses the rope to a horse which he gallops round and round till the man's head is twisted off.

A Hindoo Princess is displeased with her slave girl, so she puts her alive into a coffin and buries her in the ground under her own bed, leaving the girl air to breathe so that she can hear her screams and shrieks which last for two days.

Rain is wanted in Ashantee. To bring rain and to propitiate their fetish "Ju-Ju," the King looks out for the handsomest unmarried girl that can be found, has her tied to a stake in the river and leaves her to be eaten by crocodiles.

Who does all these atrocities? Not man, for the philosopher's tell us he is not a free-agent. It must then be God who does them. That is, God is a monster of cruelty.

But there is a third hypothesis; that of "The fools who have said in their heart there is no God," and that "chance" is our Lord and king. Some of these are only the poor little positivists of the period, but some are men of great intelligence, like Schoppenhauer. And this intelligence they use to show that the world is a hell, that misery is the law which reigns in this hell; and that even this law is but the upshot of blind chances, which happen accidentally to have turned out for ill. If a man tells me that the world is a hell, the only idea it gives me is that the man who tells me so is a devil.

Which of these explanations of the atrocities must we take?

Of course, the disciples of Schoppenhauer will tell us that cruelty reigns universally, because animals are always eating each other. But there can be little doubt that Mr. Darwin is right in his conjecture that this (when natural) takes place, for the most part, without suffering. It is man's mind that enables him to suffer. Some sufferings are not natural.

To show what I mean by "not natural," I will give a short account from a work called "The Rights of Animals, by Mr. W. Drummond, of a vivisecting operation recorded by an eye-witness. The account states that "A living pig was tied down to the table, and to prevent its screaming annoying the vivisection class, an incision was made into its throat, and a part of its windpipe removed; and nothing could exceed the delight of most of those present on perceiving that when the lecturer closed the opening of the windpipe with his thumb, and thus permitted the air to resume its natural passage through the glottis, the animal screamed; while, by removing his thumb, it was again rendered voiceless. The pig's belly was then ripped open in its whole length," &c., &c. "I have distinctly before my eyes the sufferings of the animal, as its intestines were cut out piece by piece and cast on the lecture table, to show how long the vermicular or peristaltic motion might remain after their separation."

Now, I call this "not natural."

Besides serving as an illustration of what I mean by "not natural," this story will serve as a hint that the practice of vivisection wants (to say the least of it) regulating.

A few dreaming philosophers tell us, that man has no free-will; that is, that he is no more responsible for his actions than a lunatic, a chimpanzee, or a jelly fish. Common sense, universal experience, the legislation of all countries, inspiration—that is, the words spoken by men who are acknowledged to have been gifted with a higher spiritual insight arising from more godliness of character than the mass of mankind—all these, say the dreaming philosopers are wrong.

It is certain that many people cannot understand such words as godliness, holiness, &c. Of course, therefore, they do not believe in such things. It is to be feared that many poor creatures with stunted souls cannot understand even such words as gratitude, generosity, duty, reverence, &c. Of course, such people do not believe in such things. There can be little doubt that a pig has no music in his soul. Of course, therefore, he does not believe in such a thing as harmony. I have read of an abstracted philosopher who had no will. He had not even will enough to enable him to walk in a straight line. He oscillated from one side of a gravel walk to the other as if he were drunk. Of course, such a man cannot believe in free-will. A philosopher, who passes his life in a trance, never does wrong and never does right. One cannot be surprised if he does not believe in conscience. It never comes into play.

People who are in subjection to the world, (vanity, avarice, &c.,) the flesh, or the devil ("spirit which only denies," sneering intellect, ill-nature, malice, pride, &c.,) all such are apt to say they cannot believe in God. Well! who ever said they could? It is the "pure in heart" who are to see God.

The thorough-going Utilitarian, who ruminates like a cow, and never does anything else right or wrong, is apt to say he cannot understand how there can be such a thing as "right." Well! who ever said he could? It is the man who does the will of God who is to know the doctrine, whether it be of God. By the by, Aristotle said almost identically the same thing, *i.e.*, that the only way to learn right is to do it.

In all the above cases words are thrown away. No demonstration can make a blind man see. No man can believe what he has not got in him to believe. I,

myself, am absolutely certain that I have free-will, and so I believe in free-will in the teeth of my own shallow reasoning, which seems to me to prove the impossibility of my having it. If I had toothache, I should believe in having it in the teeth of even absolutely irrefragable demonstration. When I think I see a hay stack, I know it just possibly may be only an ocular illusion, for ocular illusions are sometimes more vivid than reality. But when I have rheumatism, it is utterly impossible for me to doubt that I really have it. Pain, pleasure, feeling, gratitude, avarice, conscience, free-will, generosity, hope, hate, gout, and toothache, are things a man must believe in. He cannot help it.

Predestination is the theological form of the philosophers necessitarian creed. A conceited tradesman, one of Robert Hall's flock, once called on him and took him to task for not preaching predestination fully enough. Hall, a moderate cautious man on this mysterious question, looked at his wretched censor for a moment, and then replied, "Sir, I perceive that you are predestinated to be an ass; and what is more I see that you are determined to make your calling and election sure."

Great numbers of men at the present day devote their whole lives to the material or dead side of nature; and these are the men who are observed to deny free-will and other natural beliefs and feelings.

Sir W. Hamilton says, that one objection to the exclusive cultivation of the physical sciences is, that those who do cultivate them exclusively, lose their faculties of wonder, admiration, reverence, worship, &c. Mr. J. Mills' answer to this is, "that is not true, because the physical sciences are about such wonderful things, that they ought rather to cultivate these faculties." I suppose, if anyone said Fauntleroy, the forger, was a

rascal, Mr. Mill would say, " he was not a rascal, because he ought to have been an honest man." Of course, Sir W. Hamilton was talking of what is observed to be the case as men are made, not as it is imagined, by the brain of an ingenious theorist, he ought to be made.

Many clever men do great service to mankind by devoting their lives to the physical sciences. Some of them are unqualified for higher things, and therefore deny that anything is higher.

But what says the vox populi ? Which is valued most, the man of science, or the moral and religious teacher (by his life as well as doctrines) ? Why, in the estimation of mankind, the highest moral and religious teacher is to the highest (say) astronomer, as the latter is to a cockroach. And yet, the astronomer is enormously valued. But the former is worshipped ; even a Comte (a teacher of a false religion) finds worshippers. " Vox populi, vox Dei." Again, " Il-y-a quelqu'un qui est plus sage que Socrate que Bacon que Platon—c'est tout le monde." Men value physical facts most highly, but their real craving is for something very different. Men have been worshipped, and are worshipped, but not for mere gymnastic feats of intellect, however wonderful.

" Vox populi, vox Dei," has its truth, but of course " Vox populi, vox asini," has its truth too.

I'll take the sense of the meeting, said John Wilkes' opponent. And I'll take the nonsense of the meeting, said Wilkes, and beat you ten to one.

Vox populi requires time. It is vox Dei in the long run. In the matter of new ideas it is almost always " Vox asini."

The great effort, I say, of many of our men of science seems to be to prove the uncertainty of God's existence, the absurdity of prayer, and the non-existence of free-will.

If these doctrines of theirs are true, the sooner we set to work to alter all the habits and language of human life the better. Take, for instance, the Lord's prayer, which is so often used. I understand, from Dr. Maudesley's book, that emotional phenomena really means lactic acid, secreted by the emotional nerves, and the medulla oblongata, through chemical action. The Lord's prayer must therefore be altered to suit this advanced state of our knowledge. The commencement of it must be changed to a mere statement of an observed fact. Instead of "Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name," we must in future say, "Our Father (if thou existed) which art in heaven, (if there be a heaven) we observe that lactic acid is being secreted from our medulla oblongata." All the rest must be omitted, because it consists entirely of prayers. For an automaton, without free-will, to pray to a God, whose existence is an unsettled question, to alter what is unalterable, is, of course, an absurdity.

This, then, is what every mother is to teach her child; also, that it must follow its strongest instincts, because it has no alternative; that choosing to do right instead of wrong, is a phrase without meaning; that if it tells lies, it does so necessarily, from the natural conformation of its brain; and that prayer, being illogical, must never be used. A mother must teach her child either this, or the opposite to this. I suppose, our philosophers will hardly say that, though false, the latter must be taught in childhood; for this would be saying, that children should be brought up in a system of deceit, dishonesty, and lies; necessarily resulting in a life of deceit, dishonesty, and lies. Now men of science will, I repeat, hardly say this, for whatever may be thought of their powers of mind, when they get beyond their own subjects, they

are generally excellent men, as far as in them lies, and often living illustrations of the falseness of their own creed. Besides, these very men tell us, that everything is to be settled by experiment, and induction. Now, in real life, it is found by experience, that those who are brought up in these Godless principles, actually do turn out scoundrels, more or less; negative scoundrels, perhaps if untempted, but positive, if tempted.

To give another illustration.

Hitherto, a Judge has sentenced a murderer, in what may be epitomized into the following sentences. "Prisoner at the bar, you have been convicted of committing a cruel murder. Men who will not restrain their violent passions must be punished. It is therefore my painful duty to order that you be hanged by the neck until you be dead, and may the Lord have mercy upon your soul."

Now, if the necessitarians are right; and if the utilitarians are right in saying, that if ever a man does his duty, it is only because it gives him more pleasure to do it than not to do it—I repeat, if these teachers are right, the Judge in future will have to say, "Prisoner, at the bar, you have been convicted of committing a cruel murder. Although you were compelled to commit this murder by your organization, society must protect itself, by destroying those who are born with this unfortunate organization. I therefore have great pleasure in ordering that you be hanged by the neck until you be dead, and may the Lord (if there be a Lord) save your soul (if you have a soul)."

This is merely another instance to show how language, in all human affairs, will have to be altered, if the necessitarians are right. For if it were not altered, we should all live, and breathe, and have our being in a

world of lies. It is high time that mealy-mouthed "sweetness and light" in these matters, should come to an end. Whether men have, or have not, free-will, is a question of vital importance to every born human being. If a doctrine is true, language ought to be in accordance with it. Life is a reality. What mankind craves from its wise men is to be taught how to act, and how to speak, not how to juggle with notions. If the wise men cannot teach them this, they are not wise men.

A few years ago, in a pamphlet I wrote about the cattle plague, I made the following observations about prayer.

"Professor Tyndal writes to show the impossibility of nature's laws being influenced by prayer. Views of this kind seem natural to those who devote their whole lives to material science, or to what is called, the dead side of nature. But there is a spiritual, or what is called, the living side of nature, and people, whose thoughts tend rather to this side, are more impressed with what men do not know with their understandings, than with what they think they do know ;—with the utter mystery that is in all things, than with the so-called comprehended laws of the universe ;—with the endless novelty that there is in creation, than with the supposed invariableness of routine in nature ;—with the freedom of mind, than with the necessities of matter." Sir William Hamilton says, "the highest knowledge is consciousness of our ignorance." Charles Lamb says, "Ignorance we all know the meaning of only too well. Knowledge is nothing but the same thing systematised." St. Paul says, "All (human) knowledge shall pass away."

"Now about the prayer we are hearing every Sunday for deliverance from the cattle plague. Perhaps it rather too much reminds one of the Arab, when the

plague visits his village. He prays, says the traveller, not that the plague may cease, but that it may depart to another village. So we are praying, not that the pestilence may cease, but that it may be kept far away from our shores. Still prayer cannot but be right. Anything that makes men acknowledge that all good things come from God, and that all punishments for wickedness and folly come also from his hand, cannot but be right. And, in the present case, if my views have truth, that this cattle plague is caused by man's ignorance, idleness, stupidity, and cruelty, just as pestilences amongst men are caused by his ignorance, stupidity, dirt, indolence, and intemperance, any prayers for God's Spirit to raise him from such a state, and thus save him from the consequences of it, cannot but be right, and in the eye of a Christian must, if sincere, be efficacious."

Again, I ask, what do our philosophers really mean? Is the English language to be altered? Are the terms "will," "choice," "responsibility," "virtue," "duty," "spiritual," "originality," "God," "divine," "holy," "disinterested," and innumerable others to be banished from language?

Do they tell mankind that the mother should teach her child, and the judge should address the murderer in the manner I have described, or do they not? If the former, we shall know clearly what they mean. If the latter, they give up their whole position, and confess, as if in so many words, that their theories are mere webs spun out of the half lifeless brains of dreamers, when in a state of abstraction, trance, or coma.

Men of science have generally clear enough heads, but they sometimes say strangely illogical things, when they get away from their own matters. For instance, Dr. H. Maudesley, like most men of science, says, that

it is unphilosophical to attribute attributes to a deity; and yet, in the very next page, he, himself, attributes to Him intelligence. Dr. Maudesley's own prevailing faculty is intelligence. The low savage, whose prevailing faculty is terror of some incomprehensible disasters, looks upon God as a fearful demon. The North American Indian, a mere hunting creature, looks upon Him as the great hunter of the happy hunting grounds. The ball-going fine lady of eighty years ago said, her idea of God was as of a supreme master of ceremonies. Hegel, a piece of reasoning machinery, says, God means "pure reason."

We cannot get away from our habits of thought. Professor Max Müller has devoted his life to words and their derivations, so he now seems to think that no mental process can take place without the accompaniment of language.

It is like the ideas people have of heaven. A Mahometan polygamist thinks it means an unlimited supply of wives. Sydney Smith, who was fond of a good dinner said, he looked upon it as a place where people eat foie gras to the sound of trumpets. The Greeks, who loved wine, believed that heaven was a place where they could enjoy a state of perpetual intoxication. An astronomer, no doubt, thinks it a place where everybody will know why one star is yellow and another blue; whether the sun is really hot or not, &c. Swedenborg was rather mad, and thought he passed a good deal of his time in heaven; so he believed there was no difference between heaven and this life. A contemplative philosopher thinks, heaven means a place of peaceful contemplation. All this is as it must be, for no one can think what he has not got in him to think. But whatever the form, they all believe in the

reality, except some few people, like the Comteist, who have exceptional minds. It would be a difficult thing to show that these strange persons are not slightly insane, for an insane man means, a man the character of whose mind is exceptional, and, as far as knowledge has yet got, it means nothing else; that is, no other definition of it can be given. Comte, himself, was not quite a sane man. He passed a certain portion of his life in lunatic asylums, and his abnormal self-conceit alone amounted to insanity. Lunatic asylums are full of people who think themselves saviours of the world. Self-consciousness, self-contemplation, and self-conceit gone mad. Goethe calls self-consciousness, conceit, vanity, &c., the negative manifestations of human nature, in opposition to the Christian graces of unconscious joy, life, hope, faith, reverence, &c., which are the positive manifestations.

But whatever may have been the fanciful views, such as I have described, the attitude of the mass of mankind above the condition of savages, towards God is, and always has been, in different degrees, that of worship and adoration of His goodness and awe at His power. The attitude of the scientific man of the period towards Him is puzzleheadedness over his inscrutability.

Professor de Morgan says, "The denial of a ruling power was not in the plan of the higher philosophers; it was left for the smaller fry."

Minds of the scientific type can only do what they have got in them to do. The ideal extreme of the thing would be according to Mr. James Martineau, "A mind reduced to an unmoral impersonal mechanism of intellectual elaboration." Such a being would, of course, be a horrible monster, but the discoveries in physical science that it would make (if it lived) might perhaps be marvellous.

Animals crave food to eat; a sure indication that there is food for animals to eat.

Men crave a God to worship; a sure indication that there is a God for men to worship.

Sick animals do not crave food, but that does not affect the rule.

Exceptional philosophers do not crave a God to worship, but neither does that fact effect the rule.

Philosophers sometimes do extremely useful, analyzing, and critical work; but they are generally more or less strange beings, who live in a state of trance; who isolate themselves from their kind; who seldom laugh and never weep; who are dead to the interests, amusements, and occupations of their fellow-creatures; who rejoice not with those that rejoice, and mourn not with those that mourn; whose blood is torpid, flesh flabby, complexion colourless, stomachs deranged, and muscles of the consistency of batter pudding.

Many of these passionless creatures undoubtedly do not want a God to worship, for they have nothing to worship him with if they had one. But, as I say, they are exceptional.

Philosophy comes mostly from Germany. It is related of German professors, that they will sometimes sit in their studies for days together, absorbed in thought, books, and tobacco smoke, without speaking to a soul.

A materialist, judging by his own mind, (as every one must) says, that man has no faculty for cognizance of a supreme cause.

Mr. F. Maurice, judging by his own mind, (as every one must) says, that man *has* got faculties for the cognizance of a supreme cause.

Mr. Mill, judging by his own mind, (as every one must) says, that man has no faculty for cognizance of matter (a tree, for instance); so he denies that matter exists.

What business has the materialist to assert dogmatically that his own kind of mind is the right one, and that Mr. Maurice's kind of mind is the wrong one. And what business has Mr. Mill to assert dogmatically that his own kind of mind is the right one, and that the man who believes in matter has the wrong kind of mind.

Mr. Maurice, no doubt, has so far the strongest case, that he has nearly the whole human race on his side in more or less degree, and in some form or other. It is in the utmost degree unphilosophical for any one to deny the truth of what another man asserts with regard to his own mind. No one can know what cause for certitude another man may or may not have. His knowledge cannot reach beyond his own mind. Every man is a separate miracle.

Who can read another man's mind. One mind differeth from another more than water differeth from granite. How can the man without music in his soul read the mind of him who is raised to the seventh heaven by a combination of harmonious sounds? How can the European read the mind of the Australian savage, who knows exactly the direction of any place without being able to explain why he knows it, but who proves his knowledge by going to it straight through the bush without one false turn, whatever may be the distance? How can the mere analytic man of science read the mind of him who knows God, though he cannot explain how he knows him, and who proves his knowledge to those who can read the proof by living a Godly life. Besides, these Godly men all agree.

But the men of analytic moral philosophy are worse even than the doctors. No two agree. Hegel says God means reason; Mathew Arnold, that he is only a "force"; Comte, that he does not know anything about the

matter; Mill, that it should be left an open question till there is something to go upon; Feuerbach, that there is no God; Spinoza, that there is nothing else, and so on, through an endless list. No, the shoemaker should stick to his last, and the man of analysis to his negative analyzing business; very useful in its way. Higher matters he should leave to higher people; to the poet and prophet who sing and who teach, but who can only explain why they sing and teach, by saying they are inspired to do so.

Mr. Mansel, like all philosophers, says that the expression "direct converse with God," implies faculties for constructing an explanatory theory about God. They might just as well say that poetry and painting imply faculties for constructing an explanatory theory about them. Now, Plato said that the poet sings but cannot explain why, and if he could he would no longer be a poet. And Mr. Ruskin says, "The higher an artist is the less he knows of rules." An English nobleman, criticising a piece of music by Haydn, of whom he was taking lessons, said, that part of it was contrary to the rules of composition. So it may be, said Haydn, but it is beautiful, and therefore right, and that is all I can tell you about it.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, contemplating a picture, said at last, "Well, yes, it is very good certainly, but it wants—it wants—damne it wants *that*," he said, snapping his fingers. The fact is, the picture had been painted by rule and reason; there was no life and no beauty in it, and it was therefore a very bad picture. But Reynolds could not explain why it was bad, nor construct any explanatory theory about the cause of its badness.

I *know* that the taste of a ripe peach is delicious. But to construct an explanatory theory about the taste

is impossible. The taste is an ultimate fact behind which it is impossible to get.

I *know* that worship is an exalted exercise of the spirit. But to construct an explanatory theory about it is impossible. The passion is an ultimate fact behind which it is impossible to get.

We are told that our conduct should spring from reason, but reason is only a modifier of conduct. How would the Australian savage reach his point, the sportsman hit his partridge, the musician work out his harmonies, the poet sing his melodies, the lark its song, and the Godly man live his life of Godliness, if they all went only to reason for these things? Reasoning destroys on the spot inspiration or unconscious cerebration, to adopt the phrase some of our men of science are beginning to make use of. Still, where there is no inspiration there is nothing else for it; to reason we must go. If a man is not hungry there is nothing else for it; he must go to reason which tells him that if he does not eat he will die. If an artist has no soul for beauty and art he must go to reason and rules to paint his picture by; and a shockingly bad picture it will turn out to be.

Material science leaves, and ever must leave, religion just where it was before material science existed. Material science has only to do with phenomenal and relative or conditioned knowledge, whereas religion has to do (by faith) with those realities of which "the things that do appear" are only outward and visible signs. We cannot do without material science. Railways, electric telegraphs, &c., have become necessaries of life. But for material science to attempt to tackle the higher matters that lie behind the things which are seen is as ludicrous as it would be for a litter of pigs to attempt

the performance of Handel's Hallelujah Chorus. So long as the pigs occupy themselves with their barley meal and potatoes, they are admirable creatures, and no right-minded and healthy person can contemplate them without satisfaction and pleasurable anticipation. But once let them begin to lift up their voices in strains of sacred harmony and the noise would become detestable. Take the simple word "force." So long as material science deals with the *manifestations* of what we call force, science is useful. But when it attempts to explain what the word force really and fundamentally means its attempts are childish. Thus questions about the real meaning of Time, God, spirit, matter, force, &c., &c., are just where they always have been.

I know that the third-class man of science believes in his own power to know everything. But that is only the old story of the tadpole, who believed the pond in which he lived to be the whole universe; and when told by grown-up frogs about birds that fly in the air with wings, answered that he himself could not fly, that he did not understand how any living thing could move by means of anything but a tail, and that until he did understand this, he would look upon all stories of flying birds as mere idle superstitions unworthy to be regarded for a moment by any rational tadpole.

Religion has to do by faith with "the unknowable," towards the knowledge of which material science has done nothing. Sir W. Hamilton, H. Spencer, and all the clearer-headed ones amongst the thinkers of the day, say that the things we see and think we know are merely phenomenal and relative, whilst behind this phenominal knowledge there must be realities which are unknown and unknowable. "The things which are seen are not made of the things which do appear."

I know that G. H. Lewes has written a book called "Problems of Life and Mind," to show that we can know things as they really are, and that what they really are is what they seem to us. But he also says that probably things seem to no two people exactly alike. What then is the real truth about a thing? A's view, or B's view, or C's view, or a lunatic's view, or an Ape's view, or a poet's view, or a mathematician's view, or an angel's view, or a devil's view, or the man in the moon's view, or the view of him who dwells in the planet Mercury? The fact is what seems varies, according to the being that sees, from a pig to infinite intelligence.

It is an axiom I say of the wisest modern philosophers that all our knowledge is but relative knowledge, or that what we know of an object, is only knowledge relative to us men, whereas the absolute or complete reality must be something very different, which absolute we believe in by faith. I know that Mr. Spencer says that the existence of this absolute is proved by the fact of the existence of the relative; that as equality for instance is only thinkable by comparing it with inequality so the relative is only thinkable by comparing it with the non-relative or absolute; and this proves that the absolute must exist, for otherwise the relative itself would cease to exist, and the relative must exist or the absolute would cease to exist. Now, no doubt the absolute must exist and the relative too, but this way of proving it is surely mere thimblerigging with abstract ideas.

But let us call in Brown to help us. Brown is a very valuable person. He is not perhaps very wise himself, but he is the cause of wisdom in others. Well, Brown sees what he calls a stone. But the sensations the stone causes to Brown are confessedly only relative to him

Brown. Now, according to Mr. Spencer, these relative sensations are thinkable by or exist to Brown only by his comparing them with the absolute or unknowable stone. In other words, if Brown does not compare the two in his mind, not only would the real absolute stone cease to exist, but the relative stone also would cease to exist. But will Brown compare the two? Is Brown, I repeat, from what we know of him, a likely man to make the comparison between these two things? But, if he does not, the stone both relative and absolute, ceases to be. In other words, the existence of the stone depends upon whether Brown happens to make the comparison or not. Now, it is surely a little hard upon an object that its very existence should depend upon a particular metaphysical process in the mind of a not very bright fellow like Brown.

Again, Mr. Spencer makes the whole question turn upon what is thinkable or not. But no one has shown better than Mr. Spencer himself that this is no test, for that many things must be true which yet seem to the minds of men absolutely impossible and unthinkable.

Absolute and complete truth must transcend truth as it seems to men, just by so much as infinite intelligence and knowledge transcend the intelligence and knowledge of men.

I say that material science has not touched religion one way or another, whatever men of science think. All our modern varieties of thought about these matters are old as the hills.

Amongst the Jews the Pharisees answered to some of our Ritualists and formalists, the Essenes answered to our Mystics and Swedenborgians, and the Sadducees answered to our sceptics and Scientists. Our Analyzing philosophers are just where Lucretius was.

Mr. Spencer says truly that "the existence of an absolute or non-relative transcends in certainty all others. It is deeper than demonstration, deeper than definite cognition, deep as the very nature of mind."

Religion has to do, by faith, with that which transcends what is merely phenomenal. Religion cannot be reached by analysis in any degree whatever.

I know that Mr. M. Arnold says that the meaning of the word religion depends on the view we take of the derivation or analysis of the word. But the meaning of a word means the meaning men, developed as they are now in the year of our Lord, 1875, mean, not the meaning the primitive savage, who first coined the word, meant. For instance, "God" means now in this year 1875 a loving Father of inconceivable power and goodness. Amongst our superstitious ancestors it meant an avenging demon; and the barbarians who coined the word "deva" from which it is derived meant by it merely brightness or the sun, for they worshipped the sun. The analysis of a thing or a word has nothing to do with the meaning of it. If it had, the bread we eat would mean the gases, earths, and manures from which the wheat that made the bread sprung; but this is not the meaning, for the one gives life to a man and the others poisons him.

The soul or spirit of man is an inscrutable thing with unknown and immeasureable capacities. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the spirit." I know perfectly well that some of our third-class men of science profess that they *can* learn the things of the spirit, and that the way is by anatomatizing the nervous ganglionic centres, and the medulla oblongata. Indeed

they glorify themselves not a little upon their being able to do so. But we need not dwell on such. We had best leave them alone "in their glory." On these people to spend words is to waste words. For, though their heads are sharp enough sometimes, their eyes are blinded that they cannot see and their hearts are hardened that they cannot feel. They are nothing but analysis themselves so they believe in nothing else; and, no doubt, the analyzing faculty is so very limited a thing that it is not altogether inscrutable.

Some theological critics may say here that the words about the "wind blowing where it listeth," &c., are of no account, because the 4th Gospel is not really written by St. John. But whether this Gospel was really written by St. John or not does not signify the least. The Gospel and its excellence remains just the same whoever wrote it. The only thing that does signify, is whether the words it contains are inspired by the spirit of wisdom, truth, and goodness, or whether they are not. "But who can prove this?" it may be asked. Nobody; for neither it nor anything else is capable of proof. A beautiful piece of music remains equally beautiful whoever has composed it, but nobody can prove the beauty of it for it is incapable of proof. Still it is of vital importance to everyone to know wisdom when he sees it, and to profit by it. If he cannot, so much the worse for him, that is all. It is his business. Some men, no doubt, can help others in some degree towards finding truth, but everything really depends upon the soul of the seeker. If it is hard, dry, and barren, an angel from heaven may till the soil, but rubbish alone will spring up.

I say it is each man's own business. The case is very simple. If a man eats bodily food that is unsuited for

him he suffers for it, but it is his own business. So also if a man eats spiritual food that is unsuited for him he suffers for it, but it is his own business. No doubt, if I saw my friend Smith eating arsenic, I should be very unhappy, and should try to persuade him not to eat it, but still if he chooses to do so it is his own business.

"Why should I obey the laws? What proof is there that it is right to do so"? asks Voltaire's supposed opponents. There is no proof whatever, answers Voltaire—"Et je n'est autre chose à dire à ces gens là sinon que probablement ils seront pendus."

Who, I say, can estimate aright a living soul, and where must we look for the measure of it. No two agree, for each one judges by himself. He who reverences himself reverences his neighbour. He who sees no good in himself sees no good in his neighbour. A misanthropic Schoppenhauer lives alone, spinning notions from his brain, and caring for no one; so at last he turns out a pessimist philosophy, of which the upshot is that the universe is a chaos governed by chance, that the chances have chanced to turn out bad, and that all living things are noxious and had much better never have been born. On the other hand, the Godlike man, knowing his own greatness, estimates the possible greatness of others so highly that he would move heaven and earth to raise but one ignoble spirit from its low estate and place it on a higher level. I say again, whose estimate are we to take? What light are we to use? The baneful light of the misanthrope, the dry light of the analyst, or the burning and the shining light of the perfect Christian man?

That little fraction of a human being, his logical and analytic faculty says, "It is unreasonable for a man to believe in anything the existence of which has not been

clearly demonstrated to his understanding. Therefore those are equally unreasonable who assert that there is and that there is not a God; for neither assertion can be proved either by the evidence of the senses or by demonstration of the intellect. This is what the spirit of negation and death says about the matter, as opposed to the living and completely developed man, who cries out, "Whither shall I flee from the presence of the Lord? or, whither shall I go from His presence? If I go up to heaven, He is there; if I go down to hell, He is there also. If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall His hand lead me. His right-hand shall hold me still."

"A Shoemaker should not venture beyond his last," says the proverb. But our men of science are always venturing beyond their last. There is no keeping them within bounds—within the bounds of actual observed and observable *material* phenomena. They are very useful people within these limits, but helpless beyond them; and yet they are always forgetting themselves, breaking bounds, and trying to climb over ground that is too high for them.

I have read somewhere of a curious and excellent custom that was in former times practised whenever a new boy came to a school. The first thing on his arrival was for the master to take him and show him the bounds beyond which no boy was permitted to go. These bounds were generally formed by roads and pathways, which enclosed a sufficient space round where the school was. But it was found that boys were often unable to remember the boundary line with sufficient accuracy upon being taken once round, so the plan was for the master, at any turn there might be in the

boundary line or at any place where two roads met, to give the boy a flogging. This was found to impress the locality upon his memory. Now, in physical science there are certain points from which roads naturally lead to the higher matters, and these are the roads our philosophers and materialists are so apt to take and lose themselves in. Now, if some plan could only be hit upon answering to the old custom I have just described, to keep the scientists within bounds, what a happy thing it would be both for themselves and others.

The achievements of science are proverbially wonderful. They are wonderful manifestations of the patience, the ingenuity, and the sagacity of the human mind in its investigations into phenomena, that is, into the outward manifestations of the undiscoverable living realities that lie behind them. Still, we must never forget that science cannot get beyond or behind these appearances. Faith can, does, and must; but not proved or verified knowledge. Science can reckon up a number of manifestations in any given department, and thence it can derive and imagine what it calls a law of nature, but there it must stop. It can, for instance, count up all the suicides in a country for a hundred years, and thence imagine a generalization or uniform law (as they call it) of so many suicides in every year. But about the reality, that is, about the psychical forces at work in the matter it knows nothing. Besides, take another batch of a hundred years, in revolutionary times say, and the number of suicides will be altogether different.

Generalizations are mere working contrivances used like classifications for convenience, but they are not true. "The Almighty," says De Tocqueville, "does not generalize" "The real law," says a modern writer (I forget which) "is the law of exceptivity." Strictly

speaking, all rules, all classifications, and all generalizations, necessary as they are to men, are false. Nature is infinite and indefinite. There are resemblances more or less, but there is no uniformity.

The results of science are very valuable, but it can never tell us anything about reality, but only about some manifestations of reality. Life, emotion, desire, God, the soul, spirit, faith, hope, joy, charity, passion, genius, thought, force, time, eternity, beauty, infinity, religion, worship, Godliness, immortality, about all such things—the real things of our existence—things, unseen, unknown, and incomprehensible as they are, in which we must believe by the constitution of our minds, developed as they have become in this year of our Lord 1875—I say about all such things which represent the living side of nature, science and analysis must for ever be silent. Science may talk about some of the outward manifestations, but about the things themselves it must be silent. It has no alternative, except to talk nonsense about them. The triumphs of science over the dead side of nature are considerable. Its helplessness over the living side of nature is complete. The very wonders themselves of the achievements of science are spiritual. It is the patience, ingenuity, and accuracy of investigation shown by the human mind that is the really wonderful thing in the matter.

Though material science has nothing to tell us worth hearing about the living side of nature, I need hardly say that there is plenty to be said about it, by inspiration, faith, Christian passion, and poetry, as the old Hebrew writings show ; and yet, what terrible nonsense, too, is talked in the names of faith and Christianity ; the whole meaning of some beautiful parable often turned topsy-turvy, perhaps, by some excellent goose of a priest

preaching up his priestcraft. There are few more beautiful parables than that of the good Samaritan; and the meaning of it is most simple and evident to any man of common sonse—namely, that heretical opinions and dogmas (as those of the Samaritans were considered) are of trifling importance compared with the heart of a man, and that what a man *thinks* is of far less importance than what a man *is*. And yet I have heard this simple story converted in a sermon into an elaborate and ridiculous allegory, completely hiding its real meaning. The preacher who turned this theological somerset in the pulpit, was a most excellent earnest, and on general subjects even intelligent man.

The allegory and its explanation were as follows—A certain man went from Jerusalem (which meant righteousness and peace) to Jericho (which meant wicked ways); and he was nearly beaten to death by thieves (which meant that he suffered the consequences of his wickedness). The good Samaritan meant Christ himself. He put the man on to his own beast (meaning that he bore the burden of the man's sins.) He took the man to an inn (that is the church), and he gave twopence to the host (that is the bishops of the church), &c., &c. And all this the preacher gave out as being what Christ meant by the parable. No wonder that strong-headed men sometimes renounce Christianity altogether, when they find it turned into such stuff as this. Any average ingenious man can manufacture fancy allegories out of parables by the yard, if he wishes to do so. And the theologians often do wish, for such parables as that of the good Samaritan sometimes do not exactly suit them.

Every cobbler, I say, should stick to his last. He is no good at any thing else. Sir Isaac Newton was sent

to sit in the House of Commons as an M.P. But he was no good there; he never took part in anything; and only spoke once. On that occasion he rose and begged that some one might be sent to shut the window.

What is the use of men who are dead in trespasses and sin, or in analysis, or in utilitarianism, or in materialism, or in worldliness, or in senility—what is the use of any such men giving an opinion? What can a dead man know? The shoemaker should stick to his last, and the analytic philosopher to turning life into death.

F. Robertson describes how, "After hearing a cold-blooded materialist's demonstration, in which God, the soul, and life to come are proved impossible, up rises the heart in all the giant might of its immortality to do battle with the understanding, and with the simple argument, I feel them in my best and highest moments to be true annihilates the sophistries of logic."

Quite true this, Mr. Robertson; but how about the man who hasn't got a heart.

To this question Mr. Robertson might answer that such people are deformities and monstrocities, and that therefore their opinions are worthless. This again is true, but it is to be feared that such monstrocities are not very uncommon, especially amongst the criminal classes and amongst abstract philosophers and materialists. We may add, that the thing is to be largely observed also amongst silly and more or less rich people (especially, perhaps, women) in large towns. Vice, habits of abstract thought, and worldliness seem to be the conditions most favourable for the development of this particular form of monster. When I use the word worldliness, I do not mean, like many foolish religionists, love of and delight in this beautiful world, and in all the

good and lovely and wonderful things that are therein, for of that there cannot be enough. No, worldliness or worldly-mindedness means vanity, pride, love of display, love of rank, and love of money. In fact, it means all those forms of vulgarity that are so well painted in Thackeray's "Book of Snobs."

Belief in a future state says Cicero varies in proportion to the nobility of the believer or unbeliever. No doubt this is true. It is observed that as a rule the criminal classes do not believe, whilst men of character so noble and exalted that they are called Godlike men, always do believe in a future state.

The state of the case put experientially is as follows: It is observed that men above the lowest savages and the criminal class are religious in some way, and believe in a God and a future state. Some few in all ages such as Lucretius, Tom Pain, Comte, and others profess not to do so, but they seem not to be fitted for this earth. At least they only survive as exceptional individuals. I suppose Mr. Darwin would say that natural selection disposes of them. Thus man *must* believe in God, and he *must* from the constitution of his mind conceive of him as a spiritually perfect man, for this *conception* is the only one possible to him, though faith may soar any where.

Some people are shocked at the idea of life in the world being managed on Mr. Darwin's principle of "survival of the fittest." But why should they be shocked? Of course it is not the original principle, but, at any rate, it seems to be an accompaniment, just as utility is not the original principle of "right," whilst it (that is real utility, not mere pounds, shillings, and pence) is in a general way an accompaniment of right. At any rate the principle of "survival of the fittest" explains

(up to a certain point) much that would otherwise be incomprehensible. For instance, animals are all marauders and thieves and they live by thieving. Naturally then one would think that when the time came for men to be born on the planet they also would live in the same way, and the world would be over-run with human thieves. But, in fact, it is not so. The criminal class is not fit to live in the world as men, and, therefore, they do not survive except as a small minority. So again it seems to be with analysts, logicians, and philosophers. They are useful people in their way, and very highly valued people, as they ought to be, so why is not the whole world over-run with them? One would think they would increase and multiply to a frightful degree. But no, they are not fitted for our world, and therefore they do not survive, except as a small minority.

We must ever bear in mind (what some seem inclined to forget) that the analytic thinker and the logician have not only their uses but great uses. Indeed, there are few greater admirers than I am of analysis, logic, and pure thought in their proper places. The places may not be very high ones, but we cannot all of us expect to occupy (spiritually) exalted positions. The first lesson in human life for a man to learn is to be contented and happy in that position for which he is most fitted by nature.

Again we see in the case of men of genius the working of "survival of the fittest.' "Three-fourths," says Charles Reed, "of the genius of England live in lunatic asylums. Some of the others ought to be in them. Many never marry. If they do they quarrel with their wives, and often desert them. One way or another few leave offspring." Mathew Arnold says that art is only one-eighth of human nature, that is, the mere artist or

man of genius who is nothing else is only one-eighth of a man. If this is so no wonder he is not fit to survive, and, therefore, the kind dies out by natural selection. Still, what should we do without works of genius. What a dead dull time of it we should have during our leisure hours. No books to read, no poetry, no novels, no pictures, no music. No wonder when we see how apt this variety of mankind is to die out that we make so much of those amongst them who do survive to delight us. Indeed, we cannot make too much of them or reward them too highly.

To return to my subject of belief in God and in a future state.

Mr. Morris says that "It is the essence of love to believe itself immortal." If this be so the necessary inference is that the less love a man has in his composition the less he believes in immortality, which, in fact, is found in real life to be pretty much the case.

Love of an object means joy and delight in it, or grief when disappointed.

Some men of science seem unable to believe and still more unable to disbelieve.

Professor Tyndal goes to Ireland, reads an address, and tells us there is nothing in the universe but matter; then in a few days he comes to England, makes a speech, and tells us that no one who is capable of a profound thought can help believing in a God who is the cause of all things. I believe Dr. Tyndal is himself an Irishman. What a curious difference there is between the Irish and the English minds—between the imaginative confusion and liveliness of the one, and the straight forward directness and clearness of the other. I once read the following letter from an Irish parent to his son on his leaving home for the first time: "Dear Tom, I

write to forward your new boots. Your Mother sends you ten pounds without my knowledge, but for fear you should not spend it wisely I have kept back half and so only send you five pounds. Your Mother and I are in good health except that your sister has got the measles. I hope you will behave yourself well in your new life; indeed if you do not it will prove that you are a donkey and your Mother and myself are

Your Affectionate Parents.

An English parent under the same circumstances would have written "Dear Tom, I send your boots and five pounds. Your sister has the measles. I hope you will behave well."

Your Affectionate Father.

I am not sure that I do not like the Irish type of mind best of the two. At any rate it is the most amusing. The difference between the two races is a difference of moral perhaps even more than intellectual qualities. For instance what charming stories one hears of Irish vanity, boasting, and bounce. "So the Commander-in-Chief rides up," says Michael Sullivan, recounting his own valiant doings in the Crimea——the Commander-in-Chief rides up as the army sthood in loine of bhattle, and he calls out "Is Mike Sullivan in the ranks?" "Here I am, Gineral, siz Oi," stepping forward." Then let the engagement begin siz he.

Now an Englishman would neither have had inclination to tell this lie, nor invention to compose it.

Here is another illustration of the liveliness and confusion of the Irish mind.

An Irishman goes to a post office for letters when the following conversation takes place.

Irishman: Are there any letthers for me?

Postmaster: What is your name?

Irishman: An' what do ye want wid my name? Isn't it on my letthers?

Postmaster: Tell me your name and you shall have your letters if there are any.

Irishman: Well, Pat Bryan thin, if you must have it.

Postmaster: No, there are no letters for you.

Irishman: Is there no way I can get in there but through this hole?

Postmaster: No.

Irishman: Faith thin its well for you there isn't. I'd tache ye betther manners than to ask a gintleman his name. But ye didn't get it afther all, so I'm aven wid ye. Divil a bit is my name Bryan.

Another instance.

An Irish squireen at an hotel goes to bed, leaving orders with the boots to be called at seven. But after he is asleep one of his whisky toddy companions gives him with burnt cork a beautiful pair of moustaches. In the morning he is duly called, gets up and catches a sight of his face in the glass. Upon this he at once rings for the boots, says to him, "I towled ye to call me and by Jasus ye've called another man, ye schoundril," and at once he turns into bed again.

Professor Tyndal (in England) said "we are surrounded by mysteries and wonders everywhere. I have often in spring time watched the advance of the sprouting leaves and observed the general joy of opening life in nature. And I have asked myself the question 'Can it be that there is no being in nature that knows no more about these matters than I do?' The man who puts this question fairly to himself, if he is capable of being penetrated by a profound thought, would never answer it by professing the creed of Atheism."

There is undoubtedly something in Atheism very repugnant to human nature. David Hume was once returning on foot from a party in Edinburgh, when he fell into a boggy ditch, out of which his unwieldiness prevented his extricating himself. He called to a woman who was passing, for help, but she walked on without noticing his cries. But after she had gone a hundred yards she thought better of it, and turning back she asked him "Are na ye Hume, the Atheist?" Weel, weel, said Hume, no matter about that, but you are bound in Christian charity to do good to every one." "I'll do naething for you," replied the woman, "till ye turn Christian yoursell'——ye maun repeat the Lord's prayer and the Creed, or faith I'll let ye grovel there as I fand ye."

Whether the existence of God be denied or merely ignored, it is practically the same thing, both being non-human, monstrous, and contrary to the nature of men. For a man or a woman to profess Atheism is, to men as they are made, disgusting and repulsive. Belief in a God is engraved in his nature, in his mind, and in his language. He can hardly open his lips without implying it. At a socialist meeting in London, an orator got up and commenced his oration with the words "Gentlemen, I am an Atheist, thank God." The meeting was not a very select one, as may be imagined, but the absurdity and offensiveness of this commencement immediately struck every one as so complete, that the wretched orator was hooted out of the room forthwith. No doubt Mr. Mill, whilst he allows it to be a fact, thinks it very shocking that this odium should pursue the professor of Atheism. He seems to think that in this respect men have been made badly. Of course, Mr. Mill may be right. He may be right, and the Creator may be wrong.

This man at the meeting was like Dr. Strauss, who writes a book to prove that there is no God and no heaven; and then at page 8 says, "I have not been an unjust steward, heaven knows" (dass weiss der Himmel.)

The late Sir Robert Peel used to say: "As a general rule, it would be as well not to trust one's purse to any man who tells you that he does not believe in a God, or a future state, whatever merits in other respect such a man may possess."

There is great truth in the old saying that "extremes meet." This maxim runs through the whole of Hegel's philosophy. "The extremes of darkness and of light," he says "are the same, because they both prevent things being seen." Thus it is with human nature. In some respects the lowest intellect and what are often called the highest are alike. The criminal classes and the lowest savages whose minds are quite uncultivated, have no religious ideas or feelings. So it is also with the other extreme. Those who cultivate nothing but their intellects lose all the religious feelings and ideas. "The extremes of darkness and of light are the same;" that is they are both darkness. Again a pig, a chimpanzee, and an Australian savage have no suspicion that they do not know everything in the universe. But the more men cultivate their minds up to a certain point the more they become conscious of their ignorance, but then we come to people who only cultivate their analytic and logical faculties, and these men just like the chimpanzee and the savage are observed to become unconscious, that there is anything in the universe they do not, or at any rate that man may not get to understand. In the savage this stupidity comes from the creature being nothing but senses, and so having nothing to know or

to believe in the unseen with. In the mere philosopher the stupidity comes from the creature being nothing but analytic and logical intellect, and so having nothing to know or to believe in the unseen with. "The extremes of darkness and of light are the same."

"Every material fact," says Swedenborg, "has its spiritual fact to correspond."

There is a curious similarity between the creed of the materialists and the creed of Topsy, the negro savage child, in "Uncle Tom." All Topsy could say about her own existence was "I spects I growed."

Utilitarianism, Materialism, and Necessitarianism are usually observed going hand-in-hand together. They may be looked upon as three marauders, unceasingly running down and striving to hunt to the death all the higher and religious elements that exist in the hearts of men. They are perfectly honest, and are proud of their calling, which they think the highest one in the world, but they generally take with them a cur dog called Atheism, and of him they are rather ashamed. Indeed he is, in the estimation of most people, such an ill-favoured beast, that this is not to be wondered at. To be sure they clean him up, give him a fine name, crop his ears, dock his tail, and put a smart collar round his neck, with "Inscrutability" inscribed upon it; still they hardly like to be seen with him, and they hold him in with a string as much as they can, but sometimes the brute gets loose in spite of them.

The strange beings who call themselves philosophers seem to think that life means knowledge; that the object of life is to know. But what in the world has knowledge of the ingredients and origin of a thing to do with the thing itself? Wine is said to gladden the heart of man. That, then, is the real meaning of wine,

not knowledge of what it had been before it was wine. A man with his soul made in the image of God is the real thing. The earths his body is made of, the knowledge that his body is made of them ; what he had been before he was a man, and the knowledge of what he had been before he was a man—all these things by themselves are nothing. The music is the real thing. The catgut that produces it, and the knowledge that the catgut produces it are nothing. Worship, hope, and delight are the real things. The lactic acid evolved out of the medulla oblongata, to which they say these things can be traced, is nothing. The bliss imparted to a gourmand by turtle is the real thing in the matter. Knowledge of the chemical analysis of green fat is less than nothing, for just by so much as he thinks about it is his bliss diminished. The illusion (so called) or the effect produced on the mind by the beautiful and spirit-stirring scenes on the stage of a theatre is the real thing. The tinsel and knowledge of the tinsel used to produce it is nothing. Illusion (so called) is life and reality. It is illusion (so called) that sets the blood coursing and the heart beating. Knowledge of the anatomy of the causes of the illusion is, by itself, death and nothingness.

In Dickens' novel, Ralph Nickleby, the usurer, cannot help for a moment being touched by the beauty of his niece Kate. But he recovers himself at once, and says, "Bah! What is beauty? There is a grinning skull beneath it." It was a true touch of nature putting this speech into the mouth of a material minded, selfish, heartless, soulless scoundrel.

Illusion (so-called) is the only reality.

A Hint or two about "Illusion."

Smith thinks his very common place Arabella Jane an angel. His thinking so the analytic philosopher calls

an illusion. Nevertheless it is one of the greatest of realities. For if no Smith ever thought any Arabella Jane an angel, the human race would at once come to an abrupt conclusion.

But, perhaps, independently of all consideration about the continuation of the species, Smith's views about Arabella Jane may be really far truer than those of the analytic philosopher. Who can know what Arabella Jane really is? Familiarity destroys full appreciation of anything. And really we have so many Arabella Jane's always before us; so we lose the power to estimate her justly. Who can measure the excellence of any living, moving, thinking, feeling, loving thing? Supposing some Smith had, for some reason, never seen even a dog, and at last became possessed of one. To him what an admirable and wonderful thing would be this joyous, bounding, enthusiastic, faithful, devoted, self-forgetting, almost Christian four-legged creature, full of passionate worship or illusion (so-called) about him Smith. Verily these illusions of the animal are the only realities that distinguish it from a pig, a toad, or a jelly fish.

By-the-bye, what would the utilitarian philosopher say about a dog's frantic bliss in his master? I wonder whether we should be told that it arises from an enlightened regard for his own self interest.

What I have said about familiarity is true generally, but to some few mortals with heads and hearts that can see the truth a wonder repeated is a wonder doubled.

A real poet is a real poet, partly because his mind is too powerful for familiarity to effect it or to prevent his continuing always to see things as they really are in all their wonder and glory. "Age cannot wither or custom stale her infinite variety," says Shakspeare of his heroine.

She never becomes stale, because things never become stale to her.

Smith, I say, is madly in love with Arabella Jane. He raves about her. He worships her. He thinks her superlatively beautiful. He kisses the ground her feet have touched. He swears and believes that Arabella Jane is peerless. He can talk of nothing else. He even pours out his feelings to his analysing and scientific friend Robinson. So Robinson goes to judge for himself. Robinson analyses Arabella Jane, and discovers that she is in no way whatever distinguished from the rest of her sex. Is Smith wrong then? No, Smith is right, and his allusion (so-called) is right. And this is proved by the fact that the illusion (so-called) makes him happy; that analogous illusions (so-called) have made, do make, and will make millions upon millions of Smith's happy, and that if these illusions (so-called) ceased, the human race would come to an end, and then there would be no more Smiths to be either happy or unhappy. Thus these illusions are not illusions.

Life or vitality is the only real reality. Therefore, that must be most real which causes most life. Now, illusion (so-called) causes *all* the joy and life there are in the world, and especially all the higher or spiritual forms of life and joy. Nay, illusion (so-called) is the cause of all the pleasures of sense even. Jones delights in the gorgeous colouring of a beautiful sunset. But Robinson analyzes it, and demonstrates clearly to him that the whole thing is nothing but a lot of moist, damp, unpleasant clouds, floating over heaps of dirt called hills. The demonstration is so beautiful and clear that Jones understands it all at once, and he turns round and goes home in a very depressed state of mind. Indeed he does not recover his spirits for some time. Here, as

every where else, what is called illusion is the real truth. Take illusion (so-called) from life, and nothing remains but the mere material ingredients and the knowledge of them—that is, nothing remains but joylessness, beautylessness and death.

The man who analyzes away all illusion (so-called) and reduces life to what he calls its real ingredients, and who is only conscious of these material ingredients, really lowers himself to their level—that is, to the level of matter. If we could imagine matter, thinking, and conscious, the mere analyzer lowers himself to the level of this thinking matter. A little higher up than mere matter comes the toad—higher, for at any rate the illusion (so-called) of sunlight and sunshine bring to the creature life and pleasure. I say, "illusion" for sunlight and sunshine are, we are told, analyzable into mere material percussions on the toad's eyes and on its epidermus. Higher still come butterflies and other insects, whose lives are lives of rapture, which comes entirely from this illusion about the sun's rays. Higher still comes the dog. A dog's life is generally a life of extreme joy, which often springs from what is wholly illusion (so-called). It often comes from the illusion that his master is worthy of the worship he bestows upon him. I need not point out that this is often a pure illusion. And yet it is to the dog a reality which raises him to a very great height above mere matter. Then comes man. There is not one human joy which the analyzer cannot prove to be the product of illusion as he calls it; and the higher we rise in spiritual life the more illusory it all seems to the soulless dissector—to the man who has lowered himself to the level of matter—of a mere thinking piece of clay, to whom like many a positivist and many a third class man of science

"religion" is a joke, the word "Saint," a nickname, and "Godliness" a mere meaningless aggregation of nine letters.

What is a kiss. The analyzer will resolve it into a feeling of warmth, softness, and pressure in the neighbourhood of the mouth. All else is only in the mind or imagination. That is all else is illusion. But is all else illusion? On the contrary is not this illusion (so-called) the only reality in the matter.

Longfellow writes "therefore trust to thy heart and to what the world calls illusion."

"We are saved," says St. Paul, "by hope, but hope that is seen is not hope." Of course it is not. Hope does not mean knowledge, it means illusion (falsely so-called) and this illusion (so-called) makes us happy, as St. Paul says, or gives us life and saves us from death and stagnation. A man with no faith and no hope is a dead man.

"Nature," says Gœthe, "rejoices in illusion. Whoso destroys illusion in himself him she punishes with the sternest tyranny. Whoso follows illusion in faith him she takes as a child to her bosom."

To be spiritually minded is life.

To be only materially, critically, and analytically minded is death.

Men love. But who would love that was only conscious of the bones, earths, gristle, gases, acids, and alkalies, that composed the body of the beloved one.

Men worship God. But who that only analyzed the material ingredients of the works of God would worship him? Experience shows us that such men, as a rule, do not worship God.

Analyzation and knowledge of the antecedent condition of things we see is by itself nothing. It is

burrowing and grovelling amongst dead matter instead of rejoicing in the realities of life ; that is instead of living.

Food is necessary for the body, for it makes the living flesh and blood, but by itself it is mere dead matter—that is nothing. Knowledge is necessary for the soul, but by itself it is only a collection of mere dead facts—that is nothing.

The fruit of the tree of life is man's food. But the Utilitarian-materialist philosophers snatch it out of his mouth, and give him nothing in its place but the fruit of the tree of knowledge, which, by itself, is simply death—spiritual death. The old allegory about these two fruits was written a long time ago, and men think they have advanced since then ; and yet I cannot see that they write much wiser things. Gœthe's Faust, is no doubt wise, but it is only the same allegory dramatized.

And after all, what is knowledge as it is called ? It is "seeing as through a glass darkly." The doubting Atheist and the believing Christian often agree there, for "faith" and "doubt" equally imply the absence of certainty. The difference is this : Faith is a manifestation of spiritual life. It is fruitful, and leads to joy, hope, and action. Doubt is a manifestation of spiritual death. It is unfruitful, and leads to hopelessness and inaction. Faith is healthy, and says "perfect knowledge is impossible, but we can live, and believe, and act, and hope, and rejoice, in spite of its being so." Doubt is morbid, and says "perfect knowledge is impossible, so to do is folly, for we know not what we do ; to believe is illogical ; to hope is delusion ; life is objectless, for the object cannot be demonstrated ; and so there is nothing left for a wise man to do but to hang himself ;" and thousands

do hang themselves accordingly. Most people, however, do not hang themselves, for, in most people, faith and hope preponderate over doubt and hopelessness.

The Utilitarian-Necessitarian-Materialists, by denying that such words as "God," "cause," "will," "choice," "duty," "disinterested," "spiritual," "divine," "unselfish," &c., have any meaning, do, in fact, declare by saying so, that they ought to be removed from the language of men. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that they have the whole human race against them in this opinion. The South Australian savages, the Andaman Indians, and the natives of Terra del Fuego, are all on their side. Some of the African negroes and the higher races of savages, as we learn from Dr. Livingstone, do possess most of these words, and, therefore, the knowledge and ideas they express. Apes, of course, are without them. I would not mention Apes, only the gentlemen of whom I am speaking state that they are descended from them.

Thus we see that the Ape, the Australian savage, and the Atheistic Materialist all agree together that the above words mean nothing.

Extremes meet, says the saying.

That illustrious metaphysician Hegel says, that nothing and something are the same, that is, nothing; and that the visible universe is this nothing gradually becoming—not something, for something is nothing—but an approximation to what would be something if it were not nothing.

Men who profess, like Hegel, to solve the insoluble, must not expect to escape ridicule, whatever genius they may possess.

Some people, no doubt, say there is no insoluble to solve; but they must have curiously weak minds.

"Our attempts," says H. Spencer, "to understand matter, motion, space, time, or force in their ultimate natures have always resulted in alternate impossibilities of thought."

Space must be infinite or finite. Either supposition seems to man's understanding impossible.

The universe must have been created or not. Either supposition seems to man's understanding impossible.

Matter must be infinitely divisible or not. Either supposition seems to man's understanding impossible.

Gravitation or matter, acting upon matter, through space, seems to man's understanding impossible.

The non-existence of Gravitation seems to man's understanding impossible.

That there should not be such a thing as force in the world, seems to man's understanding impossible.

That there should not be such a thing as "force," seems to man's understanding impossible.

Space, time, matter, and motion are all resolvable into force.

But the exercise of force seems to man's understanding impossible.

To some men all these propositions seem evident, but those who cannot see this to be the case should read H. Spencer's "First Principles." He who still cannot see it should look about for something he *can* manage to see—should go back and back to something more and still more plain, till at last he succeeds. He must necessarily come sooner or later to something that he can see if it be only a haystack.

Although Kant, Spencer, and nearly all thinkers say that the infinite extension of the universe, of time and of space, is inconceivable, Dr. Strauss says this is not the case with all people, for that he himself can

perfectly well conceive these things. As he says so, I suppose we must believe him ; but I don't.

One refuge for the puzzled is idealism, and it is not without its uses.

One use of idealism or Mill's, Bishop Berkeley's, and Hume's denial of the existence of matter is this. It proves conclusively that belief in the existence of matter is contrary to strict and rigorous logic when acting by itself. But it is right for men to believe in the existence of matter and of an external world ; for we all do and *must*, even the idealists themselves. This means that it is right for men to have faith in the constitution of themselves and of their own minds, even in spite of strict logic. Thus we come to the fact that it is right for men to believe in God, in immortality, and in numerous other things that cannot be proved by logic. It is undoubtedly open to any one to say that on the same principle it is right to believe in the God's Mumbo-Jumbo and Ju-Ju, as well as in any ridiculous superstition, if he finds himself so constituted that he must believe in them. But if an exceptional person or a wretched savage believes in some degrading superstition so much the worse for him, that is all. It is everybody's own affair in this world to have noble beliefs and lead a noble life. If a man has ignoble beliefs he is wretched more or less, and lives his life with little "life ;" if they are very ignoble he dies off altogether, and makes room for a better man, as the criminal classes do, and as the North American savage is doing.

Theologians and others often seem to discuss the most awful and momentous things, as if these were only matters of ratiocination and the establishment of their own opinions. They give one the idea of being written by mere thinkers to prove certain doctrines, but as if they

themselves were not conscious of having anything personally to do with the truth of them, any more than if they, the authors, belonged to another planet. They are like the old woman who, when everyone about her was in tears at an affecting sermon, sat unmoved; and when asked afterwards how this was, answered that she belonged to another parish; or the Irishman, who was told during a hurricane that the house was on the point of being blown down. "By jabbers," said he, "but I'm only a lodger, what's the house to me; go and tell the landlord."

"Bishop Berkeley," said Sydney Smith, "destroyed the universe in one octavo volume." But, I suppose, it came to life again, for Mr. Mill has considered it necessary to destroy it again in another octavo volume. But, after all, Mr. Mill is not so bad as Hegel. Mill, no doubt, destroys the world and all that is therein, but, at any rate, he holds on to his own sensations, and believes in them. But Hegel throws even them overboard. He says they are not realities. That nothing is real but the "idea;" not his idea, for he himself is not a reality; but the absolute "idea;" that is, the "relation" between the perceiving mind (which we must remember does not really exist) and the object, say "a tree" (which does not exist either).

It is a pity that Hegel wasted his very great intellect in a life-long attempt to turn dreams and abstractions into realities. To grasp what he called the absolute. To get out of and above himself and all created things. To free his mind from conditions upon which his mind depended, and without which he would have had no mind. A man cannot get out of himself. The only instance I ever heard of a man doing so is that of the Kentuckian who was so tall that he had to go up a ladder

to shave himself. But some people doubt the truth even of this.

"A bird," as Heine says, "cannot fly above itself." The nonsense Hegel's striving after "the absolute" leads him into is wonderful. He says that at ten o'clock we say "now," at one o'clock we say "now," and at six o'clock we say "now." Thus they are all "now." So the only absolute truth in the matter is the general abstraction "now," and the particular "nows" do not exist.

Again, a house and a tree are identical, because if I am standing near the house, I say this is the house, that is the tree; but if I am standing near the tree, I say this is the tree, that is the house. Thus they both are "this;" that is, they are identical. It is nothing but thimblerig, with an idea instead of a pea. "Now, gentlemen, you see I put the idea under this thimble, and now I put it under that, and now you may see clearly that I put it under this one. Now, will any gentleman tell me which thimble the idea is under."

Hegel is like the man who made a bet that he would prove that this side of a river was the other side. He said, pointing to the opposite side, is not that one side of the river? The answer was, "Yes." Then this must be the other side, and so he won his bet.

Hegel, with Plato, considers only general ideas to be realities. That, for instance, particular trees are non-existent, but only the general notion "tree" is real.

Hegel is called difficult to understand, but, fortunately, Mr. Sterling has written a book to explain Hegel's secret. It is a book of considerable bulk, but he puts the secret itself into a few simple lines. This is Hegel's secret. "Self-consciousness is the universal or common whole that is; but it thinks itself; and itself thought is to itself its object, its subject, its negative, its particular,

which so is just the particular of the universal. But so long as itself is to itself in the form of object or other which it considers, it has not completed the act of thought; that act is completed when it returns as knowledge to itself as singular, that is, from the particular to the absolute." This is Hegel's secret. I have given it in Mr. Sterling's own words for the sake of clearness.

Hegel deified thought and reason. That is, Hegel, the thinker about thinking, says "there is nothing like leather; self-conscious thinking about thinking is everything; there is nothing else." Now, I say on the contrary, that thinking about thinking is nothing. It is abstraction. It is the negation of passion and life. It is stagnation of blood. It is trance. It is death.

Far be it from me to say that what we call before and after may not really be one eternal "now." But, however this may be, it cannot be demonstrated to the understanding, and Hegel's way of trying to do so is nonsense. It is merely playing with words. The common idea about time is wrong. Well and good; but it is the necessary condition and form of human thought and feeling, and so whatever our faith in what cannot be demonstrated may tell us about the matter, we must make use of this form of thought and feeling whilst we are human beings, otherwise we may some day be finding ourselves not human beings at all, but only philosophers or dead men. To a sheep the highest truth known is green grass. Roast venison, it may be said, with currant jelly, is a higher truth. Well and good. But green grass is the sheep's truth, which if it renounces and tries to live instead on the higher truth it will assuredly find itself some day not a sheep at all but only mutton.

It is all very well for materialists to hold forth against metaphysics, but as Mr. Spencer truly says every physical question probed to the bottom ends in a metaphysical one. What, in fact, is any piece of knowledge? Knowledge is a product of two factors, the object and the subject—(1) the object, say a mountain—(2) the mind, which is conscious of the mountain. Of these factors the most important one is the mind, for whilst the mountain remains the same, the mind ranges up to infinity. A rabbit has knowledge of a mountain for it knows the mountain is a good place to make its hole in. This is the product of the rabbits mind and the mountain. But whilst the mountain remains the same, the mind of a man of science acting upon it produces an enormous quantity of varied ideas, leading to wonderful conclusions with regard to its antiquity, its mode of formation, and innumerable other things. The product of the mountain and a poet's mind would be different again. What the knowledge or product would be that would arise from an inhabitant of the planet Venus being conscious of the mountain, no mere earthly mortal can conjecture. Still less with regard to yet higher beings. So it is with colour, sound, and everything. What musical sound is depends upon the soul that is conscious of it.

The result or product of some material something plus some mind which is conscious of this something, is what we call knowledge. Alter the material something and the result is altered. Alter the mind, which is conscious of the "something," and the result is also altered. A colour, for instance, is made up of these two factors. Alter the material object and the colour becomes different. Alter the eyes that see it, and the colour becomes different just as much. Take away the object, and the colour ceases to be. Take away

all eyes which see the object, and the colour equally ceases to be. A shade of colour is never the same to any two persons, for no two persons' eyes are alike. A similar illustration could be given about every "something" in the world. Materialists often dwell on material objects till they get to disbelieve in the subjective factor which goes to form knowledge. Metaphysicians often dwell on the sensations and mental processes till they get to disbelieve in the objective factor which goes to form knowledge.

Of the two factors the subjective one is the most certain.

I *believe* in matter, but I am certain of mind. I *believe* there is something material in nature answering in some sense to the mental sensations we call colour, sound, matter, time, space, &c., though what this something is we cannot tell, but I *know* there are these mental sensations. I believe, I say, in matter, but I am absolutely certain that (for instance) admiration and pity are realities, and no one who possesses them can disbelieve in their being realities; but matter is an impenetrable mystery. We know that it is resolvable into impalpable and invisible gases, but we do not know that it is resolvable into nothing at all. Faraday seems to resolve it into forces or centres of force. The fact is we do not know anything about its essence, nor even if it has an essence. Still we believe in it, and the only reason that can be given for believing in it is that it is the nature of our minds to do so, that is to say an "a priori reason."

My friend Robinson says that all a priori reasoning is unscientific and worthless. How is this? A posterior reasoning means, as we all know, arriving at an inference from observed objective facts and experiences. Stones

are observed always to fall, so the force of gravity is a truth or generalization inferred a posteriori from these observed facts. A priori reasoning means arriving at an inference from the thoughts, feelings, and characteristics of our own minds. Robinson, I repeat, says that the latter is unscientific and worthless. To me, on the contrary, it seems that for arriving at truth the mind that observes is, as I have said, of quite as much importance as the facts that are observed. The inference depends, no doubt, on the facts, but it depends more on the mind that is conscious of the facts. Take the sun. A pig's mind looks on its rays as something that renders its barley meal visible. A man's senses observing the sun comes to the conclusion that it goes round the earth. Offer the same appearances to a reasoning man of the mathematical type, and his conclusion is that the earth goes round the sun. Offer the same phenomena to a mind of poetical type, and the conclusion is that a spirit of beauty reigns throughout the universe. Offer the same phenomena to a man of exalted and reverential nature, and his inference is that an all-powerful, all-wise, and all-good creator reigns, whom men are bound to worship and adore. All these different inferences and conclusions depend upon the minds of the observers; that is, they all depend upon the a priori mode of arriving at them. Robinson cannot see this. Of course not; for he has only a mind to see inferences that come from the senses and understanding. He, like Sydney Smith, denies that there is such a thing as musical harmony; for, like him, he has no soul for it; so how can he learn a posteriori that there is such a thing? He has nothing in himself to enable him to understand even the meaning of the word. Some men have no reverence, so however great their understandings may be, they have

no means of arriving at the truth that there is such a thing. He who is qualified to know the truth that there is such a thing as reverence knows it by the a priori means. If it were not for this means which Robinson the positivist calls unscientific and worthless this truth could not be known. A wise man knows that inscrutable as the absolute truth may be it is his business in this world to believe in both matter (so called) and spirit (so called). But of these the most certain is what we call spirit. For no one ever disbelieved in that. Nobody ever disbelieved that he had sensations, or thoughts, or feelings. It is impossible for any one to do so. Doubt can go pretty far, but it never went so far as that. But great numbers of men, who in other respects are acknowledged to have possessed extraordinarily powerful intellects, such as Hegel, Fichte, Schelling, J. S. Mill, Hume, Berkeley, and Faraday, have doubted or denied the existence of matter. The latest book about these things is "Problems of Life and Mind," by G. H. Lewes. He tells us that the only realities are motion and feeling, and that these two are two aspects of one and the same thing. We are all a bit mad one way or another. The man of science analyzes matter, and dwells upon it, till at last he does not believe in mind. The metaphysician thinks about mind till at last he does not believe in matter.

It is a common thing to say that material science must be sharply separated from metaphysics—that there must be no mixing up of the two. Probably there is some meaning in this, if one could only see what. But how can the thing observed be possibly separated from the mind that observes it? Take away the mind that observes and you take away the thing observed. The word observation implies both a thing observed and a mind that

observes. To the savage the sun appears to go round the earth, and, therefore, he believes it to do so. Now, if subjective or metaphysical treatment be debarred from the question, there the matter must for ever have rested. The same appearance presented itself to the man of science as to the savage, but the former modified the thing seen by treating it metaphysically and subjectively; that is, the thing seen was modified by those peculiarities of the scientific man's mind which distinguished him from the savage, and the result was the belief that the earth goes round the sun. What is observed depends entirely on the mind that observes, as I have said above. The same appearance of the sun has to the poet an altogether different signification; to the pig different again. The product depends upon the quality of the mind.

Kant teaches that objects conform themselves to our modes of sensibility—that it is we who invest them with our forms, which is all we know about them.

> "Matter is a form of mind
> So far as it is aught.
> * * * *
> Abstract its qualities its forces bind,
> And nothing blankest nothing fills its place."

Thus writes J. C. Earle. And again—

> "Since matter is but manifested force,
> And force dependent on the will Divine;
> I trace in the full stream the vital source,
> And see the attributes of Godhead shine
> Around me, traceable in every line
> Of nature's countenance, in every course
> Occult she takes."

This is the product of J. C. Earle's mind and the external world acting on each other. Again he writes of the Materialists—

"False is their matter worship false as hell:
The conscience in its lowest depth declares
Experience, history, and reason tell
How foul and bleak those dismal haunts of theirs."

It is vain for the materialist to try and build up a material world without mind—as vain as for the idealist to try and build up a spiritual world without matter. Men in this life are tied to mind and matter; subject and object; the living side of nature and the dead side of nature; and any attempt to escape from this tie only ends in a man trying to scramble up on to the outside of himself.

Now it is true that something of the kind was once reported to have taken place in Ireland. An Irishman was riding on a very frisky horse, and in one of his capers the animal got his hind foot into one of the stirrups. "By jabbers," said his rider, "but if ye're going to get up, its time for me to get down;" which he did. But after all it is not mentioned that the horse actually did get up on to his own back. So it is not quite a case in point.

The speculations of the day about material things, whether about protoplasm or about excitement of the ganglionic nervous centres, or whatever the subject, may be very true or very untrue, but whether true or not true, being only about the dead side of nature, they are, by themselves, one and all, just nothing, neither more nor less. All the great things remain just where they were; good and evil, right and wrong, faith, hope, charity, heroism, unselfishness, inspiration, divinity, beauty, greatness, reverence, wonder, adoration, worship, joy—in one word, life. All these things remain just where they ever have been. Dogmas and material forms of thought are for ever and for ever varying. Spiritual

realities continue eternally realities to those who have life to know them.

Probably the expansion of material knowledge, by enlarging the views of the wonders of the universe, will in the end tend to heighten the spiritual life of man. If we see little of this at present we must remember that material knowledge is in its infancy, and that men are only now emerging out of barbarism for the first time within the historic period, whatever may have been the case with perhaps an endless succession of prehistoric, alternating civilised, and barbarous eras. If, however, the contrary should turn out to be the case, and increased knowledge about the material universe should lead to the increase of material mindedness and unrighteousness, there must, of course, be a return again more or less gradual to barbarism and savagery.

Berkeleyism or J. S. Millism or doubt as to the reality of time, space, matter, force, &c., is as Coleridge said, the necessary end of rigorous logical analysis. But matter, space, time, and force are necessary forms of human ideas, and without belief and faith in them we should all be idiots. So the chief use of John Stuart Millism is to show that rigorous logical analysis by itself is a fool. But this, I need not say, is not John Stuart Mill's idea of the principle use of John Stuart Millism.

There is another use in Berkeleyism. It shows to the man who can think, the utter mystery that is in everything when once he has got deeper down than the outside shows of things.

H. Spencer believes in what J. S. Mill, Bishop Berkeley, and David Hume did not believe in. But what this is that he believes in he confesses to be inscrutable. Our ideas about matter, force, &c., are mere symbols of some unknowable realities—realities caused

by some inscrutable Power, which, as Professor Tyndal truly says, can no more "by searching be found out" now, than it could in the days of Job.

"The things which are seen," says St. Paul, "are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." Or as our modern philosophers put it, "The things which are seen are only phenomenal and relative or conditioned; but the things which are not seen are true and real,"—what Mr. Spencer calls "the unknowable reality."

"The material world," says Lamenais, "is a trap that entices men to infidelity. Woe to him who lets himself be caught."

The minds of some are, as I say, so constituted that they always look on things from a spiritual point of view. Others are so constituted that they look on every thing from a material point of view. The former tend to look on mind as making matter, the latter on matter as making mind. Mr. Darwin wrote a book showing that varieties in the plumage of birds arise from preferences each sex shows for some particular plumage in the other sex. At the end of the book he says that we thus come to the remarkable consideration that all these material developments have had their origins in the minds of the birds, thus hinting at the general possible principle that mind makes matter, not matter mind. It is true that Mr. Darwin, instead of the word mind, makes use of the expression "cerebral system." But "mind" is the old word and the shortest, so I see no reason for changing it to cerebral system. What "matter" really means is as incomprehensible as what mind means, so "cerebral system" is no more comprehensible than "mind." I shall, therefore, myself always continue to use the old word, and if ever I do something I had not

intended to do, I shall say as I always have done, that "I changed my mind," and not that "I changed my cerebral system."

I well know that our third-class man of science, and even a few of the first-class, whose proclivities lean towards the material or dead side of nature, say that there is no such thing as mind or spirit, but that what we call by that name is only some peculiar form or forms of irritation of the nervous ganglionic centres and of the medulla oblongata. Still, I hope they will allow me to use the old words "passion," "spirit," and "soul;" for to be compelled to use the others would be extremely awkward. Every one understands what I mean when I say that the quality of an action depends upon the "spirit" that inspires it; but how would it be if I had to say, "The quality of an action depends upon the neural tremors of the ganglionic centres." We all know the meaning of the phrase, "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak;" but how about the phrase, "Much irritation exists in the medulla oblongata, but the flesh is weak?" I must myself confess that I even look upon the former phrase as expressing a great deal, and the latter phrase as expressing next to nothing; but then I do not pretend to be anything but a heretic and unbeliever in the gospel of dirt. Matter may be everywhere, or it may not; but, at any rate, what it is and what it does depend entirely on motive force and forces. Matter exists, well and good; still it is but the *nothing* side of nature. This is not the faith of the third-class man of science, but it is the faith of mankind constituted as is the mind of mankind.

Such words as "soul," "spirit," "God," &c., answer to the highest parts of the human mind, developed as it has become during thousands or myriads of years, as

the case may be, for it matters little. No doubt man can, as the materialists seem to wish, drop these words if he likes, but he can only do so by also dropping the things they express; that is to say, he can only do so by putting back the hands of his soul's dial-plate a few thousands or myriads of years, as the case may be, and becoming again as a little ape. This is assuming, in order to please the men of science as far as in me lies, that their theories about the origin of man are true, not that it signifies whether they are or not; but some persons think it signifies. Supposing the theory to be proved true, how can the knowledge of its truth possibly affect the joy of any man's life one way or another? But if it does not what can the thing signify? Joy in all that is not self—joy of the pure and Godly or unselfish kind—the "joy which," as Ruskin says, "if unselfish, is the greatest of all the virtues, for it includes them all"—the joy which is called by Christ sometimes "life," and sometimes "the kingdom of God" in the heart—this joy, with its necessary satellite grief, is the one thing in the world that is important; so I say again, what can the thing signify? Still, if the theory has truth, no doubt it is wanted, as all knowledge containing truth is wanted —wanted, although by itself nothing; for who can rejoice over a mere piece of knowledge?

Who for instance can rejoice over the mere piece of knowledge by itself that the three angles of a triangle equal three right angles? What rapture can this cause to anybody? Or again, who can weep or mourn over the knowledge that the square of the Hypothenuse in a right angled triangle is equal to the squares of the other two sides. But if no one can do either the one or the other, what can these or any other pieces of mere knowledge by themselves signify. Just nothing.

I know of course that the problem about the square of the Hypothenuse has been indirectly at one time and another the cause of very great grief and lamentation, but that is not the question. I am talking about this piece of knowledge when attained merely as knowledge.

Christianity may be called the science of joy or happiness—including necessarily disappointed joy, that is, grief. It is manifest, says Bishop Butler, that nothing can be of consequence to mankind or any creature but happiness.

"The first virtue of girls," says Ruskin, "is to be intensely happy. So happy as to be always wanting to be singing and to be dancing instead of walking."

The Monk Basle was excommunicated by the Pope. So at his death an angel carried him off at once to Hell. But when he got there he made himself so happy and comfortable that the angel had to bring him back again. But he must be done something with, so, as he was incorrigibly joyous, and there was nothing else for it, he was canonized as a saint and taken to heaven.

Many of these old Roman Catholic legends are exceedingly quaint, and often have much meaning.

"You talk about joy," I hear some one say; "but don't you know that, 'Blessed are they that mourn;'" and that the uses of adversity which, like a toad, wears tey a precious jewel in her head, are sweet? Yes, I know this perfectly well; and I also know that the reason why the uses of adversity are sweet is, that adversity will often lead to joy being greater than ever; that is high joy instead of low joy, pure joy instead of impure joy, unselfish joy instead of selfish joy, unworldly joy instead of worldly joy, great joys instead of little joys. A rich man lives upon love of display and the

admiration of his acquaintances—not of his friends for he has none. From these things he derives considerable pleasure of its kind, mixed with much envying of those richer and more popular than himself, many jealousies and innumerable anxieties. One day a bank breaks, and our rich man is ruined. His (so called) friends cut him, and he is miserable. But the bank breaking is really the making of him. He sets to work at a profession, works hard; marries a wife; has ten children; never becomes rich, though he keeps his head above water, and finds out that he is really happy now, and that in his so-called prosperous days he was not only a fool but a bored and discontented fool. This man has found the precious jewel. "Blessed are they that mourn."

A woman loves with an exceeding great love two things, admiration and her only child. The former love gives her a good deal of pleasure of its low kind, mixed with unceasing anxieties about her appearance, her increasing number of years, her increasing number of pounds' weight, her two or three grey hairs, her social position, her milliner's bills, why she was not asked to the Duchess's ball instead of those "creatures" Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Jones, and that odious Lady Robinson, what the Grundies say about her, and other weighty matters. One day her only child dies, and she is utterly and completely miserable. But time brings peace, and then come gradually faith in the inspired words of Godly teachers, and an exceeding great joy in and sympathy with all things and people around her, without regard to herself, and without her even having time to think about her increasing number of years, about her few grey hairs, about Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Brown, or Lady Robinson, or even about what the Grundies say of her. Whilst she still values the affections of her friends, her

follies are gone, her worldlinesses are killed, and she is really happy. She, too, has found the jewel. "Blessed are they that mourn;" that is, some of them are blessed. Some, adversity drives to despair, and they hang themselves.

I say this woman believed the inspired words of Godly men and became happy. Now, some of the utilitarian philosophers and materialistic minded scientists are undoubtedly well meaning men, as far as in them lies, and would also have tried to comfort and console her. A Strauss, a Mill, or a Schoppenhauer, would perhaps have spoken to her somewhat in this wise. "You have indeed a great sorrow to bear, but there are many consolitary considerations. In the first place, a few short years must see the end of it, for the life of woman as well as of man is short, and then comes an eternal extinction, when sorrow, of course, is impossible. As this world is a lamentably wretched place, and all that live therein are wretched too, your child if she had not died would have shared the common fate and been miserable. How happy you ought to be that death has spared her this misery. Of course we have no reason to suppose that there is any ruling power for good or for ill, and therefore there is no reason to look forward to any better state of things either here or hereafter. They may be better, and they may be worse, but this is chance. Still though what men called in superstitious times hope, faith, and joy are undoubtedly denied you, that is no reason why you should go into the opposite extreme and be unnecessarily wretched. Besides if you take any interest in mankind in general, you can at any rate derive consolation from the thought, that miserable as the human race is and always has been, there is no wretchedness that might not be worse. Again, regarding

yourself. You are endowed with reason, then at any rate you can be reasonable. You are endowed with intellect, then at any rate you can improve it. You are endowed with understanding, then at any rate you can learn algebra and geology. You are endowed with good health, then at any rate you can enjoy your meals." In some such way as this the materialists would, I suppose, endeavour to console her. The question is would they succeed ?

Joy is the aim of creation.

The pessimists talk much of the misery of the animal world, shown by the way animals have of eating one another up; and this consideration seems to afford them much consolation and satisfaction; but animals have little capacity for suffering, for they have little mind and no imagination. A lark no doubt is apt to be eaten up by a hawk. But most probably no pain attends the process. There will be a monentary impulse to escape being eaten up, answering in a slight degree to what we express by the word fear, but which as Mr. Darwin suggests, may perhaps not be unpleasant to it, and then at once comes insensibility. And what has there been for the sky lark on the other side ? A life of joy inconceivable to poor faulty man as he is in a general way.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine,
That panted forth a flood of rapture
So divine.

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be,
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee ;

Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad
Satiety.

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of
Saddest thought.

Better than all measures
Of delight and sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found
Thy skill to poet were thou scorner of
The ground.

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow
The world would listen then as I am
Listening now.

Thus, as we all know, sings Shelley of the sky-lark.

A Hint or two about what is called the Cruelty of Field Sports.

Amongst the varieties of mankind none amuse me more than the sentimentalists who maunder about the cruelty of killing animals. I always suspect these people of extreme hardness of heart in real life, like Sterne who deserts his wife and leaves his mother to starve, whilst he sentimentalizes for pages together about a dead donkey. One variety of this queer class of men hold forth upon the cruelty of hounds hunting foxes. But why do they say nothing about the cruelty of weasels hunting down rabbits by scent, and then sucking their blood, about cats killing mice, and about the whole animal world

preying one upon another. No doubt it is open to our sentimentalists to say that it is very cruel of the creator to allow weasels to behave in this manner. But I think this will not mend their case much. Again they may say their complaint is not against the hounds, but against the sportsmen, who take pleasure in killing the fox, but again they would be wrong as they would know if they could ride and go out hunting.

We may say that in a general way a hunting field is made up of ladies, young men, old men, farmers, school boys, and horse dealers. To accuse all these people of cruelty is ludicrous. Instead of being bloodthirsty, the ladies are flirting, the young men are showing off their riding, the old men are talking politics, the farmers are complaining about their turnips, the horse dealers are puffing off their horses, and the school boys are wondering whether they shall tumble off at the next fence or not. So the upshot is, the poor fox gets much neglected. But above all this, hunting means sociality, geniality, good will between rich and poor, and equal participation in sport amongst all classes in the district. Hunting is the democracy amongst sports. The "carrière ouverte aux talents." The best man on the best horse wins. The young butcher gallops in front of the Duke if he is better mounted or rides better. The poor curate, on his thorough-bred screw, leaves his great patron in the rear, and the tenant farmer clears the fence where his rich landlord comes to grief, and gallops on to the front, leaving his Lordship scrambling out of a deep and precipitous ditch. Whilst it lasts a Carnival reigns, but a Carnival that only ends in health of body and health of mind, together with a development of that hardness, energy, and manliness of character which

forms so necessary a part of the Christian character. "Endure hardness," saith the scripture.

For the information of town dwellers I must explain that in some of the hunting countries the drains are so deep that horse and man sometimes disappear altogether from off the face of the earth and are no more seen. There is a story of this happening once to a distinguished foreigner, and his calling loudly for help. But it was, "Vox et praterea nihil.." There was nobody to be seen. "Where are you!" cried out the men within hearing? "I am heeaire—hee—aire in de ditch, God dam." And there at last he was discovered. I must also explain to my town readers that the best rider in a hunt is sometimes a clergyman, though, perhaps, the cloth does not hunt quite so much as formerly. In the East Riding of Yorkshire it used to be said that if anyone was in want of advice from his spiritual pastor, his best way to ensure an interview was to go to the meet next hunting day, and look about for him amongst the assembly at the cover side.

It is idle for the "puny dwellers in towns," as C. Kingsley calls them, to inveigh against sports merely because they cannot take part in them. Man is a hunting animal says one definition of him; and very puny indeed he would become if all sports and pastimes came to an end.

Some of the town folk think that gymnastics may take the place of games and sports. They are wrong. The benefit of sports and games is in a great degree spiritual. It consists in the joy, exhiliration, and high spirits that attend them. The joy, exhiliration, and spirits attendant upon climbing a pole at a gymnasium to get an appetite for dinner cannot be called high, though doing the thing may be better than nothing.

In their attempts at improvement men must not forget that they are men and not mere incarnate sentimentalities. "Be not righteous overmuch," we are told; which does not mean that men can be too righteous, but that it is observed when he thinks too much about himself and his superfine feelings, he overshoots the mark, and ends in accordance with the French proverb, "Qui veut faire l'ange fait la bête." Like some of the mystics of the middle ages, who held that the only important thing being the feelings and the state of the soul, it was no matter what the body did; and carrying this out in practice they became simply brutes. "He," says Shakespeare, "who tries to do better than well, doth confound himself in his own covetousness."

As to eradicating the enterprising, sporting, and hunting instincts from human nature it might possibly be done, but if done what would be left? Propably a set of hydrocephalous little monsters, who could, perhaps, analyze in a horrible manner, but do nothing else. But analyzing, meaning, as Mr. Ruskin says, destroying in opposition to creating, it is to be feared that a race of men composed of such creatures would soon cease to be a race of men at all.

Our planet is a glorious planet, but rather a rough one sometimes to live in, so the training for living in it must be rather rough too. It is all very well for bookworms who know no hardship beyond looking out words in dictionaries without being able to find them, to inveigh against those sports and pursuits which are commonly called manly, but these men are exceptional, and if they were not exceptional the human race would not last long.

Delicate sensibilities are very important parts of human life, but if there was nothing else there would

soon be no human life to be delicately sensible, and besides this the exclusive cultivation of delicate sensibilities is observed to destroy these very sensibilities themselves.

"So long," some will say, "as we get more taste, art, genius, and intellect, let the body become weak." Yes, but when the body is weak the mind is weak too, whatever the genius may be. And, besides, when this takes place a stronger race might come some day and improve our intellectual race from off the face of the earth.

I am afraid it is poor human nature to run down what it cannot excel in, and then to think itself very "superior."

Chalmers, the great preacher, had none of this weak nonsense in him. In a sermon against cruelty to animals he distinguished between the death by preying on one another, which is the universal law of nature, and the cruel *purpose* to inflict pain; and he illustrated his point by describing in glowing colours the excitement and interest of an English hunting field, which he termed "The favorite pastime of joyous old England, on which there sits a somewhat ancestral dignity and glory." Then he went on to speak of "The assemblage of the gallant knighthood and yeomanry of half a province;" "the autumnal clearness of the sky;" "The high-bred coursers;" "The echoing horn;" "The glee and fervency of the chase;" and "The deafening clamour of the hounds in such a strain of animation that Lord Elcho's huntsman, who was in the church, declared that he had difficulty in restraining himself from getting up and giving a "view halloo."

Instead of "joyous old England," Mill and his school read "miserable old England"——and new too for that matter.

Of course, there are a few sincere dreamers and theorists, but, as a rule, the man who condemns hunting as cruel is really only telling everybody that he is a bad rider. The man who condemns shooting as cruel is really only telling every body that he is a bad shot; and the man who condemns killing sheep for food really is only telling every body that he has a weak stomach which cannot digest animal food.

"My countrymen," says Euripides, "are foolish in many things, and especially in their admiration and cultivation of Athletics. What use is he that can wrestle with skill, or run like a hound, or hurl a quoit to a distance?" Really one would think this had been written by one of our own modern and valiant pen warriors, who wage war against things in which they themselves do not excel.

When will men learn that the strong, perfect, and healthy soul requires a strong, perfect, and healthy body; that the "mens sana" can hardly be except "in corpore sano."

History shows that if rich men have no manly country sports, they betake themselves to vicious and effeminate lives in towns. Then don't have rich men the communist will say. But wherever there is individual liberty there must be rich men. The only way to prevent it is by despotic laws destroying liberty to become rich. In America there is almost complete individual liberty, so America is full of rich men. About the richest man in the world is said to be Brigham Young. He spends his riches in effeminate sensuality and unlimited concubinage. If he were an equally rich Englishman he would (after being rewarded for his great wealth by a Baronetage), be an ardent fox hunter, the husband of one wife, chairman of quarter sessions, Member of

Parliament for his county, patron of (and large subscriber to) three local cricket clubs, four local athletic sport clubs, five local coal clubs, six local agricultural societies, seven local horticultural societies, eight village schools, and nine county charities; and when the day of his death came, Sir Brigham would go down to his grave sincerely mourned and regretted; especially if his successor should have the misfortune not to be a sportsman, and therefore to live at Paris instead of his country place, and consequently to subscribe neither to the cricket clubs, nor to the athletic sports, nor to the coal clubs, nor to the agricultural societies, nor to the horticultural societies, nor to the village schools, nor to the county charities.

Pitt said he would make killing a fox felony, if doing so would induce country gentlemen to live on their estates.

It will be seen that our imaginary Sir Brigham is the husband of one wife, whereas the real Brigham is the husband of many wives.

There can be no doubt that polygamy is only suitable for comparatively low types of mankind. Still, much which appears at first sight reasonable has been said in favour of allowing people to have more than one wife. I once read of a man being tried for bigamy. His defence was that his first wife was always fighting with him, and so he married another. Then the two wives fought together, and he lived a peaceful and happy life. Of course, the law was imperative, and the man was condemned to the usual penalty; but the account stated that the judge and jury quite went with the prisoner, and would have, at any rate, mitigated the punishment if they could have rendered it consistent with their duty to do so.

Laws have to be made to suit mankind in general, not exceptional cases.

I now return from these digressions to the subject of Pessimism.

The pessimists, I say, can see nothing in the world but misery. The fact is, most of these pessimists are philosophers. A solitary philosopher is no judge of happiness. "Society," says Shakespeare, "is the happiness of life." A philosopher means an analyst who thinks about thinking, but who is without the poet's imagination, which enables him to throw himself into and thus see for the moment the mind of another, even though that other be but a sky-lark. Goethe was a self-conscious and therefore not a very happy man; but he had a powerful poet's imagination, which enabled him to enter into the souls of other men. He says, in direct opposition to the analytic and pessimist philosophers, such as a Strauss, a Mill, or a Schoppenhauer, that mere life with health is an unspeakable blessing; that station, riches, circumstances are nothing, but that life, mere life, is everything. I wonder whether Schoppenhauer ever took a walk in the country, and heard plough-boys whilst following the plough whistling their loudest, or singing all day long at the top of their voices. No doubt, though, if he ever had done so, he would have said that they only whistled and sang in vain attempts to drown their wretchedness. Another poet with a powerful imagination was Heine; he was perhaps himself very far removed from being either a hero or a saint, and yet he could imagine what heroism and Godliness mean. He says that the philosophers are totally wrong in supposing these things to mean eternal calm without passion, for that they really mean "eternal passionate emotion without unrest"—that is, eternal joy without unrest. If this be

so, it would almost seem as if Messrs. Schoppenhauer, Strauss, and Mill were not very great heroes or very divine men.

Though we read of Christ being a "man of sorrows," yet assuredly as Dr. Farrar says "there was abounding joy, though not perhaps exactly what foolish people call joy." "Crede mihi," says one of the Fathers, "res severa est verum gaudium." "Jesus rejoiced in spirit," says St. Luke.

"In the Bible," Dr. Farrar says again, "and in the Bible alone we find the perfect compatibility, nay, close union of joy and sorrow; and many a Christian can understand how 'the man of sorrows' may have lived a life happier in the true sense of happiness, than has ever been granted to the sons of men."

"He," says Dr. Blair, "who does not feel joy in religion is far from the Kingdom of Heaven."

What we read in books about "the misery and wretchedness of human life, in fact, only means that those who write the books are wretched. Who ever heard of a healthy young plough boy puling in this way? But plough boys do not write books, so we only read of the misery. If a man thinks away all his passions and all his life till he is a dead man, no wonder that he sees nothing but death or negation of life and joy. The thing seen depends on the eye of him who sees. On the other hand, "the kingdom of heaven is within a man," on the other "all seems jaundiced to the jaundiced eye." Dr. Nichols, in his interesting book about America, tells us about a set of rowdies and wretched scoundrels called "Colonel Billy Wilson's boys." One day when compulsorily attending divine service in a jail, these "boys" all at once sprang up in the middle of an excellent sermon, waved their caps over their heads,

and gave three cheers for hell. Of course. What else was there for them to cheer? If men, instead of the kingdom of Heaven, have only the kingdom of Hell within them, what else can one expect? They experience and know of nothing else but wickedness and misery, so they believe in nothing else, and admire nothing else. Nobody can admire what he knows nothing about.

Rascality and habits of solitary contemplation equally lead to unhappiness.

Sad as Plato, was a proverb. He had no friends. He hated women, and did not like men. He taught that a man who had not done his duty in life would be punished by being condemned to be reborn upon the earth under the degraded form of a woman.

A Hint or Two about Christianity.

I have said that Christianity may be looked upon as the science of joy or happiness. But the science of a thing, or mere knowledge about it, is a very small part of the thing. What, then, is Christianity? In the first place, strictly speaking, there is no such thing, any more than there is such a thing as "colour." Colour is only a general term used for convenience to express in one word what Smith sees, and what Brown sees, and what Jones sees, and what all Smiths, Jones', and Browns see. So Christianity is only a general term to express in one word the psychical state (to borrow a phrase from H. Spencer) of all Christian people who are more or less like Christ, which state is different in every one, for no two people are alike. Thus, the only perfect definition of a perfect Christian must be "that person whose psychical state is the same as the psychical state of Christ, supposing such a thing possible. But what was that? Who can tell? He can tell best who has

most of this state. Amongst the half barbarian early Christians the nearest approach to this psychical state was believed to be that expressed by rags, filth, vermin, and mendicancy. In one word, Buddhism. Even a Matthew Arnold seems unable to see much in Christianity beyond renunciation, which he calls Christ's secret or method; for I really forget which he calls the secret and which he calls the method.

Christianity does not mean renunciation. It means neither Buddhism nor Stoicism. It is positive not negative. It is the addition of high passions, not the destruction of lower ones. It is sanctification of life, not partial suicide. "L'amour sans le sentiment (that is, unsanctified by the spiritual element) n'est rien," says the French proverb. Mere material existence and pleasures so called are nothing, or death, as the New Testament puts it. Christianity turns this death into life, not by destroying the pleasures but by sanctifying them. If in any respect a man cannot be a Christian, he had, no doubt, better in that respect be a stoic than something worse still. If the right-hand offends cut it off. If a man cannot sanctify a desire or passion destroy the desire or passion. If a man cannot be temperate he had better become a teetotaller. If a man cannot be a Christian he had better be the next best thing, that is, a stoic or renunciator and Buddhist. If a man cannot do right he must be content with not doing wrong. Better live without joy than be vicious and positively wretched. Christ, as we all know, was himself so far from being a mere stoic or renunciator, that he was even accused of being a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber, and a friend of publicans and sinners. He condemned those who were of a sad countenance; and his disciples were accused of eating and drinking instead of fasting.

No doubt there are lower depths than stoicism. One is the sentimentality, dilettante intellectualism, and effeminate scepticism at which M. Renan seems at length to have arrived in the declining years of his life. A stoic, at any rate, believes in right and wrong, and strives after the former. But M. Renan has got to believe in nothing but æsthetics, contemplation, criticism, and analysis. He deems the belief in and passionate striving after virtue, and a heroic or Christian life, to be but at best a pardonable error of youth, and of youth's stupidity, to be replaced in mature age by a state of placid unbelieving "desillusionnement." Why the animalism (at any rate, hearty and real) of savages is better than this. "He that endures unto the end"—he that strives with a passionate hunger and thirst after a noble life, even through old age, he alone lives all his life. He who does not do so may think he lives, but he is "dead whilst he liveth."

Dr. Strauss, in his old age, and M. Renan are good specimens of what the highly cultured and elderly Aryan and European man brings himself to by a life of criticism, analyzing, and ratiocination. We want analysis and criticism in their place. But woe to him who devotes his whole life to them. He sacrifices himself—his passions, his joys, his griefs, his loves, his hates—that is his life. He may analyze himself, and resolve himself into gases, earths, pre-adamite propensities, and vegetable and mineral component parts; but behold he himself is gone in the process, he no more *is*. His joys are no more joys, his sorrows are no more sorrows, he has analyzed himself away and become a dead man, as we see in the cases of this clever Frenchman and this clever German.

Buddha taught that man should renounce all pleasures and pursuits, care for nothing, and gradually kill himself, till at last he re-enters the Nirvana or painless void; *i.e.*, death in life. Christ taught that men should strive after the kingdom of God (which he said was within each man) by sanctifying all the occupations and pursuits of life; that is, by putting into them a Godly spirit, or passionate love of God, of one's neighbour, and an unselfish delight and interest in all things,—loving God with all the heart and soul and strength;—one's neighbour as oneself; and hungering and thirsting after righteousness; and that this carried out would produce joy, happiness, and salvation. Of these two things Buddhism and Christianity, Strauss manifestly prefers the former. Schoppenhauer, who in these matters pulls in the same boat with Strauss, in so many words, stands up for Buddhism.

A man who is dead—that is dead in trespasses, or dead in sin, or dead from habits of analysis, naturally prefers a religion of death to a religion of life.

Strauss lived to be an old man. But he had, under the blighting effects of unceasing analyzings and brain work, been gradually growing more and more cold and dead, till at last nothing seemed left but a certain taste for poetry and music. If he had lived a few years longer these too would have gone; he would no longer have heard "the voice of singing men and singing women," and he would have at last attained that death in life, that complete negation of everything which his school seem always striving to reach.

The dead in life do not know that they are dead. If ever they were otherwise they forget what they have been. If they have always been the same, they do not believe, and cannot be made to believe that others have more life than they have.

"For when we do grow hard,
O misery on 't! the wise gods seal our eyes.
* * * make us
Adore our errors—laugh at us whil'st we strut
To our confusion."

Many people at the present day worship work, and undoubtedly we have all learned the truth on one side that "idleness is the root of all evil." But Aristotle says, "the object of labour is to procure leisure." And we often see that the man who works with unceasing brain work and does nothing else, though he may learn to perform marvellous gymnastic feats with his intellect, pays a fearfully heavy price. Gradually as the years pass he freezes and hardens. Natural affections vanish. His soul, if he ever had one, flies away; and he is left a piece of wonderful machinery, warm as ice and soft as flint. Still, he sometimes does work that the world wants.

There are many people who seem to see something admirable in *mere* brain work.

There is a story of a hard reading man at Cambridge, who had read himself nearly blind. His habit was to sit with both his feet in cold water to prevent going to sleep, and with the right eye bandaged up. After a time he bandaged up the left eye, and read with the right one; then again with the left. I have actually heard this poor suicidal lunatic spoken of with admiration and approbation.

"Idleness is the root of all evil." Yes—but one extreme of a thing is as bad as another extreme. One side of right is as bad as the opposite side. A crooked stick is equally crooked whether the twist be to the right or left.

There are many different views about work. The Oriental thinks the English love of work insanity. Many Englishmen deify work. Voltaire said, "Le travail est mon Dieu." On the other hand, the trade unionists' motto seems to be, "The greatest idleness to the greatest numbers"—not only the greatest wages to the greatest numbers, which would be all right enough; but he might just as well say, "The greatest rascality to the greatest numbers, as the greatest idleness to the greatest numbers.

The genuine trade unionist is like the man who advertised in the newspaper for a situation, and added as a postscript, "Work not so much the object as large wages."

After all, Strauss's mind seems to have been a complete muddle. His last book was written in order to disprove the existence of a God; and yet at pages 164 and 168, he says, "We must believe in one essence of forces and laws, and surrender ourselves in piety and loving trust to order, reason, and goodness." This either has no meaning, or it means a God. An essence of forces with the attributes of order, reason, and goodness simply means God in the ordinary sense of the word.

Matthew Arnold, like Goethe, seems to see little else in Christianity but renunciation. But, Christianity, as I say, is not the renunciation of natural passions, it is the sanctification of them. It is being renewed in the spirit of the mind. It is a building up not pulling down. It is being inspired with more passion not less. Renunciation, carried out consistently, means stoicism, Hindoo Yogiism and the insanity of the flagellants, or of a filthy St. Simeon Stylites. It means suicide and death. Renunciation is purely negative and destructive. Christianity is purely positive and creative.

I can fancy some one here being stupid enough not to know, and therefore stupid enough to ask, "What does sanctification mean? I can understand renouncing a low appetite; but how can I sanctify one?"

One day Brown was hungry, so he sat down by himself to a good many mutton chops, which (being by himself) he bolted like a pig, and suffered much afterward from indigestion. Next day Jones was quite as hungry as Brown had been, but he sat down to his mutton chops with his friend Robinson; that is to say, his dinner, which he enjoyed twice as much as Brown did his, was sanctified by companionship. Jones did not suffer from indigestion afterwards, and there had been no renunciation whatever, but, on the contrary, additional enjoyment.

After all, it is perhaps waste of ink to try and explain the term "sanctification." He who is capable of it knows without any definition. He who is not, could not be made to understand any amount of explanation. St. Paul describes the fruit of a Godly spirit or sanctification by such words as "joy," "peace," "faith," "humility," &c. —strong permanent passions of joy (or grief on occasion) in what is not self, without consciousness of self, and without admixture of any of the self-regarding affections and weak worldlinesses—these may be looked on as signs of sanctification; also an unceasing feeling of a divine power and beneficence in all things. But it is impossible to treat such things by means of mere abstract statements and definitions. Abstract statements appeal only to abstract thought, and abstract thought knows nothing of life or passion. The old poet, G. Herbert, says, that a housemaid can make sweeping a room out a divine act by doing it in the right spirit.

"The glory of Christianity," says T. Robertson, "was to sanctify all natural enjoyments." The further back

we go the less men seem to have been able to understand the meaning of Christianity. In the first few centuries men like St. Simeon Stylites were worshipped. As Mr. Lecky says, "In those days some such hideous, sordid, filthy, self-torturing maniac, creeping alive with vermin—a wretch without knowledge, patriotism, or natural affection, was the ideal Christian.

What does it mean to be a Christian? To be the same as Christ. Manifestly this is the only possible complete definition. To be perfect is another. To possess the perfect liberty of the Gospel is another. To be an all-sided man is another definition. Goethe theoretically went in for all-sidedness, but without success. The highest was left out. He was very great in his way, but who ever called him a Godly man. His intellectual insight and his imagination were wonderful, but he had no passion for or hunger and thirst after righteousness, not even in the calmer degree of it we call in England by the word "duty." His imagination could perform any feat, but of passionate self-forgetting devotion to a fellow-creature in real life (unless that fellow-creature appeared to him in the form of a pretty young woman, and even then there was no self-forgetfulness) he seems to have been quite incapable. "Worship," Hegel calls, "the highest act of the human spirit." With the above exception, I never heard of Goethe worshipping anything.

"The whole state of man," says Emerson, "is a state of culture, and its flowering or completion may be described as religion or worship. I don't remember reading of Goethe ever flowering."

He is most of a Christian who is most like Christ. For an imperfect man to acquire this likeness, the first thing manifestly is to believe in him and worship his

divine excellence. The next—not to imitate, that is only monkey like—but to aim at being *actually*—that is, in soul or character—like him.

It is human nature to worship and adore personified excellence. Spiritual greatness—that is greatness of character is the miracle of miracles. Theologians have at one time or another insisted on belief in miracles and in all sorts of strange dogmas; but even if the most preposterous superstitions ever invented by the wildest theologian were true they would be nothing in miraculousness compared with perfect Godliness of character —that is positive Godliness not merely the negation of ungodliness. This miracle is so great that he who possesses it, whether he work prodigies or not, is worthy of far more worship than the souls of men can give. The prodigies make no difference in his adorability. They are at most but outward signs of the divine character within.

It is the nature of man to be always going about seeking whom or what he may worship. Even the philosophic materialist worships something. He worships protoplasm. There are perhaps few men who never worshipped anybody. Men worship according to their lights. The stable boy in a racing stable worships the jockey who rides the winner of the Derby. He can conceive nothing higher. The criminal class worships Jack Sheppard, Dick Turpin, and any transcendent burglar.

There are any number of dogmas, doctrines, and forms of thought and ceremony; but though necessary they are not Christianity. They are only means to help men to attain Christianity or likeness to Christ in character. Speaking with complete correctness, no two people can

ever have exactly the same dogmas, opinions, and conceptions, for no two people are exactly alike. Still, they are often sufficiently alike for classification. So they form classes or sects, each of which draws out its own dogmas and doctrines, broad enough and sufficiently indefinite to keep its members together.

What was Christ? The answers to this question, of course, have been infinite in number. Buchanan calls him' "The only one of mortal birth who raised the veil and saw the face behind—his father's face." Matthew Arnold says that we should trust the words of Jesus, because his intuition was so far deeper than ours. "As men in general," says F. Robertson, "are to a limpet, so was Christ to men in general. We all know what Voltaire said. Renan calls him an imposter, saying that he consciously played a part he knew to be false. Strauss thinks less of him still than Renan—and so we might go on for pages. He who is most like Christ knows best what he was. He has had many revilers. But it must be so. "Virtue and goodness to the vile seem vile," says Shakespeare. Therefore so long as "the vile" exist virtue and goodness must have revilers.

Matthew Arnold talks of Christ's method, but Christ had no method. He was inspired. He never had to take thought what it was expedient to do. He was not hampered by consciousness of contrivance, so he said "Take *no thought* what ye shall say." His spirit taught him at once without any calculating what he ought to say and do. But the *mere* critics cannot understand inspiration; they can only understand acting consciously by rules and reasonings.

Goethe saw this, but instead of using the old word inspiration, he said that people whose actions did not arise from conscious choice and reasonings are possessed

by Demons. But why not use the old word "inspiration." Men of science at the present day are using for the same thing, the term "unconscious cerebration;" but again I ask, why change one old word for two new ones that do not make the matter a bit plainer.

Socrates or Plato said that the inspired poet sings, but he cannot tell how or why he sings, and that just by as much as he can tell how and why he sings, just by so much he is not an inspired poet. Still we poor mortals who cannot fly must be content to walk. Those of us who cannot walk must be content to crawl. The poet is inspired with the spirit of beauty, and the Godly man with the spirit of Godliness. So they both can fly. Christ never doubted what to do. He no more reasoned within himself which of three courses it was expedient for him to follow than a starving beggar, when some bread and cheese is given him to eat, reasons within himself which of three courses he had better follow—that is, whether he should eat the bread and cheese at once, or keep it till he is a little more hungry still, or throw it away altogether. Of course he eats it at once without thought, just as he is inspired to do.

Who, I say, can know what Christ was? But can the wisest of us know even his most common place fellow creature? Can Jones for instance really know Brown? He knows perhaps that Brown is fond of bitter beer and that he is rather particular about his boots. But what can he know about Brown himself? Let us see what Brown is. Brown is a compound. A simple sum in arithmetic shows us that without going further back than 500 years Brown has one million ancestors. From each one of these ancestors Brown inherits some different things. Leave out only one of these things and Brown would no longer be the Brown he is, though he might

still be fond of bitter beer, and still be rather particular about his boots. What then I say can Jones really know about Brown ?

But if noble Christian men cannot know even a common place Brown, what can a common place Brown know about noble Christian men ?

The above is Herbert Spencer's point of view. His philosophy (as I understand it) is that "a man" at the present day means a certain agglomeration of psychical states (emotions, thoughts, sensations, &c., &c.,) which he has gradually acquired by hereditary descent, through thousands or millions of ages, every action, or thought, or feeling, or sensation, however small, of every one of his ancestors (animal included) during all this immense period having thus contributed its share towards the production of the individual whom I have called Brown. Now this very likely is true ; that is it may be that facet of truth about Brown that comes from analyzing him and tracing him back to original component parts. If this be so of course Brown cannot be completely known unless all these actions, thoughts, and sensations which have gone through these millions of ages to form Brown are known.

Thus Brown, simple as he may appear to us who know him, is really complex ; so complex indeed that a complete knowledge of him must be impossible. Still that is no reason why we should not learn as much about Brown as we can. We can take him to a phrenologist who will at any rate guess thirty things about him. We have seen that the things that go to make him are innumerable. Still thirty guesses may be better than nothing.

Mr. Spencer teaches the doctrine of hereditary tendencies.

It is curious how slowly science works. Wise men have always known about the hereditary transmission of vicious propensities, or "original sin," as it is called in technical theologic phrase. Science seems only just beginning to find it out.

Some think Christianity means philanthropy. The author of "Ecce Homo" warns us against confounding Christianity with mere philanthropy. The object of the former, he says, is to make men holy and righteous in word and deed, and therefore happy. The object of the latter is to provide people with plenty of food and clothes—very good things, of course, as far as they go.

The Christian creed is, that the kingdom of God is "righteousness, peace, and joy." The materialists creed is, that the kingdom of God (if there be a God) is plenty to eat and drink. I look forward to the time, said Lord Brougham, talking about the progress of education, when every poor man will read Bacon. I look forward to the time, answered his more material minded friend, when every poor man will *eat* bacon.

I believe this more material minded man was Sydney Smith. Sydney Smith is a charming writer in his way, but he tends too much to the over estimation of mere material considerations. Talking of the "Journey of life," he says, "some come forth for it, girt and shod and mantled, to walk on velvet lawns and smooth terraces, where every gale is arrested and every storm tempered." And then he passes to the opposite contrast of those who "walk over Alpine paths of life and buffet the storms," &c.; all the time evidently thinking that the former life is the happiest. But it is not the happiest; for it tends to luxury, apathy, and death, in opposition to life and energy. Joy varies as energy. High happiness does not mean negative and passive pleasures, but

positive and active ones. It is not the tepid or warm bath but the ice cold bath that raises a man's joyousness till he is half mad with life and exhiliration. In the animal world unhappiness is almost an unknown thing. Animals pass their lives struggling and fighting for existence and for the means of existence, and the passive and indolent ones get eaten up by their stronger friends and neighbours at a very early period of their lives. No doubt there is one partial exception to this in the case of ants, who, like mankind, live in communities and lay up riches. We are told by naturalists that a wealthy community of ants when it has laid up goods for many years will set itself to work to eat, drink, and be merry. This goes on for some time, but gradually they become indolent, vicious, luxurious, and dissipated, and therefore wretched and weak, till at last they are conquered and converted into slaves by some more active and energetic tribe. Thus is the deterioration of this species of ants prevented.

This may be looked upon as a concise but complete history of mankind, as well as of ants.

Of course this is only another way of putting that "Righteousness exalteth a nation, and sin is the destruction of any people." People talk much of the philosophy of history, but this is the philosophy of history, and the only essential one.

But there is another meaning to the word philanthropy namely, a sentimental enthusiasm of the imagination.

Undiscriminating persons do not see the difference there is between enthusiasm, or a merely heated imagination and sentimentality on one hand, and on the other hand passion or real feeling—that is to say, the motive force that necessarily leads to effective action.

John Hodson is a Yorkshire agricultural labourer, earning his pound a week. One day, from the kick of a cart-horse, in the back, he was rendered a bed-ridden cripple for life.

Mr. Johnson and Mr. Jackson are two squires living in the neighbourhood.

When the accident happened, the parson of the parish went to Mr. Johnson, represented the case to him, and asked him whether he would not do something for the destitute family.

Mr. Johnson was much affected. He shed a great many tears, but explained to the parson that he could not go to see Hodson, because the sensitiveness of his disposition was such that he never could bear to witness distress. Besides which, the calls upon his time and purse were so great, that he could not possibly afford to spend the one or the contents of the other. Then he went into his study and wrote to the *Daily Telegraph* a gushing but not strictly true account of the case, which was so beautifully worded that it brought tears into the eyes of many of its readers, and did not do the slightest good.

Mr. Jackson, too, heard of the accident. He did not wait for the parson, and he really had no time to shed tears ; but he ordered his cob and trotted off five miles to Hodson's cottage.

Before a year was over, through Mr. Jackson's activity and good management, Hodson had been taught to make cane-bottomed chairs, his wife took in washing, two girls stayed at home to help their parents, one or two children were sent to school, the rest were provided with situations, and the family was on its legs again.

These two squires each had a nephew. The boys were at the same school. Each went to pass the

Christmas holidays with his uncle. Mr. Jackson's nephew thought he was in heaven all the holidays. His uncle gave him a pony to ride with the hounds, and, for the non-hunting days, a gun with which he had before the time came to return to school. missed nearly every pheasant on the estate.

The boys travelled to school together.

"Well," said Mr. Jackson's nephew, with his mouth full of liquorice, and his pockets full of pears—results of a part investment of his uncle's tip—"Well, and what have you been doing? Did you hunt? "No," said Mr. Johnson's nephew "my uncle calls hunting cruel." Did you shoot? No, he calls shooting cruel, too. Did you fish? No, he calls fishing cruel, too. Then what on earth did you do? Well, Uncle Johnson was very good-natured, and he sometimes played at chess with me. Did he tip you when you left? Well, no, not exactly, but he gave me this book. Oh, how jolly, what is it, Arabian Nights or Robinson Crusoe or Nimrod's Northern Tour or—here the boy's eye fell on the title page, which he read out with the intonation peculiar to school-boys, as follows, "Essays reprinted from the "Monthly Sceptic," by John Johnson, Esq. Then turning over a leaf, he went on to read the table of contents.

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Here Mr. Jackson's nephew shut the book, made an expressive grimace, and returned the volume to the other boy—"and here," he said, cutting off and handing to him a great piece of liquorice, "you'll want something to take after it."

Some think Christianity means the feminine side of human nature. But this again is wrong. "Christianity," says the author of "Ecce Homo," "is not the emasculate sentimental thing it is sometimes represented to be. Selfish hatred is indeed charmed away, but only because still more fiery passions take its place—intolerant anger against all who do wrong to human beings—against tyrants and oppressors, and a bitterness against sophistry, superstition, imposture, &c., &c." Again, "The old words, such as virtue and goodness were not strong enough to express the Christian's fiery state of mind, so they borrowed a word for which our equivalent is 'holiness,' and the inspiring power that produced it they called the spirit of holiness or the Holy Spirit." Again, he says, "The philosophers placed virtue in reason, and regarded passion as antagonistic to it. But Christ, instead of reason, places the low passions under a more powerful passion. He declared an ardent, passionate, or devoted state of mind to be the root of virtue." Again, he says, "Christianity does not mean love of collective humanity (for probably there is no such thing) it means a passionate love for individual men. The former is only Jacobinism." It is merely an enthusiasm of an imagination, excited over an abstract idea (that is, love of a bit of one's own mind), and generally means much hatred of individual men as was shown during the French revolution.

The Communists are always calling Christianity Communistic. These men cannot understand that Christianity

is a spiritual religion, and that it relates to the soul not to the pocket. The beatitudes bless those who are humble minded, not those who are well to do. Who made me a judge over you, said Christ to a man who wanted some of his brother's money. All such matters Christ looked upon as mere external circumstances beneath his notice. No doubt he said "to him that takes thy coat give thy cloak also." But this was merely an Oriental way of saying it is right to be charitable or to do good to your fellow creature. If the man to whom you give your cloak goes at once to the pawnbroker with it, and spends the proceeds in gin, you do harm instead of good. The Oriental mode of speech is best, because it impresses the matter on the memory. The image of a man stripping off his coat and cloak remains on the mind. The mere abstract philosophers' statement that it is right to do good is forgotten as soon as heard. Even strong exaggerated Oriental expressions, such as a man "hating his Father and Mother, and even his own life," which taken literally as a matter of fact Arian is apt to take such phrases would mean teaching the duty of parricide and suicide—I say that even such sayings as these are forcible, and therefore answer their purposes far better than abstract propositions. It is said that if you ask a Hebrew a question, he answers it by telling a story. He thinks in metaphor, allegory, parable, and exaggerated phrases. But the unimaginative Saxon finds it hard to understand all this. He cannot conceive anybody being different from himself. Dr. Knox says "No Englishman can be got to understand the difference that there is in the character of different races of men" —nor even of different individual men.

"A mesure qu' on a plus d' esprit," says Pascal, "on trouve qu' il y a plus d' hommes originaux. Les gens

communs ne trouvent pas de difference entre les hommes."

How hard, for instance, it is for the Englishman of the duty-loving, bloodshed-hating Duke of Wellington type, who acts from principle and duty, to understand the glory-loving Frenchman, whom their own countryman Voltaire called half ape, half tiger, and who may be said to belong to the General C. type, as described by Lowell in the "Biglow Papers"—

> "General C. he goes in for the war
> He don't vally principle more 'n an old cud
> What did God make us raytional creeturs for
> But glory an' gunpowder, plunder and blood,
> So J. P.
> Robinson he
> Sez he shall vote for General C."

Neither can the Englishman, as a rule, appreciate those points of character in which the Frenchman excels him.

Instead of Christ being a communist he would have looked upon the communists of our day as (what he always called) "dead men," simply from their setting so much store as they do by riches and the good things of this world, as shown by the way they inveigh against those who are richer than themselves. Christ looked upon all men as dead, whose vitality did not reach the high point of passionate delight and loving interest in all that is not self, and completely without selfish considerations of every kind, without even having time to think of such matters in their engrossing interest and joy (or grief, as the case might be,) in other things. No sensible man is Utopian enough to expect even an approximation to this extreme form of "life" to be at all general, for many are called but few are chosen; but Christ has shown in himself the Godlike possibility, and

so we all have it to aim at, according to our several capacities. Godlike! I hear some mere analyzing scientist exclaim, "What proof have you of its being Godlike. Show me the proofs and I will believe?" Why you poor, creeping, crawling thing, did I ever say that it could be proved to *you*. What proof can be given to *your* understanding that musical harmony is a divine and beautiful thing? But he who has a soul for music *knows* it to be so. What proof can be afforded to a man of mere analyzing intellect that cruelty is a wicked thing. Absolutely none. But a man who has a soul *knows* that it is wicked. He is more certain of it than he can be of any mathematical demonstration. For of the one he is quite certain, although it is incapable of proof to another person; of the other he only knows that there are sundry correct inferences from sundry unproved and unprovable premises, and from sundry unproved, unprovable, and even disputed axioms.

I know it is a common thing for foolish people to say that the man who acts upon absolutely Christian principles, that is to say, with absolute unselfishness, would not be fit for this world, but would let everybody cheat him, and would therefore soon be a pauper. But the truth is the exact opposite to this. I always look upon the perfect Christian man as being more likely to make a large fortune in trade, for instance, if he is in trade, than any one else. In the first place, I should expect him to be "Not slothful in business." Secondly, having no selfishnesses to hamper him, he has his whole soul free to spend upon his objects whatever they may be; and thus, "Whatever his hand findeth to do he does it with his might." Therefore, if his object is to make money he ought, it seems to me, to make more of it, and to make it quicker than anybody else. He knows that one occu-

pation is very much as good as another, so long as it is pursued in a right spirit, and that making money is one of the necessary occupations of human society, and therefore he "does it with his might." The perfect Christian man is far more passionately attached to his own family than other people have capacity to be, and therefore he has far stronger motives than they can have to work for the good of his family, for he knows that, though riches have little enough to do with happiness, the *change* from one station to a poorer one is, as people run, unfavourable to happiness. Again, the perfect Christian man runs no risk of losing any money as so many do by his own rascality, for his actions are pervaded by a sense of duty amounting in degree to a passion for, or hunger and thirst after righteousness. Thus anything like dishonesty, and the losses that come of it, would be impossible to him. Again, the perfect Christian man is never without an active consciousness of the presence of God in all things—he knows how far the old saying "laborare est orare," is true, and that one of the best ways of expressing his unceasing delight in God and in God's works is joyfully and earnestly to do his duty in that state of life unto which it has pleased God to call him. Would such a man as this then become a pauper? I think not.

But our objector may say "All this is general talk. Come to particulars. Take the case of a man buying a cow. The ideal Christian prefers his neighbour's good to his own, and so he lets himself be cheated, and gives his neighbour twice too much for the cow." Now, in answer to this a great many things may be said. In the first place, if our perfect Christian man is cheated, his neighbour cheats him. But this he knows to be extremely bad instead of good for his neighbour.

Indeed he knows that his neighbour had better lose the value of his cow ten times over than be a rogue. Again, why should he give double the value of the cow? How does he know it would do his neighbour good? His neighbour might, perhaps, in the joy of his heart, at getting so much more money than he expected, go off to a public-house, get drunk, come home, thrash his children all round, kick his wife to death when she interfered on their behalf, and be hanged at the next assizes; and all because he got double the money for his cow that she was worth. The fact is our perfect Christian man is the opposite extreme to a fool, so he knows the impossibility of seeing immediate consequences of anything he does, but (being the opposite extreme to a fool) he also knows that the only way ever yet discovered for human communities to be conducted well in the matter of buying, selling, and exchanging goods is for their value to be arrived at by the seller and buyer, each aiming to make as good a bargain as he is able to do. Thus it is that our perfect Christian man will make as good a bargain as he can as a general rule, and in this particular case he will buy the cow as cheap as he can. No doubt if he thinks the cow was sold in consequence of distressed circumstances, the perfect Christian man might enquire into the matter and do something to help the man who owned the cow, or even in some cases give the man some money if he had any reason to suppose it would not go to the proprietor of the nearest gin shop. But this has nothing to do with buying the cow.

I say nobody can know what is for a man's good, and what is not. A Spanish proverb says "I broke my leg, perhaps for my good."

The Communists seem to think that Christianity means everybody having an equal quantity of money. They are not generally very cultured people. So one cannot be surprised at their being unable to see that Christianity is spiritual, that it is in the mind not in the purse ; that the kingdom of Heaven is within the man himself, not in the pockets of his trowsers. Of course the soul that never gets out of its own trowsers pockets cannot see this.

The Author of " Ecce Homo" says " In Christ's eyes a man's moral character was everything. He disregarded all other distinctions as unimportant in comparison with the radical distinction between the good and the bad." He completely disregarded the contents of pockets ; but he who thinks of nothing else cannot see this, and indeed few people can see it. So rare a thing is a Christian in any very high degree.

Dr. King says to Crabbe Robinson " it is much easier to be a good astronomer than to be a good Christian." In fact, so difficult do most people find it that they usually adopt Asceticism, or Ritualism, or Roman Catholicism, or Calvinism, or some other " ism," and call it Christianity. All these " isms" are in fact so much easier. And from one point of view people are right. If a man wants to go to London he is quite right to chose whatever vehicle is most suited to take him, as far as he can get along the road, even though he never reaches London, and the carriage that suits one will often not suit another.

One difficulty in understanding Christianity arises from the European distaste for metaphor.

The Hebrew, and especially the highly inspired Hebrew, always spoke in metaphor. Emerson says the highest kind of writing is continued metaphor. Thus

we see why the Arian race seems unable to understand the bible. We will take the Scotchman as the extreme opposite of the Hebrew. The average Scotch mind cannot understand metaphor. But the Scotch are a religious people, so there is nothing left for them but to take the words and language of the Bible literally. Now, we must remember that first this language was highly Oriental and metaphorical. Secondly, the words were spoken in the Syrian tongue. Thirdly, they were handed down by word of mouth for many years. Fourthly, they were then written down in bad Greek. Fifthly, they were then badly translated into English. Sixthly, the Scotchman had to understand this English. Can we wonder at the strange Calvinistic mess he made of it all.

It is hard for even any man of Arian race to understand the Metaphorical language of Oriental people. How especially hard then must it be to the North Briton. Verily it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a Scotchman to understand the Bible.

"Nothing short of a surgical operation," says Sidney Smith, "can get a joke (that is, a saying founded on metaphor or some indirect phraseology) into a Scotchman's head." Some one repeated this saying to a Scotchman, upon which he pondered for five minutes, and at last said "I dunnot see hoo that would make it easier to get in."

It is commonly said that if you are so imprudent as to be guilty of a joke in talking to a Scotchman, he thinks a little time and at last says "I doot the fact."

"Beware," says Charles Lamb, "of indirect expression before a Caledonian. Being at a party of North Britons, when we expected a son of Burns, I happened to say I wished it was the father instead of the son.

Upon which four of them started up at once to inform me that it was impossible because he was dead."

Thus we see why it is that the European attempts to understand Christianity are so little successful, and especially why the Scotch are least successful of all with their terrible Calvinisms.

"Christ's teaching," says F. Robertson, "is a divine poetry, luxuriant in metaphor, and full of truth too large for accurate sentences. More than half the mistakes into which Christian sects have blundered, have come from mistaking these words of prophets and apostles for dull prose."

It may be said that looking on the Bible in this light with all these liabilities to error, and with this metaphorical and poetical mode of expression, there is nothing definite, and that anybody can therefore get out of it any doctrine or scriptural authority for any opinion he may chose to set up. But in the first place the question and the only question is whether this is the true light in which to look on the matter, not whether A or B thinks some other light would be more useful. In the second place, doctrines and opinions cannot be more fanciful than those which have already at all times been derived from the Bible, according to the particular fancies of particular people. Ingenuity can extract anything whatever from the Bible. A good many years ago there was a fashion for women to wear great top knots on their heads. The Rev. Rowland Hill determined to preach against these top knots, and thus try to put them down. So one Sunday he gave out the text as follows: "In the 24th chapter of St. Matthew, and the 17th verse, you will find these words, "*Top knot* come down." And, in fact, these words are there. The whole sentence is this: "Let him who is on the house-top not

come down." I repeat that an ingenious man can get anything he likes out of the Bible, or out of almost any voluminous book.

Any number of instances of Oriental modes of expression might be given.

Christ speaking in the strong Eastern manner says that a man should hate his father and mother and even his own life, if it became a question between that and right, or Christian living. In those days the choice between a Christian life and family affections often had to be made. Taken literally, this saying means the inculcation of patricide, matricide, and suicide.

Again Christ says "If a man smite thee on the right cheek turn to him the other also." Now, the matter of fact and somewhat stupid European, or (to use the fashionable word) Aryan mind interprets this by the letter, and not by the spirit. The spirit means what the dry European or scientific intellect would express, by saying in the abstract, that it is wrong to be revengeful. Unfortunately, these abstract statements by themselves, like all the writings of the mere philosopher, go in at one ear and almost immediately come out at the other. But the Semitic mind dramatizes and puts vitality into these dead statements, and they are remembered, repeated, and acted on for 1800 years.

No logical forms or accurate sentences, say F. Robertson, E. Irving, the Duke of Argyll, and, no doubt, many other wise men, can convey religious truth. It is too large. Narratives, parables, and metaphor alone can do it.

But the European races do not like parables and metaphor. So that is true which F. Robertson says, "That the world after nearly two thousand years has scarcely yet spelt out three letters of the meaning of Christianity."

Some seem to think Christianity means joyless asceticism. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." Now, the early Christian semi-barbarians, whom I call really mere Renunciants or Buddhists, thought that this meant that they should renounce all interest in the things of this life; instead of the truth that it is the business of men to take a burning and passionate interest and delight in the things of this world; a delight pure and unhampered by thought of self, which thought of self in the forms of vanity, love of display, avarice, ambition, &c., is the "Mammon," which causes unspeakable wretchedness from its destroying interest and joy in the object, and putting nothing in its place but anxiety about self—that is, misery—that is, spiritual death instead of life.

To suppose, as the early (so called) Christians did, that mankind who are born into this wonderful and beautiful world of ours ought to take no interest in the things of it, is absurd upon the face of it.

Stoicism and renunciation are the opposites to taking a passionate interest and delight in things—that is, they must end in boredom.

Byron divides the world into the "bores and bored." Of course, he puts himself in the latter class. But it is far the worst of the two classes.

D'Israeli says "the only real unmitigated bores are "the bored."

G. Lewis says "Stoical indifference is the lowest state to which man can descend."

Even the animals take unceasing interest in something, except idle fed up pet dogs. I have seen them look very much bored.

I know that many philosophers, with great names too, have preached a state of calm passionlessness as the

summum bonum, but it really is the lowest state of all. A man once strove after this "summum bonum," till at length he succeeded in destroying all his passions. He ceased to have any interests, and cared for nothing on earth but buttered muffins—for a man must care for something. But at last the time came when they disagreed with his stomach; then there was nothing left for him to live for, so he loaded a pistol, ordered two muffins to be heavily buttered, eat them and shot himself.

A story is told that Fontenelle disliked oil to asparagus, but his friend loved it. Whilst their dinner was preparing the latter dropped down dead. Upon this Fontenelle rushed to the door and called out to the cook "point d' huile, point d' huile." Fontenelle evidently had reached the happy state of calm passionlessness.

St. Paul says "The kingdom of God" is "righteousness and peace and joy," or to put it into another form the kingdom of God means conduct, arising from the passion for or hunger and thirst after righteousness, the passion of joy and the peace which results from these things.

The psalmist expresses a passionate delight in doing God's commandments, or as we put it in these days in "doing one's duty." He says these commandments are "sweeter than honey"—he "thirsts after God as the hart after the water brooks," he finds the "knowledge of God a well spring of joy and salvation."

"The world," says F. Robertson, "has only two remedies for the instability and transitoriness of human affections. Some shut out the recollection and are merry like Charles II. Some dwell on it and are sad like Longfellow. The Christian dwells on it and is happy."

Mrs. Barrett Browning sings

> The highest being the Holy and the Glad,
> Whoever rises, must approach delight
> And sanctity, in the act.

The selfish, the worldly, the dishonest, the sensual and the analytic cannot experience this joy, so they disbelieve in there being such a thing.

A healthy, good dispositioned school boy is often a lesson to us all. John Hodge feeds the pigs. He is not a clean old man, and the adult mind sees little in him beyond beeriness, and that obfuscation of the faculties which sometimes results from this state when it has become habitual. But our school boy knows better. He says "What a jolly old chap old Hodge is! I'm awfully fond of him." The fact is our school boy of the right sort "rejoices always." He rejoices with a genuine unconscious and unselfish joy in all the works of God, even down to poor old Hodge. As we grow older we most of us lose much of this glorious capacity and vitality, and we become critical, satirical, and dead—dead, some in trespasses and sin, some in cold analysis.

Strauss, Schoppenhauer, and J. S. Mill looked upon the world as a wretched place, full of wretched people. But it is inconceivable that they can have been joyous and happy when they spoke in this way. So the question comes to this. Whose opinion on the matter are we to take; a man's opinion uttered when he is joyous and happy, or a man's opinion uttered when he is discontented and unhappy. Schoppenhauer lived by himself, his only companion being a poodle dog. Now, another curious question to ask is, which was the superior being of these two, the wretched Schoppenhauer, or his joyous poodle. No doubt the former wrote many books; but Goethe says that "a man is not of importance in proportion to

the number of works or writings he leaves behind him, but in proportion as he is happy himself, and as he makes others happy." If Goethe be right in this it almost looks as if the dog were the superior of the two.

The mere analysing logican, such as a Strauss, or a Schoppenhauer, or a Mill, says that the world is a wretched place and full of wretched people. But what says the whole man when he regards the world and all that is therein? This is what he says. This is what the fully developed and complete man says or rather sings. He sings "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty; heaven and earth are full of Thy glories, glory be to Thee O God most high." And again he sings "shew yourselves joyful all ye lands: sing, rejoice, and give thanks." "All they that are true of heart shall rejoice." "Let the heavens rejoice and let the earth be glad." "The voice of joy and health is in the dwellings of the righteous." Now, how are we to account for the voice of joy and gladness not being in the dwellings of Messrs. Strauss, Mill, Schoppenhauer & Co.? In this way. They were dead men. Dead whilst they lived. Killed by habits of analysis. Still analysis wants doing sometimes. Only woe to the doer of it.

There has always been a connection between materialism and misanthropy. Heraclitus is a proverbial instance. A man who is without a soul to see the beautiful things that are in human nature must be a misanthropist, or at most like Mr. Mill, a misanthropical philanthropist.

Every sort of superstition has been connected with Christianity in the minds of foolish people. Matthew Arnold well shows that we cannot do without the bible. For in the Hebrew writings alone do we find that passion of Godliness and that hunger and thirst after righteous-

ness which distinguish divinely inspired writings. Still we should estimate them with understanding or else we get to look on the mere words superstitiously, and as if they were charms ; like the old Yorkshire woman who said "Aw, that blessed word 'Mesopotamia,' it has indeed been a coomfort to me." Immediately religion becomes superstition, it ceases to have good influence on conduct. The Indian thug prayed earnestly to his wooden deities for help to strangle and rob his victim The old Roman swindler lifted up his voice to his Gods and cried "da mihi fallere"—help me to cheat and steal ; and Neapolitan brigands carry leaden images of St. Januarius, and pray to them for assistance in their trade of plunder.

Nor must we fail to recognize the weak places in the Hebrew nature ; its bigotry and narrowness.

"O give thanks unto the Lord for he is gracious and his mercy endureth for ever ; who alone doeth wondrous things, for his mercy endureth for ever ; who smote Egypt with their first born for his mercy endureth for ever ; who overthrew Pharoah and his host in the Red Sea, for his mercy endureth for ever ; who smote great Kings, for his mercy endureth for ever ; yea who slew mighty Kings, for his mercy endureth for ever ; Sehon, King of the Amorites, and Og, the King of Basan, for his mercy endureth for ever." Now, because this is inspired writing, inspired that is with the peculiarly Hebrew and divine sense of the unceasing presence of God in all things, that is no reason why we should neglect to recognise the Hebrew writer's narrowness, as shown in these texts—his intense nationalism and inability to see that Og might just possibly take a view slightly different from his in the matter.

Stupid people confound religiousness and superstition.

The Polish peasant we are told goes every Sunday to the nearest town for two purposes—first to attend Mass —second to get drunk.

Of course to such a man religion is but a charm to keep away ill luck.

A clergyman exercised his influence and got the sentence of a condemned prisoner commuted. "The gratitude of the man," says the Clergyman, knew no bounds. He called me his deliverer, and here, said he, as he grasped my hand at parting, "here is your bible. I may as well return it to you, for I hope that I shall never never want it again." Here again the bible was looked upon as a charm.

The Southal tribe of Indians are extremely scrupulous in their observances. They are most careful never to recite their prayers or perform their ceremonies until they are in an advanced state of intoxication. Here again is superstition not religion.

A Spanish bandit is talking "more suo" in a highly blasphemous and atrocious manner, when he hears the evening church bell. At once he stops in the middle of a terrific oath, bends his head, crosses his arms, and gabbles through his *Ave Maria* ; this done, he, in the same breath, finishes the oath, and goes on with his horrible talk. Here again is not religion but superstition.

The West Indians call evil spirits "Jumbies." A mother nursing her sick child will say that it will be sure to die, because "De Jumbies dem bin and walk ober de child." Their way to protect their children is to put a bible or prayer book under their pillow. This, if done in time, will keep off the most mischievous Jumbies.

Now this again is not religion but superstition.

Science tends sometimes to kill superstition, but it leaves religion where it always has been.

Some philosophers seem to think Christianity means *knowledge* of Christian conduct. But a man's knowledge about himself, say for instance that he is a scoundrel, and ought not to be one, has, by itself, no effect whatever against the low passions that make him a scoundrel. The philosophers can do nothing but give him this knowledge. But Christianity does the thing at once by giving high passions that are strong enough to regulate and sanctify the lower ones. Christ taught these strong all ruling passions by precept and example. Philosophers disbelieve in them, because, as a rule, people cannot imagine or believe in what they themselves do not experience. Poets sometimes can, but philosophers are not poets. Some people confuse passion and excitement, and think they mean the same, instead of the truth that they exclude each other. Excitement only means a heated imagination. It is full of self. Noble or Christian passion means delight in, that is, love of what is not self and without regard to self. The mere philosopher cannot understand anything of this. He wants proofs. But who can prove what is not provable ?

Who can prove a passion ? Who can prove to the mere analytic man of science Godliness, adoration, gratitude, envy, jealousy, or hatred ? No one of these can be described as blue, or red, or round, or square, or as containing three parts of carbon to one of nitrogen, and yet the mere philosopher and third-class man of science accept no other proofs. They may see that some men's lives are happy, actively unselfiish, religious, and what is called Godlike. But if they can and do see this, they say at most that these manifestations, which, undoubtedly, must have a cause, arise from contemptible illusions. Illusions indeed ! So what makes the difference between the good man (positively not merely nega-

tively) and the scoundrel who passes half his time in gaol, and the other half of whose life is a life of burglary, drunkenness, and hideous vice is some contemptible illusion, and only comes from some contemptible illusion!

In the scale of creation the nobler or specially Christian passions are observed to vary according to the development of the creature. Of course, a jelly fish is completely without them. Even a pig, it is difficult to conceive, raising its thoughts much above barley-meal. Who can imagine a pig wondering or revering? In dogs, however, we see symptoms of the passions, and in savages we decidedly see them in a low degree. The highest form of the thing is so rare and exalted that the men in whom it is manifested, and who are called Godly or saintly men, are hardly believed in by the world in general, and not at all believed in by the criminal classes, nor by some analyzing philosophers and third-class men of science.

> "There are who walk with unseen aureoles crowned,
> Whose every act is diademed with light;
> Who tunnelling away from human sight,
> Emerge in holy and sequestered ground
> Among the gushing springs of pure delight
> By fevered wayfarer too seldom found;
> These are the brightest gems the world can show,
> *Yet few there are who recognize* their worth;
> The aureoled saints alone their aureoles know
> Their true relation both to heaven and earth."
>
> J. C. EARLE.

Who can understand the divine heights to which the human soul may rise, or the diabolic depths to which it may sink? The common-place Brown, who thinks of nothing higher than the parting of his hair, or lower than the fit of his boots, denies both the height and

depth. Many a poor fool of fashion and folly whose soul is about on a level with that of a Marmoset monkey, denies both. The passionless man of analysis, who is but a piece of intellectual machinery, denies both. But those with hearts to know, know what hearts can be.

Of course, those who are dead in trespasses and sins deny the heights, however it may be about the depths. "Virtue and goodness to the vile seem vile."

> "And thus the souls that nearest are allied
> To goats and swine, deep sunk in slime and clay,
> Imagine every mortal would, if tried,
> Prove just as base and grovelling as they."
>
> J. C. EARLE.

Godliness is the word used to express the extreme form of human vitality and strength; that, namely, of him who passes his life under the inspiration of the Christian passions—passions of reverence, hope, faith, worship, pity, and wonder; a hatred of evil, a love of good and spiritual beauty; a passionate delight in all things and unceasing joy, which latter Mr. Ruskin calls the highest of all, if unselfish, for it includes them all. Nearer the sun in the planet Venus these highly inspired people are, perhaps, the rule. On the earth they are comparatively rare; yet we catch glimpses ocsasionally.

On the other hand, the planet Jupiter, which is much further from the sun than we are, is full of frogs, newts, lizards, analytical philosophers, and other cold-blooded creatures; but the frogs are more inactive than our frogs, and their croak far less cheerful, whilst analysis is carried to a degree we have no conception of here.

"The kingdom of God," says St. Paul, "means peace righteousness, joy," &c. The kingdom of God (if there be a God), say our utilitarian philosophers, means correct knowledge and logical conclusions about God.

Some theologians seem to think the same. Thus, these people cling for their salvation to ratiocinations of the brain. The greater part of the crew of a sinking ship once saved itself by lashing themselves to the masts and spars, but some bright geniuses lashed themselves to the anchor.

A Christian means a man who has a passionate unselfish delight in, that is love of, and sympathy with, actual things and people, not in his own ideas, for that is only genius or excited imagination. The one is passion the other is only enthusiasm, delightful in its results, but still only enthusiasm. "To be sure," says O. W. Holmes, "genius gets the world's praise, for it bribes the common voice by presents of poems, pictures, statues, or whatever it can please with. But talk of the fire of genius! Many a blessed woman who dies unsung and unremembered, has given out more of the real vital heat that keeps the life in human souls than would set any number of odes simmering in the brains of men of genius. Genius is the spirting of a fountain that amuses us. Character (that is, 'the sum total of passions,') is life."

"Great character," says Lowell, "is as rare as great genius, if it be not a nobler form of it. For, surely, it is easier to embody fine thinking or noble feeling in a book than in a life."

"Le génie," says Balzac, "est une horrible maladie. Qui triumphera? La maladie de l'homme ou l'homme de la maladie? Le talent grandit. Le cœur se desséche. On reste ou sans cœur ou sans talent."

"Mere intellect," says Hare, "is as hard hearted and as heart hardening as the mere senses."

The instinctive feelings of mankind correspond with these views.

It is universal human nature to look upon a man of pure analytic intellect and nothing else with aversion.

Love breeds love. Intellect causes surprise. No one was ever loved for his analytic power, though many a one has been disliked for it ; just as a child dislikes mustard because it is sharp and pungent.

Sharpness of intellect by itself is mere mustard. There is no nutriment in it.

In the eye of Christ that is of perfect and complete Christianity most people are dead. They are so wanting in the highest vitality, that is, in pure passionate delight in and sympathy with all things,—in joy (or grief as the case may be) unhampered by what Goethe called the negative side of human nature, that is, by the wordlinesses, or what Thackeray called snobbishnesses, or to put it definitely, by self seekings, by vanity, by avarice, by pride, by the love of display, by desire for the praise of men, by craving for applause or admiration, by the love of rank and riches, and by all the innumerable shades and varieties of these things—men are so hampered I say by these negations of pure interest and delight in what is not self that they can only be called dead men until they are born again or regenerated, that is, until they are inspired by higher passions which regulate and sanctify the lower ones. But most people do not want this. They think their happiness depends upon their remaining as they are. They cannot imagine being happy in any state other than their own.

" Tommy," said the village Curate in his catechizing, " what does regeneration mean ?"

" Being born again."

" Good boy. Would you like to be born again."

" Naw."

" You would not ! Why ?"

" For fear I should be born a lassie."

Now Tommy does not in the least know what it is to

be "a lassie." He simply cannot understand the idea of being happy except as a boy, that is except in that condition to which he is accustomed. We are all like Tommy in our several ways.

I say that Christ called those who are without the higher Christian passions dead.

We all talk in the same way to a certain degree. The inspired poet calls a man with no poetry in him dead to beauty. The inspired musician calls a man with no music in his soul dead to harmonious sounds. The conscience-denying utilitarian philosopher (of the genuine type) we call dead to all sense of right and wrong. It is, therefore, very natural for the divine soul which is inspired with all the Godly passions to look on men who are destitute of them as dead men.

Goethe looked on all vice as negation of vitality.

Mr. Hinton wrote a book to show that all common objects of men's lives, their self strivings, their vanities, ambitions, &c., &c., are manifestations of negations in their nature, and that in fact so far as they are governed by them they are simply dead men. These ideas correspond with the New Testament view about a man being dead while he liveth.

"Christ," says the author of 'Ecce Homo,' "meant by 'life' that healthy condition of mind which issues of necessity in right action. This healthy condition is called in the dialect of Christianity 'life' or 'salvation.'"

"Only the righteous man," says Matthew Arnold, "is really alive."

> "Be good sweet maid, and let who will be clever,
> Do noble things, not dream them all day long,
> And so make life, death, and that vast for ever
> One grand sweet song."

C. KINGSLEY.

No one can in the least nnderstand the New Testament, and Christ, who does not see that he always looked upon those who were not inspired by the nobler or Christian passions as dead men, and those who were so inspired, as living men, happy, saved from this death, and with all their sins forgiven. As, for instance, the woman who was a sinner, and who kissed his feet and dried them with her hair. Christ told her that her sins were forgiven; that is, he told her the simple fact that her love and devotion was such that she was saved by it from spiritual death, and was happy and really alive. The stupid Pharisees could not see this, and asked, "Who can forgive sins but God?"

Christ recognized in man, taught, and in a great degree created, that greatest spiritual force known—Godliness; that is, inspired Holy Passions or Spirit. Many mere philosophers deny the existence of this force, because they themselves are not only without it, but cannot even imagine what it means. They, therefore, deny that Christ taught anything new or different from the teachings of the stoic philosophers. But the teachings of the philosophers was merely negative and renunciative. It was, therefore, absolutely without effect. What is the good of telling people to renounce their evil propensities if they have nothing to renounce them with—no noble passions to rule over the ignoble ones. The philosophers gave men nothing but reason to do this with. But reason by itself is not a force. It is not a motive power. "The feelings," says G. H. Lewes, "are the real motors." Reason without emotion or passion never moved anything whatever.

The philosophers, I say, deny these forces, for they know nothing about them. Each man sees what he has eyes to see, each man feels what he has soul to feel.

"To the noble," says F. Robertson, "all things are noble; to the mean all things are mean."

"This world," said Sydney Smith in his old age, when he was gouty and bilious—but only in his old age, when he was gouty and bilious—"is a very ordinary middling sort of place." This was all in his old age that he had eyes to see.

"The kingdom of God is within you."

But what can the mere analytic philosopher know about the kingdom of God?

Before a man denies the existence of this force of Godliness taught by Christ, he had better ask himself one or two questions. He should say, "Why am I without this force which other people call so powerful? Is it because it does not exist, or is the cause in myself? Perhaps I am growing a little bit old, and all the passions good and bad are dying away, as will sometimes happen. Or, perhaps, I have a habit of analyzing, which has the same effect. Or am I under the dominion of some of the vicious, or sensual, or petty worldly passions? such as vanity, pride, avarice, &c. Again, am I quite sure that none of my ancestors were utilitarian philosophers?" If upon examination he finds the latter to be the case, he need inquire no further. It were far better for him that he were descended from Mr. Darwin's anthropoid apes; I mean as far as understanding the force goes. Of course, he may still be a highly intelligent and pleasant man, but that is not the question.

Who can estimate aright the greatness of the great, or the Godliness of the Godly. Whatever words are employed must be unspeakably inadequate. We use such terms as "divine," "saintly," "holy," "Godly," in our attempts to express our meaning, and yet they are but words with disputed meanings, and show little else

but our incapacity to represent by speech the immeasurable, and yet sometimes realized possibilities of a living soul. Many, as I say, deny these possibilities. The torpid, the very old, the frivolous, the analytic, the vicious, and the sensual—all these will often deny them, for in such all high passion is extinct, if they ever existed, and they are but as dead men.

The scientific analyzer tries the same task of explaining and estimating the Godly man. His way is to resolve him first into an ape, and then further back into a jelly fish. And he may be right, and what he says may be true in its way; but right or wrong, true or false, it is exactly nothing, and it expresses nothing. Noble lives and noble actions, noble words, poetry, and music can alone express the thing, and even these can only give hints, for they are only outward and visible manifestations of inward realities. Analysis useful and even necessary as it may be is helpless, for it ends in nothing but protoplasm; and the soul that has no other attribute except being conscious of protoplasm is itself no better than the protoplasm of which it is conscious. It has analyzed itself down to the level of protoplasm.

The miraculous effect upon a man of being in love is proverbial. For the time the coward becomes brave, the indolent man active, the selfish unselfish. Flowers, according to the French proverb, grow beneath his footsteps, and he delights with an unspeakable and self-oblivious delight in all things and in all people. Such is the temporary state of him who is really in love. Such is the permanent state of him who is really a Christian or Godly man.

The opposite state to this is that of Chateaubriand, as described by Béranger. "Chateaubriand," he said, "is weary of life, because he thinks of nothing but himself."

Christianity (or what Christ called the kingdom of God) means life and conduct springing from Godliness; that is, sanctified by the Godly passions; for if righteousness springs from anything else it is only a negative absence of wrong, like Stoicism, and, therefore, good for very little. There are at present three great parties in the Church—High, Low, and Broad; or, as Mr. D'Israeli puts it, ceremonial, sentimental, and speculative. Some day there may be a fourth, that is, a Christian party. This party will include in it the other three, but they will become subordinate ingredients. I say, there *may* be a fourth; for who can tell? This fourth state may be too high for this planet. We may, on the contrary, be nearly at high tide already; and, perhaps, before long the tide will turn and we shall slowly ebb back to savagery, as has happened so often within historic times, and as, perhaps, our world has been doing for millions of years. Pulsation or ebbing and flowing seems the universal law. Everything advances or retires. But whatever may be the case generally, there will, no doubt, always be Christianity or "the kingdom of God" for individual men so long as men exist.

Writers against the teachings of men inspired with the Godly passions often say that in such an important matter there should be proof and certainty to every body, and if there is not, it shows there is no inspiration. But where is there certainty and proof? Bodily health is of the utmost importance to every one, but what medical dogmas are there proved true and certain to everybody? There are wise dogmas in the matter in plenty for those who can recognise them. But all we can say is, so much the better for him who does recognise them, so much the worse for him who does not. It is each man's own business only. So it is with spiritual

wisdom or inspiration and revelation. The world is full of it, from the words of poets and wise men up to the highest emanations of Godliness and sanctity. But all we can say is, so much the better for him who can recognise it all and act on it ; so much the worse for him who cannot. The former lives, the latter dies—he becomes what Christ called a dead man. But it is each man's own business. Of course if I saw a friend of mine disregarding wise medical dogmas and so killing himself, I should be very unhappy and should try to save him. Still it would be his business. So if I saw a friend of mine disregarding spiritual wisdom and thus killing himself spiritually, or to use the common phrase "going to the devil," I should be very unhappy, and I should try to save him. Still it would be his business.

Many literary people and others discuss Christianity as if the truth about it were like a scientific question, more a matter of curiosity than anything else, and not personal to themselves. Whereas in truth the Christianity that is in a man, or in other words his degree of likeness to Christ, is of enormous importance to himself and to no one else. If he reaches a high degree of likeness so much the better for him and his happiness. If he reaches a low degree so much the worse. The only absolutely perfect definition of Christianity that can be given is "that which Christ was." Now as the only way to know is to be, he knows most what Christ was or what Christianity is who is most like Christ. He can only know what "gratitude" means who is or has been grateful. He only can know what turtle soup tastes like who tastes or has tasted it. He only can know what Godliness means who is or has been Godly.

Many Christians live on spiritual food expressed by such terms as "dwelling in the Lord," "filled with the

Holy Ghost," "one with Christ," &c., &c. This is the only way they can express the "exceeding joy" that is within them, faulty and inadequate as the expressions may be. The third-class man of science who has life and strength for nothing but analysis, calls this spiritual food superstitious folly, unfit for reasonable men. How does he know this? He has never tried it. He has not capacity to do so. Many strong men live on roast beef. The weaker vessel who can only digest boiled chicken and water gruel, says that roast beef is not adapted for the human constitution; but this only means that it is not adapted for his constitution. Some day he quits his town residence, takes a farm, hunts, shoots, and chops his own fire-wood; and then he takes to roast beef like his robust neighbours.

It is undoubtedly open to any one to deny that the complete Christian man is the highest known type of the human race. The *mere* analytic philosopher, of course, denies it. So do the criminal classes. So do the lowest savages. Indeed, every class and race tends to judge of excellence by itself. There is no help for this. There is no proof in the matter for the mere intellect. He who has a soul will know. He who has none will not.

Man is a passionate, adoring, worshipping animal. The savage who worship an idol is superior to the man who worships nothing. The third class man of science reduces God to an impersonal material force; but neither he nor anyone else can worship a mere material force so he worships nothing. Thus the savage is superior to the third class man of science.

To the strong fully-developed man God is not a mere dead force. He is "the high and lofty one that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is holy."

The above views of Christianity do not get much into print, for those who have the Christian passions are seldom analytic or critical writers, and analytic or critical writers seldom have the Christian passions, and therefore do not write about them.

A certain class of people at the present day are fond of saying that Christianity either has had no influence on the world, or that it has had a bad one. And yet perhaps it may be lucky for these very people that there has been Christianity more or less for 1800 years. What might not they themselves be now but for Christianity? Perhaps slaves to some rich patrician in Belgrave-square; or waiting for a public holiday to be brought out to fight with wild beasts for the amusement of the populace, in a circus at Charing Cross. Perhaps their sister or their daughter, subject to the caprices of some savage mistress in Portland Place, like the fierce Roman ladies described by Juvenal, who at the slightest awkwardness or mistake on the part of their waiting girls when dressing them, would drive brooches into their flesh, or have them flogged, or even executed on the spot. Or again, if rich, perhaps they might be lounging at their Club in Pall Mall, whiling away the time after dinner smoking cigars and watching a fight between one of their slaves and a panther, just imported from Hindostan; like the Emperor Heliogabalus, who never finished the evening without slaughter to regale him, but who loved most of all to see criminals torn to pieces alive by wild beasts.

This goes upon the doubtful supposition that our reviler of Christianity survived his infancy. I say doubtful because previous to Christianity the practice of infanticide was universal. Children who did not seem promising were generally destroyed.

A rich man in Rome would send for a slave and have him slaughtered, just to amuse his guest, and for no other reason.

Perhaps the writers to whom I am alluding wish to have these and other still worse habits of the Romans re-established in England. If so they are quite right in their denunciations of Christianity, for assuredly they will not get what they wish so long as anything that even calls itself Christianity lasts.

After a revolt of slaves 6,000 of them were crucified along the road from Rome to Capua.

"Set up a cross and crucify this slave," cries a beautiful Roman lady in Juvenal. "Why what has the slave done?" asks her husband.

Amongst the Romans, before Christianity began to tell on the character of mankind, a successful politician or general always banished his unsuccessful rival, and then after a time sent and had him killed. Thus at the present day in England if there had been no Christianity, Mr. Gladstone would have been living ever since the last general election in the island of Alderney, and Mr. D'Israeli would send shortly and have him privately put to death. Again, if there had been no Christianity, our two successful generals, Sir Garnet Wolsley and Lord Napier, would now be fighting for the supreme power, and if Lord Napier won, Sir Garnet would be dragged in chains through London to adorn Lord Napier's triumph, and then executed at Hyde Park Corner. If Sir Garnet won of course Lord Napier would be executed. If some make the objection that Rome at the time such things took place was comparatively barbarian, the answer is that the Roman people generally were more civilized than the English are now. Art and literature were better, and not even the lowest of the low would get

drunk and kick his wife to death as we often do in England. Indeed the quantity of alcoholic liquor consumed was comparatively nothing, so the Roman governments had to gather their revenues almost wholly from other sources. Again, look at Kings. Take for instance our four Georges. Had it not been for Christianity and the alterations it has made in human nature, George the first would have put all the members of the House of Lords to death by means of every species of hideous torture like the Emperor Caligula ; George the second would have sat down to dinner and eaten forty pounds of flesh and three hundred figs every day, like the Emperor Maximinus. George the third would have had six hundred concubines, like King Solomon, and George the fourth would have set fire to London, and then fiddled like Nero, though no doubt he would have done it (again like Nero), with the view to rebuilding London with greater beauty than ever, and erecting streets consisting entirely of mansions as beautiful as Buckingham Palace, or even as the Brighton Pavilion.

Euripedes says " The sweetest of all earthly sights to see is the misfortune of an enemy." Again, " it is sweet to gaze upon the death of an enemy." Again, " to kill an enemy is no murder." The old Greek poets are full of such sayings. A man could not now write such things in a Christian country whatever he might think.

The small sect of men who hate Christianity generally call themselves extreme liberals, and profess to hate slavery almost as much as they hate Christianity. But surely they are a little inconsistent here ; for in hating Christianity they hate the only thing, as history conclusively shews, that has ever done anything towards destroying slavery.

Many people at the present day condemn Christianity because of the cruelties and sufferings caused by the inquisition and religious wars. But these sufferings arose not from Christianity but from the want of it. What was called Christianity was merely some fantastic ideas oí ignorant and three-parts barbarous people. No doubt the tortures of the inquisition were dreadful. But to connect them with Christianity is folly arising from the word, Christianity having a second meaning given to it—quite as much folly as the following absurd nonsense which appeared in the newspaper of a fashionable watering-place in America. "At the spa yesterday afternoon, at about three o'clock, a thoughtless young man sat down on the spur of the moment. His screams were dreadful." Now this ridiculous stuff founded on the two meanings to the word spur is not a bit more absurd than the nonsense people talk about Christianity in consequence of their having given the word meanings which do not belong to it. Of course, I know that these old interpretations of the meaning of Christianity, false as they were, may have sometimes been better than nothing. As Mr. Brookfield says, the *literal* belief in material imagery, such as "coming in clouds," and "trumpets sounding," and "worms that never die," and "everlasting fires," may bring many minds to a nearer approximation to truth than could be reached by *them* in any other manner.

It is not difficult for most people to settle what is or what is not Christianity, if they will only set to work the right way. The Roman Catholics of a few hundred years ago called it Christianity to torture a man in every conceivable way for some trivial difference of opinion, however righteous he may have been in word and in deed. To settle whether this really was Christianity it is (to

most people) only necessary to ask the question whether Christ would have done so. Calvinists said that all children who died unbaptized would suffer eternally unspeakable torments in hell. This they called Christianity. Here again the simple way is to ask oneself the question would he who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven"—would he have said that unbaptized children would suffer eternal torments if he had lived on the earth in Calvin's time?"

The objectors to Christianity are generally analyzing philosophers. But what can an analyzing bookworm who never goes out of his study know about the practical effects of Christianity?

Artemus Ward was not an analyzing bookworm, and he passed his life going about and observing his fellow creatures with uncommonly shrewd eyes. He says "Show me a place where meetin houses and preachers is never seen, and I'll show you a place where old hats air stuffed into broken winders, where the children air dirty and ragged, where the gates have no hinges, where wimmin air slip shod, and the men drunkards. Let us consider what the preachers do for us before we aboose them."

In his scale of human psychic conditions Goethe puts the ethnic or Pagan at the bottom, the scientific next, and the Christian at the top.

The suitability of Christianity to men in our parts of the world is shown by the proof of the pudding. It is in a more or less degree universally adopted. Materialism, or Utilitarianism may be better, but it has to be proved that they are better by general adoption. At present Christianity is in possession. Civilized man is a Christian as far as in him lies, not a materialist. The suitability of wheat as bodily food for men in our parts of the world

is shown by the proof of the pudding; that is to say wheat is universally adopted as food. Prove by universal adoption that mud is better food, as it seems to be considered by the mud eating Andaman Indians, and it may then be allowed to be so. But it must be proved first. At present wheat is in possession. Civilized man is a wheat eater, not a mud eater. The burden of the proof of their case rests with the objectors to Christianity, for as I say Christianity is in possession.

Every thing may be looked on from a thousand different points of view, but to put the matter in Mr. Darwin's way, we may say that Christian men or men who profess and aim at Christianity, have survived by natural selection, they being fittest to live, whilst the weak and irreligious who have not strength for faith and hope, either die out altogether or are only represented by the criminal classes, who form but a small minority of the population, and by a few analyzing philosophers, who form a still smaller minority of the population.

Goethe says "The Christian religion is a power elevated far above all philosophy."

"Look," says J. J. Rousseau, "at the books of the philosophers, how puny they are by the side of the Gospel. If the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus were those of a God."

For a mere reasoning logician to expect to find out religion by philosophy, is as absurd as any conceivable incongruity. It is as absurd as Foote's nonsense about the girl who went into the garden to cut a cabbage leaf to make an apple pie. When the pie was opened and she found nothing but cabbage leaves, I doubt not the girl ceased to believe in such things as apples at all. So when the logician opens his pie which he has crammed full of premises and inferences, and finds no religion, he ceases to believe that there is such a thing as religion.

The mere logician may be looked upon as a patent machine, with two spouts for turning out inferences. Put the premises in at one spout, turn the handle, and out come the inferences at the other. But it must be remembered that the machine only undertakes to turn out correct inferences from the premises. It does not vouch for the truth of the premises. Indeed it is not adapted for examination into the truth or meaning of them. To give an instance of the way the machine works. A lot of things such as time, fossils, stratified rocks, &c., are put into one spout, the handle is turned and out comes the inference from the other spout that the world is very old.* Yes, but what about these premises? What about the word time? What does it mean? Is there such a thing? If so, what is it? Fossils are made of matter. What is matter? Forces are manifest everywhere. What is force? Questions such as these have always puzzled the minds of men, but the logic machine takes no note of them. It does not even acknowledge that they are questions at all. Still men (not mere analysing philosophers) must believe by faith in there being some realities in some sense answering to such words as time, matter, force, God, spirit, and other unknowable and inconceivable things, and so men (not mere philosophers) *must* have some religion of some kind.

Men, says Goethe, who instead of living give themselves up to philosophical analyzings and speculation,

* I am perfectly aware that some eminent Roman Catholic theologians deny all these scientific explanations of fossils, and account for their existence by saying that the devil put them in the earth where they are found; but however curious this may be as a manifestation of some theologic classes of mind, I will not dwell further upon this point of view at present.

when there is the whole world for them to enjoy, are like cattle that confine themselves to an arid barren field, when the whole country around is full of rich pasturage. Such men sadly want the Irish farmer to help them. One day he was found by his landlord carefully fencing round a barren and desolate piece of ground which would grow nothing. "Hallo! Pat," he said, why are you fencing in that piece of ground? Any cattle you put into it would starve to death." "An' sure yer honour," was the reply, "Wasn't I fencin it in to kape the poor bastes out av it?"

It may seem at first sight strange that whereas all true philosophy is highly esteemed, mere philosophers, who devote their lives to what they think philosophy are, as a rule, held tolerably cheap. The reason doubtless is that devoting a one-sided life to philosophy is not the way to reach a true one. The only way is to be a complete man first. In ancient Rome, as we all know, the philosophers were often slaves. Of these Epictetus, the stoic, was the most celebrated. Lucian tells us that like other slaves the philosophers were often put up to auction, but that they usually fetched very little money. It was not the article the public wanted. They wanted men not philosophers. Still some few philosophers, as I need hardly say, are men as well as philosophers. That is to say that besides being thinkers they have passions, happiness, and natural affections—in one word, life."

"Who," asks the author of "Ecce Homo," "is there in the world before Christ to whom we could venture to apply the word 'holy.' Whereas since Christ there has scarcely been a town in any Christian country where a century has passed without exhibiting some character of such elevation that his mere presence has shamed the bad and made the good better; and has been felt at

times like the presence of God himself. And if this be so, has Christ failed ? Or can Christianity die ?" "The most lost cynic," he says, "may get a new heart by learning to believe in the virtue of only one man." Still there are undoubtedly scoundrels who cannot believe in virtue. "Virtue and goodness to the vile seem vile," says Shakespeare. Such people will not believe in Christianity, and would hate it if they did.

Mr. Lecky speaks of Christianity, or "the record of three short years of a life, as having inspired the hearts of men with a passion that has done more to regenerate mankind than all the disquisitions of philosophers, and all the exhortations of moralists."

Some may say why defend Christianity ; who attacks it but the lowest of the low ? To such I answer that besides the lowest of low the highest of the high, in their own estimations—often men of great analytic and literary power—are unceasingly attacking Christianity.

I have been often struck by the way mere reasoning instruments, like a Strauss or a Schoppenhauer, will often have the impudence to pass judgment on the divine words of inspired and Godlike men. Of course I know it is not impudence really, but it looks like impudence. It is really only insensibility—insensibility to the higher notes of human nature, like the ears of some men, extremely acute for all lower sounds, but unable to hear the cricket chirp, or the highest tones of an organ. "Yes but," says a Schoppenhauer, "when we do hear these higher notes of human nature, how are we to tell or be sure that they are higher ?"

The answer to this depends upon who "we" means. I do not say that a Schoppenhauer can tell or be sure. A man without music in his soul hears sounds well enough with his ears, but whether they are true, beauti-

ful, and harmonious sounds he has no more idea than a jelly fish. He who has music in his soul does know.

All such men as the pessimist Schoppenhauer are really men with deformed truncated souls.

Strauss is supposed to have written books against Christianity. But he really does not seem to know in the least what Christianity means. What he has written are books against certain dogmas Calvinistic, Roman Catholic and others which mistaken people have called Christianity.

A man must grow up to Christianity. Then he will understand it. We must not expect this to be general, for to grow up to Christianity means to become a Godly man in a great degree. Of course, the average run of people are not Godly men to any great *degree*, whatever they may be in kind, or they would not be the average run of people.

Dr. Strauss condems Kant for believing in a God, and Goethe for believing in immortality. Prayer in his eyes is so absurd a thing that he dismisses it with three lines of contempt. But what is the truth about prayer? A woman has lost her only child. She is distracted, and wishes to drown herself. At last she falls on her knees and prays. She prays with all her heart, and with all her soul, for strength to bear her loss. According to Strauss the woman is a fool. Nevertheless, she attains the object of her prayers. She becomes resigned to the will of God. She does not drown herself, and she gradually regains peace and happiness. If she had not prayed she would have drowned herself. Nevertheless, we are told by Strauss, and by the little third-class men of science, that the woman was a fool for praying, and that the thousands who act and have acted like her in their miseries—for it is an every day case—that they are all

fools. Prayer and faith in God saves these untold thousands from misery, and, perhaps, suicide; and yet we are taught by these philosophers that they are fools for saving themselves from misery. No doubt all this about the woman would have been incomprehensible to Dr. Strauss, poor old man, for he had only been analysing all his life. He had nothing to comprehend it with. The spiritual atrophy of a life-time had at length left him a dead man—dead whilst he lived—"Praying with all the heart and with all the soul indeed! What nonsense!" he would have said; "soul is but a word representing obsolete superstitions; and heart—well, of course there is such a thing—it is a powerful muscle which pumps the blood all through the body—a muscle which in the edible animals is not altogether unpalatable, but yet is sometimes rather tough."

A man is an organ with many stops. One of these being a comparatively insignificant, but still, in its place, highly useful one, called the logic stop. Now, in the matter of free-will, prayer, &c., perhaps it would be better (even if there were nothing else to go by) to believe in the proof of the pudding, as demonstrated by results in practical life, rather than in the ratiocinations of notion-mongers playing on their one little stop, after having killed all the higher parts of their natures.

The author of "Ecce Homo," says, "Perpetual and absorbing mental activity blunts those feelings in which the life of virtue resides;" and again he says, "Faith is the germ of all that is good in human character."

Strauss says, he does not wish to destroy religion, for he knows it is necessary for the generality of mankind. It never seems to occur to him that one reason why the majority require religionsness is because it is the right

thing for the inhabitants of this earth to have, the irreligious ones having, in fact, been killed off by natural selection as being monstrous, non-human, and unfitted to live on this planet, and those who are religious (more or less) having survived. Yet this is the fact. The completely irreligious or criminal classes undoubtedly do go to the wall. Their souls are not high enough to reach the necessary food, and they die out. Sometimes individual Giraffes in Africa are born with rather shorter necks than the rest. Then if drought comes they cannot reach high enough up the trees to get their food, and they die out. Perhaps Strauss would say that although they die they nevertheless are right to have shorter necks, and that the majority are wrong.

To a vast number of people all the above observations will have little meaning. Numbers of religious people, whose lives are passed toiling up and down mountains they have made out of sectarian mole-hills, will see nothing in them. These are not their difficulties. But wise men know that the real evil of the present day is Straussism. Straussism, or ideas that are bred in Germany, and born of book pedantry, dreams, abstraction, trance, analysis, tobacco smoke, and stagnation, unqualified by inspiration, by intuition, by faith, by genius, by feeling, by passion, by joy; in one word, by "life"

"Let us hope," says Goethe, "that in a century hence we Germans shall have advanced so far as to be no longer savants and philosophers, but men."

To numbers, I say, of excellent, earnest, narrow-minded, bigoted religionists, whose lives are passed in an atmosphere of petty sectarianism, battling against theological storms in teacups, these observations will have little meaning. To numbers of excellent people, perhaps, the salt of the earth, who steadily do their

duty in that state of life unto which it has pleased God to call them, but who never dream and speculate, these observations will have little meaning. No, they are written for those who come under the influence of a small narrow-minded and bigoted, but energetic and active set of men, namely, the utilitarians, materialists, and third-class men of science. These are the men whose doctrines I hate and abhor with an utter and inextinguishable abhorrence. And if Mr. Arnold tells me that this language sins against his gospel of sweetness and light, or that it fails in "sweet reasonableness," I tell him there is a time for all things; and that when a man is in the act of blowing my brains out, that is not a time for sweet reasonableness, unless doing my best to knock him down, be, "sweet reasonableness," which, by-the-bye, perhaps, under the circumstances, it is. Furthermore, I tell him that the man who strives to destroy all that is noble in a man's soul is unspeakably more noxious than he who only tries to blow his brains out.

But besides the general object I have a special one. I am not quite hopeless of enlarging in some slight degree the mind of my friend Robinson, whom we all know as the third-class man of science, utilitarian philosopher, and positivist. I like Robinson, and have a strong wish to benefit him; for he is so very good natured—that is, when one does not tread on the toes of his head fetish "matter"—and he is so full of interesting information. Robinson has also one or two minor fetishes, such as "the primitive atom" and "protoplasm." Of course, one has to be careful not to say anything disrespectful of these either. Then such terms as "spirit," "God," "conscience," "faith," "duty," and "free-will," naturally offend him, and make him look

perplexed and sulky. But I have only to ask him some question about "the nervous ganglionic centres," or "the medullum oblongatum," or "hydrochloric acid," or "the geological grey-wacke slate formation," and at once he perks up again, and proceeds to tell me a great deal that is very interesting.

We laugh at poor Robinson, but he is only one of a class that is as old as the hills, and will no doubt last as long. Mahomet holds forth in the Koran against the materialists. Amongst the Hebrews they were represented by the Sadducees, and amongst the Greeks by Democritus and his followers. There must no doubt always be this extreme of the human mind if only to balance the other extreme of superstitions of the opposite kind.

My remarks I say are intended for the third class men of science. Those of the first class (at least some of them sometimes) know what material science can do and what it cannot do. Professor Tyndal says of Sir Isaac Newton that from the very fact of his devoting his life to physics, he was not entitled to be held an authority on religious matters.

The darling hope of (self called) "advanced" thinkers* of the day is that at last not only will no Christianity be left but not even any religion of any kind. But as Herbert Spencer says this hope is groundless. Changes of form he says will take place as they have often taken place before, but religion itself must remain to all time.

* The (self called) advanced thinkers are really the retrograded thinkers, for they have gone back thousands of years to the opinions of Buddha, who just like them taught that "God" meant a blind force without attributes.

This is true, but Mr. Spencer says that the only object of the religious sentiment is "the unknown and unknowable." Also, speaking about "the unknowable," he says "we have a certainty that a power exists which is manifested through all phenomena." But if we know that the unknowable is a power, the unknowable is not unknowable; for we know power to be one of its attributes. So Mr. Spencer contradicts himself.

Mr. Spencer very rightly says that men should be religious. He also, as we have seen, says that the object of the religious sentiment is "the unknown and unknowable." But a man cannot worship a thing only because he knows nothing about it. Men can, like savages, fear and worship in a way mere power. And they can like Christians worship a benign power, or father as they express it. But to worship an object merely because they know nothing about it is nonsense. The truth is, savage men cannot help believing (like M. Arnold) in "force not themselves" so they fear it and worship it in their way. Christians and men raised spiritually above savages cannot help believing (in spite of a few crazy pessimists) that this force is benignant (le *bon* Dieu) so they adore it and worship it.

"A man's religion," says Carlyle, "is the chief fact about him."

"It is with religion," says Swift, "as with parental affection. Some poor wretches are without it. But the bulk of mankind love their children."

A hint or two about the word "passion;" for, undoubtedly, many people seem to think Christianity means the absence of passion. Passion is the general term for motive force, which leads directly to action, in opposition to intellect, reason, and knowledge, which, without some motive force intervening, lead to inaction.

Moral philosophers analyze and classify the passions under heads of desires, emotions, and varieties of feeling, and they write nearly endless books in doing so; nor is there any reason why their books should not be quite endless, for the subject is endless, and shades and combinations of feeling infinite. There is no more reason for stopping at twenty or thirty varieties of mind and feeling than for going on to a hundred or a thousand; for circumstances, including the inherited character of the person, are never the same in any two cases, and, therefore, the emotion that is modified by the circumstances, is never the same in any two cases. The moral philosophers are like the doctors who divide all the innumerable forms and shades of zymotic fevers, from a common cold up to Oriental Plague, into scarlatina, scarlet fever, typhus, typhoid, small-pox, chicken-pox, &c., &c., &c. And there is no reason why they should ever stop doing so, for circumstances, including the inherited constitution of the patient, are never the same in any two cases; so diseases are never the same in any two cases, as Doctor Wendell Holmes truly says.

Gardeners are unceasingly giving new names to varieties of roses. But there is no limit to this. The smallest alteration of circumstances under which the seed is grown must make a corresponding difference in the variety of the rose.

As I have said before, all classifications, though convenient, are false.

"Nature," says Goethe, "carries on her own free sport without troubling herself with the classes marked out by limited men."

Passion is the general term which includes all the different species of emotions, feelings, desires, and their

innumerable shades, combinations, permutations, and varieties, just as "dog" is the general term which includes all kinds of dogs and all the innumerable shades of mongrel.

But some intelligent critic may tell me that a desire, as for instance hunger, or desire for food, is not a passion. How is this? Hunger makes the tiger,—his heart beating wildly, every fibre of his body thrilling with excitement, and his eyes starting out of his head with eagerness—hunger, I say, makes this tiger rush furiously upon a creature three times its own size, strike it dead with one stroke of its paw, and then tear it to pieces with its teeth. If this is not passion what is?

It would be a good plan for intelligent critics to try and think for themselves what are the real meanings of things, and free their minds from the arbitrary classifications of faculties which have been made by abstracted analyzing philosophers, who, when they talk about passions, talk about things they, for the most part, have not got, and, therefore, do not understand.

The term passion includes all emotions and disappointed emotions. Stings of conscience and remorse mean the passion for or hunger after righteousness disappointed, just as grief is the passion of joy disappointed. The passion is still there, and so it must do something; but it cannot rejoice, so it mourns. So it is with remorse; the passion is still there, and so it must do something; but it cannot gratify itself with the consciousness of righteous action, so it gnaws itself with remorse. A tied-up horse that is excited wants to gallop, and cannot get loose. But the passion is still there, so he tears his own flesh with his teeth and kicks.

Putting aside the evil passions of the violent kind many people seem to think that the word "passion" only relates to the feelings between the sexes.

How is this? In ancient times a Christian monk, by name Telemachus, inspired with the noblest emotions of pity and Christian indignation, rushed by himself into a Roman arena, and attempted to separate the combatants. He was at once stoned to death by the populace for doing so, but we are told that this action of his did very much towards putting an end to these brutal exhibitions.

A young woman of the present time was one day being married. When the right time came in the marriage service, the clergyman asked her the usual question, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband," &c. But there was no response, and, upon investigating the cause of the silence, it was found that the young woman had fallen fast asleep.

Dr. R. Hamilton, a well-known writer of his day, was engaged to be married. When the time came the bride and her friends went to the church and waited a long time, but Dr. Hamilton never came; and upon search being made he was found on the river in a punt fishing for gudgeons. He had forgotten all about the matter.

The celebrated Sir Thomas Moore was in love with the younger of two sisters, who was very pretty. But he married the elder one, who was very plain, because he was afraid it would hurt her feelings for her younger sister to be married first.

Now, I suppose, the people to whom I have alluded above would say that "passion" is not the appropriate word to use in the case of the monk Telemachus, but that it is appropriate in the cases of the young woman, Dr. R. Hamilton, and Sir Thomas Moore. I do not agree with them.

"If it were not for passions," says the Talmud, "no one would build a house, marry a wife, or do any work whatever."

"All the highest work in the world," says Stopford Brooke, "is done with passion."

F. Robertson describes St. Paul as "A heart, a brain, and a soul of fire—all his life a suppressed volcano."

M. Renan speaks of the "Fire burning in Christ's heart;" and again, of "His temperament full of passion."

"Eminent," says Mr. R. H. Hutton, "as was St. Paul as a man of action, it was ouly because he was very much greater as a man of passion." Again he says, "Without vehement passion the highest kind of virtue is impossible."

"It is moral qualities (*i. e.* passions) in the main," says Mr. Smiles, "that rule the world."

"Man's passions," says James Hinton, "duly subjected, are the very source and secret of his life." Again he says, "Life and passions may be almost called synonyms. They may be low or high, or warm or tepid, but passion there must he. If the passions are tepid, the life must be tepid."

"People," says Diderot, "are for ever declaiming against the passions, but it is only passions and strong passions that can raise the soul to great things. Sober passions produce only the common-place. Deadened passions degrade men." Again he says, "The man of mediocre passions lives and dies a brute." But this latter assertion is not quite true. The man of mediocre passions does not live a brute; he only lives a mediocre life."

Sydney Smith says, "It is idle to talk of men numerically. If the passions of a man are exalted to a high pitch he is a thousand men . . . . . in all desperate situations, when prudence is mute and reason baffled, there is no hope but in heroic passion, no safety but in sublime men."

But if a noble passion turns one man into a thousand men, an ignoble passion will turn a great number of men into less than one man. A certain general, whilst running away by himself in a state of extreme panic during a battle, came suddenly upon one of the enemy's squadrons, which, in a state of still greater panic, surrendered to him at discretion on the spot, and every man laid down his arms.

The influence of the Hebrew writers comes from the passion that is in them, fierce indignation at all unrighteousness included. A writer of European race seems only able to be in a rage when somebody differs from him in opinion, generally about something that is utterly insignificant, like the grammarian I have already mentioned, who was almost out of his mind with anger, and called down the eternal wrath of heaven upon the head of his adversary, because he had differed from him in his opinion about the preter-plusperfect tense.

A French grammarian says "My opponent accuses me of theft, forgery, murder, and every kind of iniquity, but he only means that there is a difference between us about the subjunctive mood."

How wonderful, too, are the ways of scientific men. Latterly some of them have seemed actually ready to fly at each other's throats over the question of spontaneous generation. To an unconcerned spectator of the fight like myself this is marvellous. What can it possibly signify whether a wretched little germ of some miserable animalcule originates in this planet or in another; in Sirius, or in the sun, or in the moon. Why cannot they let each other have any opinion they like in peace and quietness? They should take a lesson from Artemus Ward.

Artemus Ward exhibited his wax-works from town to town. Some of the figures had permanent names, but the names of others were changed according to circumstances. One favourite one amongst them, which he called the most versatile wax statue he ever knew, he was in the habit of naming after the most popular historic personage of the locality he happened to be in. But one day when the figure was doing duty as General Jackson, a man came in who shortly before had seen it under the name of Daniel Webster. "Why," said he, "that's not Jackson, it's Daniel Webster." "O," said Artemus, "it's Webster, is it. Well, I call it General Jackson; that's all. You may call it anything you darn please." Now, why cannot our men of science just let each other think anything they "darn please."

I dislike making use of these familiar expressions, for they are undoubtedly beneath the dignity of serious discussion on serious matters; but the first duty of a writer is to make himself clearly understood, by the best and most appropriate illustrations he can think of. In literature want of clearness is the unpardonable sin.

Though the question itself about spontaneous generation is insignificant, the peculiarities of mind displayed by those who discuss it, seems very curious. The third-class men of science pride themselves generally on the correctness of their logical inferences, and yet the whole body of them sometimes show strange incapacity to see inferences, even absolutely necessary inferences. For instance, their ruling idea is that nature's proceedings are uniform. Then in the same breath they will say that spontaneous generation never takes place in these days. But if living things originated once, and never do now—if they are miraculously born at one era of the world and never at another, nature's doings are not uniform. But

the third class man of science cannot see this palpable inference let him scratch his head ever so much.

Once upon a time the inmate of No. 4 bedroom at a Hotel in Ireland rung his bell and told the waiter he had brought him a boot and a shoe instead of the two boots he put outside his door when he went to bed. "Bedad," said Paddy, "and here's number 6 rings and tells me that I have brought him too a boot and a shoe instead of the two shoes he put outside his door when he went to bed. "Shure, but it bates me quite;" and there he stands scratching his head and utterly unable to see the inference that appears so palpable, or to remedy the mistake. But this writer was a poor uneducated Irishman, whereas the men of science are by way of being cultivated men, and, most of them, not Irishmen at all.

It really sometimes seems as if scientists do not even know the meaning of the word inference, any more than the stupid old Yorkshire farmer. "Can't you, Mr. Hodge," said a man who was arguing with him—"can't you draw an inference?" "Well," said Mr. Hodge, "I dawn't knaw aboot that; but I've an old cart mare as can draw onything in reason."

Of course the mere question itself as to whether spontaneous generation takes place in these days or not is only of interest as a matter of curiosity to men of science. I am not discussing it, but only the peculiarities that are to be observed in the conformation of the third class scientific mind. Settlement of the question whether generation is spontaneous at the present day in the world or not, could not possibly add to or take aught from the happiness of any one single person in it, and happiness as Bishop Butler truly says is manifestly the only one matter of real importance to mankind.

To return to the subject of Passion.

My friend Robinson says to me "we don't want passion, we want reason and intellect." But we do want passion, for passion alone can make intellect act at all. Even the veriest utilitarian proser would never write one word, if it were not for some passion or motive force, though it be but vanity that makes him do so, and even his doctrine of utility must have for its motive force the passion or desire for the welfare of men, else why should any one wish to be useful rather than hurtful? From duty Robinson says. Yes, but duty is a passion, it is the passion for right conduct—the hunger and thirst after righteousness. "Reason and intellect," as H. Spencer truly says, "are only instruments men use to gain the objects their passions aim at."

"Without moral force to whip it into action," says Professor Tyndal, "the achievements of intellect would be poor indeed." In fact, they would be nothing.

"If God," says Sydney Smith, "has not planted passions in your heart you may go on reasoning to all eternity, without the slightest disposition to act. All motives come from the passions. All great action comes from the heart."

"Toutes les belles pensées viennent du cœur," says the French proverb.

"It is not the chill calculator," says Stopford Brook who moves the world, "but the man who is profoundly moved himself."

The secret of the impotence of those well-meaning people, the members of Good Templar and other temperance societies is, that they try to drive away the passion for drink only by persuading the reason of the drunkard that drunkenness is pernicious, as if the

drunkard does not already know that much better than anybody else. Thus it is that we read in newspapers such paragraphs as the following:—

"A Good Templar has been fined ten shillings at the Manchester Police Court for drunkenness. The defendant was discovered lying in the gutter in Dean's Street. On searching his pockets the police found a large number of temperance tracts, a bottle of brandy, and a Bible." Again, "at Dunchurch, on Tuesday last, Thomas Jackson died whilst in a state of delirium tremens induced by habitual intoxication. The deceased was a carrier well known in the neighbourhood. He was a member of three temperance societies." No, the only way to cure a passion for drink, or any other low one, is to set up a higher one in opposition.

Passion alone can kill passion. "La vanité," says Balzac, "ou la coqueterie tue la gourmandize," up to a certain time of life; and then, "La gourmandize tue la vanité." Ambition sometimes kills both, and in old age avarice will often kill them all.

Talk to a woman about her dress vanities, and worldlinesses. Quote to her on the subject all the wisdom of sages, and all the wit of satirists since the world began. It bounds back from her like an india rubber ball from a brick wall. Some day her favourite child has typhus fever. Then where are all her follies? They have vanished every one, and she does not know a piece of old point lace from a piece of old fishing net. Love of rank! She had rather have a visit from the village apothecary's apprentice than from all the Dukes in the Peerage.

Men are just the same; philosophy, reason, and satire run off them like water off a duck's back. These things are absolutely powerless against vice and folly. But set

up higher and stronger passions, and at once the lower and weaker ones skulk away to their proper places.

"Les passions," says Rochfoucault, "sont les seul orateurs qui persuadent toujours. L' homme le plus simple qui a de la passion persuade mieux que le plus eloquent qui n' en a point."

Why has many a vulgar, ignorant, ranting, demagogue the influence he has? Simply from the real passion or life that is behind his unwisdom. Living folly beats dead wisdom.

Swedenborg says "if you remove the passions you would at once become like a dead person."

Passion, in some one of its forms, alone produces action. Acting from reason is a nonsensical phrase. Reason always takes away something from passion, and, therefore, from action, but it is wanted to modify action according to circumstances. Reason is a mill through which motive force has to be put. Some of the force is lost during the process in quantity, but there is a gain in quality, like cooking a leg of mutton. Some of the nutriment is lost by roasting, but the mutton is made more suitable for its particular purpose.

"The performance of any action means," says H. Spencer, "the transformation of a certain amount of passion into its equivalent amount of motion."

A strong man means a strong character; that is, a bundle of strong passions modified by a strong intelligence.

A man talks of the strength of his passion, but the strength of *a* passion often means the weakness of the man; that is to say, the weakness of the sum-total of the passions and of the intelligence. He who has one strong passion and nothing else is a weak man. He who has a passion for drink but none other is so weak that

he soon becomes a drivelling idiot. Old truisms these, it will be said. Yes, but stupid people don't seem to remember them. Books are written to teach foolish people not to bore wise ones. Each age wants old truisms to be repeated in its own new forms.

Mr. G. H. Lewis says, there is plenty of talent in the literature of the day, but mere talent will never rescue writing from neglect and contempt. In literature, as in life, mere cleverness inspires contempt. It is "character" that inspires respect. And character means the sum-total of the passions.

"Mere culture of the intellect," says H. Spencer, "is hardly at all operative upon conduct. *Intellect is not a power but an instrument.* Not a thing that itself moves and works, but a thing that is moved and worked by forces behind it. However far seeing you make the intellect, the passions will still determine the direction in which it shall be turned." The passions alone can supply motive power. Cognition or knowledge by itself is a dead thing.

I know there is a phrase that "knowledge is power." But one might just as well say that a hob-nailed boot has power and kicks a man. All the boot does is to help its wearer to kick effectually; but it is the man that kicks, not the boot. The boot, like knowledge or reason, is only an instrument in the hands or rather on the feet of the man. Indeed in consequence of its weight the boot takes something away from the activity of the kick. Still, as I say, the kick is more effective.

Knowledge alone is a dead thing. It can cause nothing by itself. Neither conduct, nor poetry, nor even steam engines.

"The tree of knowledge," says Mr. Austin, "is no more the tree of song than it is the tree of life." The age is sick with a surfeit of analysis.

Mere cognition is not a motive power. Neither is reason by itself. For reason to lead to action at all it must first produce knowledge, the knowledge must produce emotion or passion, the emotion or passion, action. A man is standing on a railway when a train is coming. His reason produces the knowledge that if he stays where he is he will be killed. This knowledge produces the passion of fear, and the fear produces action--that is, the action of running away. But the reason and the knowledge by themselves are absolutely helpless, and if the man has nothing else there is nothing to prevent his being killed, and killed he must and will be.

From a toad to an angel or Godlike man, life means passion, and the intellect is but an instrument or help to the gratification of passion. A bird's life means a few years of the passions of hunger of sex and of joy. Its intelligence is an instrument which helps it to satisfy these passions.

A Saturday reviewer says what charms us in a man is not the intellect, but the life that is in him. But life means passions and their manifestations.

The instinctive feelings of women sometimes give us useful hints. People sometimes wonder at women being fond of brutal husbands who ill-treat them whilst they often do not care the least for the well behaved ones. But the fact is it is human nature to prefer a living brute to a dead machine. I once read in some scenes from low London life, which were published a few years since, an account of a Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs. Mrs. Stubbs was a case in point. Talking about her husband she says, " Stubbs is werry fond of me in 'is 'eart, Stubbs is, but when in his tantrums he thinks nothin of smashin the furnitur and wallopin me with the back of a chair or anything that comes 'andy—he's a werry 'igh sperrited

man, Stubbs is, and Lord I should horfen be murdered if it warn't for the neighbours." Still Mrs. Stubbs is evidently devotedly attached to Stubbs, whereas if she had been married to some syllogizing Benthamitish philosopher she doubtless would not have cared the least about him.

The fact is, the one is a living man, though a brutal one, whilst the other sometimes can hardly be called a man at all. I believe it was a utilitarian disciple of Mr. Bentham who was so destitute of warmth and of so frigid a nature that he always gave his wife a severe cold whenever he kissed her.

Mr. Ruskin describes "life" as putting things together or making them, and "death" as analysis or pushing things separate and unmaking them. Modern philosophy he calls a great separator. Molière says, "Il s'ensuit de la (analysis) que tout ce qu'il y a de beau est dans les dictionnaires; il n'y a que les mots que sont transposées.

Passion, Mr. Ruskin calls "The most truly creating force in the world, and the want of passion the truest death or unmaking of things."

Stupid people confuse passion and violence.

George Eliot talks of the "Passionate serenity of perfect love."

Schiller talks of "the perfect life being a condition of the highest peace and the highest passion or emotion;" and again, "There is no effort, no struggle; all is serene peace and sublime joy."

Utilitarians talk contradictory nonsense. They say men should not act from passion or emotion, but from reason. But reason only produces knowledge or cognition, and cognition is not a motive power at all, and cannot by itself cause action of any kind. "We must act," say some Utilitarians, "in such and such a way,

because we know it will make people happy to do so." But knowledge of a fact is not a motive. Why should I do a thing because it will make people happy? From motives of benevolence. Yes, but benevolence is a passion or emotion; and we are told only to act from reason, not passion. Thus, the whole thing is nothing but confusion of mind and ignorance. As Father Newman says conclusions of the reason by themselves are quite incapable of producing action of any kind.

Some may say that duty leads to action, and yet that it is not a passion. But duty is a passion. It is the passion for or hunger and thirst after righteousness in more or less degree. As soon as a man who has this hunger and thirst in a strong degree, sees what it is right for him to do, he is roused to action, his blood circulates quicker, and all the manifestations of a passion at once appear.

Habit, it may be said, leads to action. Yes, but the habit has been created by some passion or motive forces. There cannot be a habit without some cause.

Opinions by themselves are nothing. Mere opinions are nothing but notions of the brain, springing from abstraction or trance, and have no more significance than dreams, to which they are so nearly allied, no more, that is, whilst they remain mere opinions. He who is fullest of opinion is usually emptiest of action or passion. No doubt such a man often prints his opinions, but nobody reads them except a few fellow-notion mongers, and in a very few years the half-alive books are dead. Nothing lives but children of passion or life, like some poetry and some inspired writings. If God only manifested himself by ingenious notions, no one would think of him; but as he manifests himself by rewarding good, punishing bad, and filling

worlds with joy, he is worshipped, always has been worshipped, and always will be worshipped.

If anybody tells me, as some poor creatures like Schoppenhauer do, that God fills the world with misery, I know this only means that he who says this is himself miserable.

"He that increaseth in knowledge increaseth in sorrow," says King Solomon very truly; that is, he loses passion, joyousness, and life.

The materialist philosopher Hobbes said, that "Human life is short and dirty." This only shows that his own life was dirty. Mr. Mill said that all the existing state of human society is wrong. This only shows that his own disposition was a discontented one. The foul cynic Diogenes called human life filthy. Verily to the filthy all things are filthy. "All seems jaundiced to the jaundiced eye."

I say, opinions by themselves are nothing.

"That which is thought," says Mr. Hinton, "is not therefore known. Being cannot be thought. To know is to be. To know God is not to have an opinion, it is life. No man can think himself, his life, his being. To know is to be one with. The word has a meaning thought cannot fathom." No man can think reverence gratitude, a scent, or a taste. Try to do so and they vanish.

Utilitarians, with Socrates at the head of them, think that all that is necessary to make a man do right is knowledge of what it is right to do. They seem to think that reason alone is necessary. But one quality by itself is of no use. For right action, feeling, reason, and principle must all act harmoniously, and no one of these must be wanting.

Vice, says Bentham, only means a miscalculation of the chances in the matter of pleasure and pain. I suppose that if ever he had his pocket picked, instead of blaming the thief, he only endeavoured to explain to him that he was a bad arithmetician.

Father Newman, in "The Grammar of Assent," says, that "mere reasoning, however much it may convince the understanding, is helpless to produce action. A passionate orator comes upon the scene, emotion is excited, and action follows at once."

Thus reason is barren of fruit for want of feeling.

But feeling or passion, though it may produce fruit, is equally incapable of producing good fruit if there is no reason.

A few years ago I heard some stories of a Mr. Atkinson which may help to illustrate this.

One morning he set out in a dog-cart to drive twenty miles for a day's fishing. When he had got about fifteen of these miles his fishing-rod fell out of the cart. Mr. Atkinson at once got down, swore a little, and then continued his drive. Again the rod fell out, and again Mr. Atkinson descended. This time he swore at the fishing rod very frightfully, but he did not do it any bodily hurt. A third time the rod fell out of the dog-cart. Upon this Mr. Atkinson put the reins into his groom's hands, got down, white, silent, and quiet with rage, picked up the rod, and slowly and carefully broke it bit by bit into a hundred pieces. Of course, he had to turn his horse home, and return fifteen miles without his fishing.

Another day Mr. Atkinson was out shooting with a friend and his gamekeeper. All at once, about the middle of the day, his friend missed him, and asked the gamekeeper where Mr. Atkinson was. The man respectfully touching his hat said, "Please, sir, the last

time I saw him was about ten minutes ago, in the stubble-field. I left the gentleman swearing at a gate."

These are instances of defective conduct, for want of what Mr. Arnold calls "sweet reasonableness."

Thirdly, there is a story of a man being so impressed in church by a charity sermon, that he at once picked his neighbour's pocket of a very handsome sum of money, and put the whole of it into the plate when it was handed round. Now, here is an instance of great intelligence, combined with a beautiful feeling of benevolence, but both of them unavailing towards bringing about right conduct, simply for want of that quality we call duty or principle.

Michael Conolly, an Irish servant, is being tried for theft. His master is called to give evidence in favour of his servant's character. Michael, forgetting everything else in his eagerness to obtain his master's good word, earnestly appeals to him and says, "Now, sorr, I only ask ye to tell me how many pairs of socks ye had whin first oi came to ye?"

Master.—I am sure I don't know."

Conolly.—Thin I'll tell ye, sorr. Ye had one pair and a half, and they were full of holes as they could be to hould together. And how many pairs have ye got now, sorr?"

Master.—I don't know."

Conolly.—Thin I'll tell ye, sorr. Ye've got ten as beautiful pairs as iver anybody saw, and divil a hole in the one of them."

Now, here is a case of fidelity to a master's interests that is delightful to think of, but just like the last case, quite unavailing towards bringing about correct conduct just for want of a little ordinary good principle.

But whilst condemning unreasonable passion, we must not forget that human nature is infinitely complex, and that every truth has its opposite truth. Whilst unreasoning passion is to be condemned on the one hand, on the other, we ought equally to condemn passive inaction under wrong. Righteous indignation is one of the most necessary ingredients of a complete Christian or perfect man. Without it human society could not exist.

Smith is taking a quiet evening stroll. A man of the lowest class, a member, in fact, of Mr. John Bright's "Residium," who is only partially sober, is coming with a somewhat unsteady gait in the opposite direction. Unluckily, the oscillations in his walk happen to succeed each other in such a manner that in passing he jolts up against Smith, and nearly knocks him down. This gives such great offence to our member of "the Residuum," that without even stopping to swear at Smith for more than one or two minutes, he gives him (the latter) a violent blow in the face. Smith is naturally irritated at this, but he has been taught that people should not give way to sudden anger, and that when inclined to do so it is a good way to count up to thirty first; therefore, being a conscientious man he begins at once to do so, and counts "one, two, three, four, five, six," (here the blow in the face is repeated) "seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven," (another blow) "twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen," (a blow right between the eyes) "sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen," (Smith is knocked down here, but immediately gets up, and goes on counting) "twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four," (knocked down again and kicked) "twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine," (here a tremendous contusion on

the back part of the head whilst he is lying on the ground counting, renders Smith insensible). Now, if Smith had been a complete Christian man instead of being only a one-sided one, nothing of this would have happened to him; for instead of being knocked down himself, he would have at once knocked down the member of "the Residuum," without ever attempting to count to thirty; and, considering the condition of the latter, he would have accomplished the thing with little difficulty.

The perfect Christian man means a beautiful balance of numberless opposing forces. This perfection of balance is very rare, and so we all favour one force or another, and are apt to talk of faults on the right side. But this is nonsense. A crooked stick is equally crooked, whether the twist be to right or left.

A strong man means a man with strong passions and strong reason. The highest strength comes from symmetry of strong qualities. All extremes mean weakness. The uncultured savage is weak from violent and unregulated passions. The bookworm and cultured philosopher is weaker still, from having no passions at all. The giant is weak for want of nervous energy. The dwarf is weak from too much nervous irritability. The gigantic dray-horse is so weak and wanting in nervous energy, that if he trots four miles he drops from exhaustion. The thorough-bred horse of the weedy sort is so weak that he is only fit for dog-meat. Every exaggerated quality must be paid for. The man with too much logic has too little feeling and is weak in consequence. The horse with too much bone and too little middle piece is weak for want of health and of constitution. The horse with too much middle piece has weak legs, and is therefore useless. The horse with too

much before the saddle has too little behind it. The horse with too much behind the saddle has too little in front. So it is in all things. Too much here always means too little there. Strength to see truth can only come from symmetry amongst the faculties, and freedom from extremes.

The reason why the generality of every species of living creatures are middle sized is that these are strongest, and therefore most fitted to live. Those that are too big or too little being deficient in strength, die out by the process of natural selection.

Symmetry of mind is rare. The minds of men in a general way are like G. H. Lewis's description of some of the simpler forms of organized life. "Here," he says, "is a creature that breathes through its legs; here is one that does not breathe at all. One has its teeth in its stomach, another digests a thing first and swallows it afterwards. Here is an animal without a heart, here is one without a liver," &c., &c. So we may say of men. "Here is one who worships with his stomach; here is a man who does not worship at all. One has brains where the heart should be, another has no brains at all. This man has no head on his shoulders, that man has no music in his soul," &c., &c.

There is no more certain sign of one-sidedness and weakness than permanent discontent or unhappiness such as we find in J. S. Mill, Dr. Strauss, Schoppenhauer, and other men of the type. Some of such men are sometimes not without feeling and passion, but the passions are not of the angelic or Christian kind. They may be called more negative than positive; more of hate than of love. Strauss said he never could write well unless he was in a rage with some one. Mill always wrote bitterly against every existing thing in the world, solely because it was

existing. And Schoppenhauer was a misanthropist in his life, and a pessimist in his opinions.

Such men as Schoppenhauer are mere analysers, so they cannot arrive at truth.

No one of the hundred or thousand faculties of living creatures arrives at truth when working by itself alone. Set the eyesight to work by itself on the heavenly bodies, and it arrives at the untruth that the sun goes round the earth. Set a hog's appetite by itself to work, and it arrives at the untruth that nothing is higher in the universe than barley meal. Set the poetry that is in a poet's soul to work by itself on the world around, and it arrives at the untruth that there is nothing in the world but beauty. Set the logical faculty to work by itself on the world around, and it arrives at the untruth that there is *no* such thing as beauty ; and so on through all the thousand and one faculties of organised beings. The only chance for truth is to set all the faculties and passions of a symmetrically-minded man to work harmoniously together. The result of this is called common sense in ordinary matters, and wisdom or insight in great ones.

Some men of science seem to lose all passion of every kind ; to be in effect, "past feeling."

The celebrated Cavendish is thus described by Wilson. "He did not love, he did not hate, he did not hope, fear, or worship. He separated himself from man and God. An intellectual head to think, an acute eye to observe, a skilful hand to experimentalize were all. His brain but a calculating machine, his heart but an anatomical organ for the circulation of the blood." I wonder, if we could see things as they really are, which we should find to be the highest in the scale of creation, such a dead soulless machine as Wilson describes, or a joyous dog that worships his master.

Passionless thinkers seem strange beings to the mass of mankind. Hazlitt was once hit in the face by a man who considered himself insulted by him. But all Hazzlitt said was, "I am a metaphysician; nothing hurts me except an idea."

Tallyrand was another passionless thinker. It was said of him that if any one were to kick him from behind, and then immediately run in front and look him in the face, he would only see the habitual placid smile.

Poor old Macklin, the actor, when the languour of old age rendered it difficult for him to get up the necessary passion for his part of Shylock, used to say as he went on to the stage, "Oh, do kick my shins somebody." So in reading the dead-alive maunderings of many an illustrious utilitarian analyzer upon some subject too sublime for anything but the grandest poetical treatment, I have often found myself saying, "Oh, do kick this man's shins somebody—do go into his study and kick his shins—anybody—his butler—his own familiar friend—his maid of all work—anybody will do—only pray get some soul into the man some way.

The passionate Hebrew says, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy strength, and with all thy soul; and thy neighbour as thyself." The torpid utilitarian says, "Thou shall love and cause pleasure to thyself, as far as in thee lies, and do good to thy neighbour; for behold, he will then do good to thee."

Christianity goes to the fountain head and sees that the only way to change the actions is to change the heart and character. The philosopher only occupies himself with, and the satirest only laughs at the action; so it is but idle talk, idle laughter, and waste of words. A fool *must* do foolish things so long as he is a fool. The

old Roman satirists laughed at women wearing chignons. Satirists are laughing at the same thing still, and they *may* laugh world without end. At the present time many warlike literateurs and knights of the ink bottle are waging a valiant war against field sports. They might as well try to stop a clap of thunder by saying "Hush." But turn the active, manly, strong limbed, hunting animal into an effeminate book worm, and the thing is done without saying one word about field sports.

Perhaps about the most successful and generally read satire ever written in modern times is Dickens' "Sergeant Buzfuz." Is there one Buzfuz the less for it? Not one. Almost the only time I was ever in a law court for above a few minutes at a time I heard one. He was Buzfuz over again, and I was so amused that I laughed just as I did years ago when first I read the celebrated scene in Pickwick.

The teacher who is inspired with the Godly passions changes the character or heart, and through that the actions. The moral philosopher may occupy the intelligence, and the satirist amuses it, but they alter nothing.

"The speculations," says Descartes, "which a man of letters makes in his study produce no effect beyond satisfying his own vanity, in proportion as they are removed from common sense."

Probably utilitarian moralizings have no influence whatever in the world.

Let us first consider a few words that have exercised enormous influence.

"The path of the just is as the shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." "Blessed is every one that feareth God, and walketh in His ways; happy shall he be." "Blessed is the man whose delight is in the law of the Lord." "O, how plentiful is thy

goodness; in thy presence is fullness of joy for evermore." "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." "The fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace."

Now, let us see what the tepid utilitarian philosopher, maundering in the declining years of his life over his water-gruel, drawls out in his amiable but somewhat nasal manner. He says, "A man should be truthful and just, because acts of veracity and justice, even if they do not bring about immediate gratification to himself, yet at least produce pleasure in this way, that they tend to procure for him his own self-approval," &c., &c.; or again, "Altruism is that useful quality by which each member of those communities of men which are in advanced stages of civilization whilst working for the welfare of others, is at the same time working for his own welfare by doing what will in the long run be found to induce reciprocity of action on the part of those whose welfare he is endeavouring to bring about, and thus the greatest happiness is in the end brought about for the greatest numbers;" and so on—and so on—world without end. They are a dreary crew. No wonder Macaulay said that even the best of such writers do not deserve half the gratitude from mankind which is due to the maker of a good pair of boots.

Another comparison between the utilitarian ways of looking at the world and those of a fully-developed man complete in all the qualities. What does the latter say in his joyous adoration at beholding the glories and wonders of the universe? He says, "The light is the garment of the living God, and the clouds are his chariot; the deep places of the earth are in his hands, and the hills are joyful together before the Lord. The heavens declare his glory, and the voice of thunder is the voice of the Lord."

What says the nineteenth century utilitarian man of science at beholding the glories and wonders of the universe? He says, "Light is a sensation of the eye caused by atomic undulations. Clouds are condensed moisture. The deep places of the earth contain metals that will pay limited liability companies well to work. Floods show that drainage has been neglected. Hills grow better timber than low lands. The nebulæ are a lot of little stars, and everybody should put up lightning conductors for protection during thunder storms."

Still, utilitarians have their uses, if only to teach one or two truths, which might otherwise be overlooked, such as the association of ideas, and the influence of external circumstances on men. Every truth however small seems to find its teachers. Sydney Smith says "That a good many years ago it became evident that the old system of out-door poor relief must come to an end, so God raised up a set of men who believed that the continued success of the solar system which had gone on for so long, depended solely upon the reform of this old poor-law."

I find I have a few pages ago used the word "nasal" in reference to the intonation of utilitarians. So I will give a hint about talking through the nose. It is the peculiar intonation of the unemotional arguer, who, in a state of abstraction or half-trance, drawls out his tedious ratiocinations. Coleridge was celebrated for going on by the hour together, droning about the "objective" and "subjective," which he pronounced omjective and sumjective. He once caught Charles Lamb by the button, cast his eyes up to the ceiling, and droned away. But Charles Lamb cut off the button, went out, took a walk, came back in half-an-hour, and found Coleridge still holding the button, still looking up at the

ceiling, and still droning away. The extreme opposite to the nasal intonation is the emotional emphasis of the Irishman, who fills his mouth so full of the letter *h*, and puts so much breath into his words, that if he be only telling you the time of day, he says, "By the holy phoker but its nhearly fhoive o'clhock." On the other hand, again, the unemotional calculating Yankee is generally said to talk through his nose.

The critical writers, satirists, and moral philosophers, may amuse people or occupy their time harmlessly, but that is all, and things go on very much the same as they would without them. The Roman satirists, as I say, laughed at women's chignons just as the modern satirist does, but quite without effect.

An inspired composer composes a beautiful sonata. Then comes the critic and finds out rules and laws of its composition. But the composer knew nothing about the rules and does not understand them when he does see them. A cuckoo sings its song. Then comes the critic and explains that the notes of it form a minor third. But this makes no difference, cuckoos sing just as they always did. But if all cuckoos were critics who depended on rules there would be no such thing in the world as a cuckoo's song. It is the same in everything. Judges and juries pass their sentences according to the ideas of their age and country, which ideas depend on the passions and inclinations of the period. Then come the critics and philosophers and describe natural rights, acquired rights, legal rights, and all the unspeakable intricacies of legal jurisprudence. But it is all talk and theory. In practice, Judge Hale, according to the popular feelings of his time, burned old women for witchcraft. Other judges, in accordance with the ideas of their day, hung people for forgery and sheep

stealing, and even still less misdemeanours. Rogers, the poet, said he was told by an eye-witness that he had seen a waggon load of boys and girls going to the gallows to be hanged for having been engaged in a street row. He said he never saw boys cry so. This was not much more than a hundred years ago. Five hundred years ago, more or less, men were burned as heretics for being *Homoousians* when they ought to have been *Homooisians*. Judge Lynch tars, feathers, and then hangs a man for helping a negro to escape from slavery. Twenty years ago garotters and woman beaters were shut up for a few days in prison, fed well, and asked not to do it again. Now we flog the brutes. All these things depend upon the popular ideas, customs, and passions of the age in which they are done, not upon the works of critics and philosophers. Nevertheless, these men unceasingly write vuluminous and learned books full of theories and rules, and evidently believe that the old women are burned, heretics tortured, sheep-stealers hanged, abolitionists tarred and feathered, garotters flogged, poems written, sonatas composed, and cuckoo's songs sung, all in consequence of the voluminous, learned, and invaluable books they have written, are writing, and will write, in order to convince the reasons and understandings of men why, how, and upon what principles all these things are and ought to be done.

Still I do not say these books ought not to be written. At any rate, they give harmless occupation to many well-meaning people, and the satirtsts are often amusing to read. Besides, no one can say with certainty that they never do any good to anybody.

We read in C. Greville's journal that Lord Melbourne called all utilitarians and Benthamites "d—d fools," and

said that the true parts of their writings were nothing but dull truisms; but, as C. Greville says, Lord Melbourne had a slashing way of putting things. Besides, what is truism to a clever man like him, may be wisdom to the fool.

I was very much surprised one day to observe at the back of the new Royal Academy buildings a statue of Jeremy Bentham. It is, I think, placed between those of Shakespeare, and Newton. I can only suppose that the committee of management wanting some great man to put there, asked Mr. Mill for one, he being the philosopher then in fashion, and that Mr. Mill recommended the high priest of his own doctrines.

It is curious what different ideas different people have of what constitutes a great man. An Oxford undergraduate being asked at an examination if he knew the names of any great benefactors of the human race, said, he believed there had been several, but the only one he could think of at that moment was Bass, the great manufacturer of pale ale. A stable-boy in a racing-stable can conceive none greater than the jockey who rides the winner of the Derby.

Of course, I know that Jeremy Bentham was a clear exponent of the ideas of his day in matters of law reform. But, surely, we want something more heroic than this in a man whose marble image we set up for all men to bow down to and worship. The thing is as absurd as putting up a statue in Trafalgar Square to Dr. Jenner, which was done a few years ago. And there he actually stood on his pedestal for weeks, till at last the ridicule of the public was too much for him to bear, and he retreated to some more secluded spot. We want statues of noble and heroic men, or, at any rate, of men with noble and beautiful ideas, not of quack doctors and utilitarian pedants in knee breeches.

The ideas of the community about law that Bentham put into form were ideas inspired by the passions for liberty and for the reform of old abuses, feudal and otherwise, which passions partly produced and partly were produced by the first French Revolution.

Christianity looks to the heart and motive, that is, the passions. The utilitarians, who, to find their doctrines, first learn what Christianity says, and then propound the contrary,—utilitarians, I say, teach that right or wrong depend upon the action that is done. But all talk about the wrongness or rightness of an action is talk without meaning. The wrongness or rightness is in the man who performs the action, not in the action. The degree of rightness depends upon the amount of noble passion or motive force in the man when he does the action. The degree of wrongness depends upon the amount of ignoble passion in the man. An action itself such as knocking a man down is nothing but the contraction of some forms of matter we call muscles; there cannot be wrongness in the mere contraction of the muscles of the arm. The wrongness of knocking the man down depends on the evil passions of him who knocks down. Or in those cases where it is right to knock a man down the rightness depends on the good passions of him who knocks down. Thus it is that nine-tenths of writings upon casuistry are without meaning, because they merely discuss actions without considering the passions that cause the actions.

Of course for practical legal purposes the actions are considered, because the passions that cause them cannot be measured and the actions can. But even legal penalties depend partly on motives. A man steals a loaf and eats it. Another man steals a loaf for his starving wife and children, but does not eat a crumb of it though

he is starving himself. These two men practically would not be punished equally whatever the letter of the law may say. Christ taught that inwardness or the spirit was the reality. Utilitarians for their doctrines first find out what Christ taught and then teach the contrary.

I say that the virtue or goodness that is in a thing done, that is to say the rightness of it depends upon the amount of noble passions that inspire it. Mr. Mill says on the contrary that this has nothing to do with the matter. He says that the rightness or wrongness of a thing done depends on the advantage or disadvantage to the community of its foreseeable consequences—as if consequences can be foreseen !

During the American war a small town having offended the Federal General, he ordered, by way of retribution, that ten of its inhabitants, chosen by lot, should be shot. Amongst the others a lot fell upon a schoolmaster who had a large family. A young unmarried man, named Sydnor, inspired by compassion for the family of young children offered himself to be shot in the schoolmaster's place. And shot he was.

Now, according to Mr. Mill, the virtue or rightness of this action depended upon the advantage done by it to the community. Thus if the schoolmaster was a good one, Sydnor's action in saving his life being a benefit to the public would have been virtuous, but if he was a bad schoolmaster who taught the boys all manner of evil things, the action causing injury to the public, would have been wicked, and Sydnor himself would have deserved execration.

Of course anybody may define any word he uses as he likes, so Mr. Mill may if he likes define " moral wrong" as " that which does harm as far as can be foreseen, to a community." Only if a man uses words in a sense

different from that of the rest of his fellow creatures, he is called an insane man, more or less. Some people of analytic proclivities go for the meaning of a word to its derivation, but this is like going for the meaning of "bread" to the farm yard manure from which the wheat received its nutriment. It is like going for the meaning of "man" to some primeval organism from which he is supposed to have sprung, or for the meaning of "God" to the original word "deva," meaning "brightness," from which the word is derived. But the meaning of a word means the meaning into which it has developed now in this year of our Lord 1875, after ages of growth and development. "Bread" means what we eat every day. "Man" means our companions and fellow creatures we see around us now. "God" means a powerful, loving, and living Father. If ever our third class men of science should get their way and "God" should come to mean "blind, lifeless, chemical force," let it be so. At present this is not the meaning. Men are still alive, so they believe in a living God. If ever they become dead—that is dead "in trespasses and sins," or in analysis and abstract thought, no doubt they will believe in a dead God.

A farmer goes at night and steals a horse out of his neighbour's field. When daylight comes it turns out to be his own horse which had strayed. According to the Utilitarians who say that right and wrong are in the thing done, not in the man who does it, this farmer did not do wrong.

Brown, a lately married man, kisses a pretty young lady he meets when it is dusk. But she turns out to be his own wife. According to the Utilitarians Brown did a right and indeed virtuous action ; but if he had kissed a young lady thinking her to be his wife, when she was

really some one else, it would have been very wrong, and Brown would have been a dissolute scamp.

Some scaffolding round a house in Paris gave way. Two workmen were supported on a plank only strong enough to bear one. The younger man seeing this said "Pierre, hold on, you have a wife and family." Then he let himself drop and was killed. Now, according to Utilitarian principles, the noble feeling displayed here is nothing. The whole thing turns upon whether saving Pierre's life was likely to turn out advantageous to the community.

Utilitarianism is doomed. Its distinctive doctrines are being successively relinquished. It is dying, but its death will not be acknowledged by its votaries. There will be no burial observances.

Washington Irving tells us of a man who pined away imperceptibly, till at last when he died there was nothing of him left to bury. So will it be with Utilitarianism, as in fact with most errors; they are never formally renounced, but they gradually die out and are no more heard.

"The Gods," says Euripides, "were more foolish than mortal men if they preferred expediency to righteousness."

It is idle to say, as the utilitarians do of themselves, that whatever their theories may be they have practically as high a standard of right and wrong as others have; for it is not so. The utilitarian Paley, in discussions about bribery, always used to say with his broad northern pronunciation, "I am an advocate for corrooption."

All the utilitarian and (more or less) atheistic philosophers say that an atheistic philosopher may be just as good a man as the Christian man, and, of course,

anything may be possible, but we must go by experience, and experience shows that it is not the analyzing philosopher, but the man inspired by burning Christian passions, who sacrifices his ease, his comforts, and his lower pleasures to relieve the destitute in body and soul. "It was not," says a leading article in one of the daily papers (a radical paper, by the by)—"it was not J. S. Mill, but Edward Denison who cut himself off from the enjoyments of refined and cultured life in the West-end, and went to work in the slums of Whitechapel. Far be it from us to blame J. S. Mill for not doing what he had not capacity of soul to do. Only we say, as a matter of fact, that it is always the Edward Denisons and never the J. S. Mills who do these things."

The real original Benthamite of the true breed says that there is no such thing as right and wrong, because what is believed to be right and wrong varies in different countries. But it does not vary. All nations think cold blooded, malignant, and unprovoked cruelty wrong. The only difference is in their opinions of what cruelty means. The ancient Scythians killed their old people when they reached a certain time of life. We should call that cruel. They did not. They thought it cruel to keep them alive in a decrepid condition. Sydney Smith, describing the custom, says, "The Scythians always ate their grandfathers. They behaved very respectfully to them for a long time, but as soon as they became old and began to tell long stories they ate them. Nothing," he goes on to say, "could be, according to our ideas more improper and even disrespectful than behaving in this manner; but they did not think it so."

H. Spencer says, "There exists a primary basis of morals, independent of, and in a sense antecedent to,

that which is furnished by experience and utility, and, consequently, antecedent to those moral sentiments, which I conceive to be generated by experience." This is rather a roundabout way of saying in opposition to the utilitarians that there are such things as absolute right and wrong—that right is eternally right, and wrong is eternally wrong, according to the common way of putting it. Undoubtedly true, though it cannot be proved to the understanding.

According to H. Spencer's view, man's ideas and feelings about right as opposed to wrong, mean that which is proved by experience through all ages to be most advantageous. But the utilitarian who acts from expediency acts according to the notion he has formed of what is expedient during his own little life, instead of according to the acknowledged principle of right; that is, instead of according to that which has been proved by the experience of unnumbered ages to be really expedient—an experience which has gradually created an inherited passion or hunger and thirst after righteousness. For we cannot expect the utilitarian, as a rule, to have had the advantages of the old Scotchman mentioned by Dean Ramsay. "Always," said he to his son, act honestly; honesty is the best policy; I ken it weel, my son, for I hae tried baith."

This view of H. Spencer's of right and wrong may be considered proved to man's understanding as much as most things can be proved. A hundred years' experience is not enough to prove anything in the matter, but thousands or millions of years' experience has practically proved to men that right leads to happiness and wrong to misery. This is all that (what is called) proof or scientific observation can tell us, but behind this there is the faith that right is eternally, or absolutely, right,

and wrong is eternally, or absolutely, wrong—faith which, no doubt, in well constituted minds amounts to complete subjective certainty, but still is only faith.

The highest, and doubtless, truest faith, about rightness or goodness, is that it is the nature of God and of living beings, in proportion as they approximate towards the divine nature. Wrongness of course is the opposite to this.

Who is influenced by the maundering moralizings of the utilitarian moralizers? Not even the maundering moralizers themselves. "The greatest good to the greatest numbers!" Do they go and do it then? Not a bit; they sit in their studies, and ruminate like cows. "Virtue is good, vice is bad!" Do they then love the one, and hate the other!" Not a bit, they only reason about the origin of these ideas. "Beauty is fleeting, and therefore nothing!" Does the moralizing philosopher then marry an ugly wife? Certainly not, if he can marry a pretty one. Beauty is *not* nothing. "Three things," says an Arab proverb, "delight the eye—green grass, running water, and a beautiful face." "Joseph," says the Talmud, "was so beautiful that he was mobbed by the Egyptian ladies wherever he went. "The Editor," says an American writer, "of the *Nashville Evening Journal* is so handsome that when he walks out he has to carry a club to keep the ladies off." A young woman, in a large town in the South of France, was so beautiful that she was obliged, by the authorities of the town, to sit out in public on a balcony for an hour every afternoon. Only a very short time ago the following paragraph appeared in an American Newspaper: "A very handsome young lady in reduced circumstances has been appointed keeper of a toll-bridge over the Neuse River, in North Carolina. In consequence of the enor-

mously increased traffic it has been decided that a larger bridge must be built. It is expected that the work will shortly be commenced."

Beauty, I say, is not nothing.

F. Maurice, sick of the weak ratiocinations, the barren preachings, and the endless notion-manufacturing of philosophers of the Aryan race, seems to think there is little hope of a real teacher, except from the Hebrew or one of the warmer blooded races.

Swedenborg says, that "The poison of asps," in Scripture, means argumentation, logic, and analyzing, but, I do not feel sure that this is so. Printed utilitarian argumentations are unutterably dreary of course, but poison is a strong expression for what only puts to sleep. As the Author of "Biglow Papers" says "The eyelids are a divinely appointed safeguard against all such things," but the eyelids will not protect a man from poison.

In Mr. Buchanan's "Vision of the man accursed," the poet imagines the world after the great judgment, when all had been redeemed except one man—"The man accursed." He mocks at the Almighty from the lonely dead. His shrieks, revilings, and laughter disturb the harmony of the universe. The Lord asks if there is any one who will share the exile of this loathsome being, and two respond affirmatively, the woman who bore him, and the wife he wed. The one, he had slain in anger, the other he had stript with ravenous claws, of raiment, and of food." They went forth and conquered; they kissed the fearful thing's bloody hands, and the man burst into a passion of tears." The Lord said, "The man is saved, let the man enter in."

I wonder how the matter would have turned out if two utilitarian moral philosophers had undertaken the

task? Something like this perhaps: The Lord asked if there was any one who would share the exile of the loathsome being, and two respond affirmatively. They were two highly distinguished logicians. These men approached the raving creature, and gradually tried to lead him into discussions, first on things in general, and finally on the fundamental grounds of morals. For a long time they argued in vain, although they quoted to him long and convincing extracts from the most illustrous writers. Indeed he refused even to listen to them, swearing, and using the most dreadful language. Once he even cursed Mr. Bentham. Still they persevered, knowing that all that was necessary was to convince his understanding that in acting as he had done, during his life, he had been mistaken in the calculations he had made, and the views he had taken about his own happiness. But the wildest raving and the heaviest cursing must come to an end, if only from exhaustion. And so it was with this wretched man. He even seemed at last to understand what was said to him; at least he was heard muttering to himself words which sounded like—'Aye that's the ticket, the greatest happiness to the greatest numbers—that's the true and only ticket—curse me." But even these sounds gradually died away, and at last he was observed to be fast asleep. The two philosophers left him.

Utilitarian maunderings fall dead, but there is no known limit to the force passion may exert.

A weight of ten pounds will break a fibre of dead muscle. It will take one hundred pounds to break the same fibre when alive, and acted on by ordinary living will; but when inspired by passion, or the highest form of force, no limit is known to what the fibre will bear.

The greatest spiritual force, as shown by results within historic times, is Christianity, that is, the divine life, or to put it into Heine's words, "The permanent passion without unrest," that was comprised within three years of the life of Jesus Christ. Some German philosophers who have studied, dreamed, lived in solitude, and smoked until at last in their old age they have lost all passion themselves, and even ceased to know the meaning of the word, deny the force altogether. I wonder if these men were to see half a dozen people torn into small pieces by an enraged tiger—I wonder whether they would then be able to believe in the force of passion. Effect must have cause, and the only originally moving cause the mind of man is capable of conceiving is not "will," as Mr. J. Martineau says, but the passion or motive force which is behind, and which makes "will."

The Rev. J. Martineau says that will is the essential type of force, but what can will do without passion of some sort or degree behind it? It is absolutely helpless. There must be emotion or motive power, or there can be no action. A sheep sees grass and wills to eat it, but the motive power is the hunger that is behind the will. A man knows a thing to be right to do so he wills to do it, but the motive power is the passion of duty that is behind the will, or, in other words, the hunger and thirst after righteousness. The reason in England that we do not call duty a passion is because the emotion is not generally experienced in a sufficient degree to be generally called "passion." Amongst some of the old Hebrews it was, and so they called it a "hunger and thirst."

Fichte held that "will" is the only source of all reality, and furnishes the only sufficent reason for believing in an external world. But, as we have just seen, "will"

really means passion. So Fichte really meant that passion is the only source of all reality. Which is true enough. What passion is nobody knows, for passion means "life" and spiritual or living force, and nobody knows what they mean.

Much confusion arises from the word "will" having two meanings—(1) Unconsciously doing, from inspired passion or motive force, and without hesitation what one wishes or wills to do. (2) Consciously choosing one of two, or more, courses, and acting upon it with determination. They both can be called will; but the first is pure will, whilst the second is only defective and hampered will.

Double meanings to the same word cause endless confusion in discussion.

A doctor once recommended Sydney Smith to take a walk every day on an empty stomach. Very good, said Sydney Smith, *on whose?* Now here the confusion, of course, arose from the little word "on" possessing more than one meaning.

Endless other instances might be given.

"Pouvoir c'est vouloir," says the French motto. But all the "vouloir" in the world is no use without a passion behind it. Frederick the Great had a strong enough will, but his real motive power, that caused the will was, as he said himself, the passion of ambition, and desire to be talked about. Sir W. Scott had a strong will, no doubt, but the real motive power was, as he himself said, the passion to become rich, in order to found a family. Godly men, when they appear on the earth, often show strong wills, but their real motive power is sundry passions, such as hunger and thirst after righteousness, love to God, devotion to their fellow creatures, joy, grief, pity, &c., &c.

"Christianity" naturally leads to the word "creed,' or "belief," or "dogma."

A Hint or two about "Belief" and "Dogma."

"We can only see as through a glass darkly." But some see less darkly than others. All depends on the being created. One belief is right for a man, another for a pig, and another for an archangel. One for a saint, and another for a utilitarian. Each of these thinks his own faith the right one. And so it is in one sense. It is not given to everybody to be a saint.

In everything but some of the merest physical matters belief means, the creed resulting from the action of all a man's qualities. Every modification of the qualities modifies the creed. Increase conceit, and the creed will be changed one way; add logic, it will be changed another way; add reverence, another; and so on. His creed will be highest whose soul is the best in quality, quantity, and balance.

But, perhaps, belief even in mere physical matters may have something to do with the action of all a man's qualities. At any rate, as we have seen, Hobbes thought that if the pecuniary interests of men were universally and invariably on that side, they would believe, unhesitatingly, that 2 stones added to 2 stones make 5 stones. Mr. Mill sees no reason why, in other worlds, 2 and 2 should not make 5; and Mr. H. Spencer says, that men's opinions depend on their desires and moral qualities, not upon their intellects. The majority of people may not agree with Hobbes, but the majority of those who have studied human nature much perhaps will do so. If, instead of pecuniary interest, Hobbes had supposed the interest to be a still greater one, as, for instance, that of life and of death, of course he would be right; for in

that case the believers in 2 and 2 making 5 would be the sole survivors, and the creed would become universal by the process of natural selection, or survival of the fittest.

In practical life, what people call their opinions, arise from their tastes, inclinations, feelings, and habits of life. A popular orator loves salmon fishing, but not other sports; so he condemns other sports. A great lexicographer, who only loves Fleet Street, defines fishing to be "a stick and a string with a bait at one end and a fool at the other." Some book-writing man cannot ride, so he condemns fox hunting. Some fox hunting farmer cannot read, so he condemns book-writing. Country people call town people effeminate cockneys. Town people do not think much of country people. One class has little knowledge of another class, and therefore has a poor opinion of it. One of the foundations of antipathy is ignorance, of sympathy, knowledge. Great liberality of mind, combined with charity and great imagination, will sometimes take the place of actual knowledge. But it is not every one who has great liberality of mind combined with charity and great imagination.

What dogmas are truest?

H. Heine says, that the deepest truths can only come from the deepest love and the deepest passion.

Utilitarians think, that the deepest truth can only come from the sharpest logical ingenuity.

The highest truth must be that which comes from the highest man. But who is the highest man?

It requires a very favourable combination of circumstances to turn out a first-rate article of any kind. In the matter of men, C. Kingsley and F. Maurice seem to think warmth of climate one of the necessary

conditions—that the necessary warmth and passion of disposition is hardly to be expected in cold latitudes. "The cold in clime are cold in blood" says Byron.

What, I repeat, are we to believe? What is absolute truth? Philosophers all give a different answer.

Plato loved thinking, so he called thought the absolute.

Aristotle loved knowledge of physical facts, so he thought the understanding was the absolute.

Descartes doubted everything it was possible to doubt, so, like Mr. Mill, he believed only in his own thinking sensations.

Fichte had great appreciation of his own will, so he thought the "ego" was the "absolute."

Hegel, the reasoner, called reason the "absolute."

"The absolute" means what is really true in opposition to "phenomenal," or "things that do *appear*," or, as some put it, "the relative" or "the conditioned."

The word "dogma" is used in two senses. First—It is used for any fixed opinion, which is supposed, each in its day, to be settled for ever. Secondly—It is used for an opinion held on authority, or merely because somebody says it is certainly true. This latter sense is illustrated by the little girl who said to her sister—"It *is* so, for mamma says so; and if mamma says so, it is so, if it ain't so." I use the word in the first sense, for I want my book to be read only by rational people.

I say "dogma," sometimes, means some opinion held on authority, or believing a thing to be true because somebody has said that it is true—perhaps, some Pope who was a great scoundrel, as Popes have been, or some (so called) Saint, who was really no better than his neighbours. There are, and have often been, Godly men, but they seldom get canonized, though a few, no doubt, have been; great numbers of the so dubbed saints,

especially the earlier ones, were, really, only Buddhists or Stoical renunciators, such as St. Simeon Stylites. India is full of the same sort of self-torturing "Saint" even at the present day.

It may be said that St. Simeon Stylites was not the same as a Buddhist, because his opinions were different. But the question is what the man *was*, not what he thought his opinions were. Opinions are mere notions, and generally have very little to do with what a man *is*.

A dogma must be composed of words. But no word has an absolutely definite meaning. It only has a meaning definite enough for practical purposes. Take any word one likes "God," "duty," "divine," "right," "wrong," "spirit." There is not one of these words that have not had volumes innumerable written upon them, and upon their meanings, and derivations, and nothing is settled after all. Indeed the genuine materialist, of the true breed, denies that such words as "right" and "wrong" have any real meanings at all. But the voluminous books have made no difference. We almost all of us know the meaning of "right" or "wrong," just the same whether we read the books or not. I say *almost*, for some few, no doubt, do not know them, but such people come, for the most part, to be hanged, or, at any rate incarcerated for more or less lengthened periods.

There is, perhaps, no dogma I feel so subjectively certain about as the dogma that purely malignant cruelty is wicked. I feel far more certain of this than I do of any of Euclid's axioms. Still it cannot be called certain and definite knowledge, for neither I nor anyone else know what the words of the dogma really mean—that is to say the full, complete, and eternal, or real meaning of such a word as "wicked." To know this would require an infinite mind.

Many a Pope, I say, has been anything but a Saint.

The Emperor Maximilian, one day, burst out laughing, and being asked the cause, he said, "I laughed to think that God should have entrusted the spiritual government of the world to a drunken priest like Pope Julius, and the government of the Empire to a Chamois hunter like me.

I have defined what I mean by dogma, because it is always as well to have a clear idea of the signification of the words one uses. Half the books of controversy that are, and have been written, have been written solely because one author has used a word in one sense, whilst the antagonistic author used it in another. Even in common life the mistakes which arise, from want of precision, in the meanings of words used, are innumerable, and sometimes very absurd.

One day the chief of the Highland Clan "Mc Intosh" being on a visit to London, had a dispute with a cabman upon the usual subject. The latter showed an inclination to be impudent, whereupon the indignant Highlander exclaimed "do you know Sir who I am? I am the Mc Intosh. "Mc Intosh" cried the cabman, "you may be an umbrella for all I care, but my fare I will have." Now if misunderstandings like this arise, even in every day life, in consequence of the ambiguous meanings of words, how important must accurate precision be in controversies on weighty subjects,

Another instance.

A good many years ago, in the old posting days, an old gentleman and his very timid wife, who were travelling in a post chaise, found themselves going down a steep hill, when the former happened to remark "that he hoped the breeching was all right and tight." Upon this the old lady, terrified out of her wits, threw open the

window and called out, "Post boy," "Post boy, Are your breeches tight." But the Post boy did not hear what she said at first, so he turned round in his saddle, touched his hat very respectfully, and asked "what did ye say mum"? And it was not until the question had been repeated a great many times, and explanations given, both by the postillion and by her husband, that the old lady could be pacified. Now this case is so far different from the last one that the mistake did not arise from one word having two meanings, but from a word being incorrectly pronounced. Still the story helps to show how necessary absolute accuracy in the use of words is, in all the affairs of life.

Mr. Arnold has lately written a very interesting book about Christianity. He seems by it to have somewhat changed his views about human life; for a few years ago he wrote much in favour of Goetheism or self culture as the one thing needful.

The ancient Romans had a great deal of self-culture. The results are well known.

In modern times it is common for a rich man to entertain his guests after dinner with professional music.

In ancient times the highly-cultured Roman entertained his guests after dinner with contests which took place at the railed off end of his dining room. Sometimes two slaves fought till one or both were killed. Sometimes the entertainment consisted in seeing slaves and criminals fight with, and at last torn to pieces by, wild beasts.

If a lady's maid displeased her mistress, or pulled her hair by accident whilst dressing it, the highly cultured Roman lady had a habit of driving the pin of her brooch as far as it would go into the girl's flesh, to say nothing of the more systematic tortures.

The highest of all public entertainments was, as we all know, wholesale slaughter; contests between wild beasts, gladiators, christians, criminals, slaves, &c., &c. The more blood that was shed on these occasions the greater was the delight and enjoyment amongst the highly-cultured rank, fashion, and beauty of Rome.

After an insurrection amongst slaves, the highly cultured Romans crucified 6000 of them. But as I say, Mr. Arnold seems to have changed his views about self-culture being the all in all, to judge by his interesting book "Literature and Dogma." This book is written with two or three objects. First and foremost the object is to condemn all dogma in religious teaching, and especially the dogma of the personality of God. But in more than one place he says we should look upon God as a tender Father—that is in fact attributing to him a personality. By saying this he at one stroke of his pen scratches out half his own book.

Mr. M. Arnold, I say, condemns all dogma. But men *must* have dogma. Thought must take some form or it could not be thought. These forms of thought necessarily change with successful research. But men could never speak about anything if there were no dogmas or fixed forms of thought—that is forms supposed to be fixed. In astronomy the dogma used to be that the sun went round the earth. If men in those days had not made use of this dogma, that is, if they had never said the sun went round the earth, they could never have found out that on the contrary the earth goes round the sun, for they could never have talked about the matter at all.

In medicine the dogma used to be that all disease was caused immediately by the devil. In another age that he did it through the agency of witches. In the present day science having killed the devil and his

witches, the dogma reigns that disease is caused by the germs of diabolical little animalcules and of evil disposed funguses, or minute organisms. But all these dogmas are necessary in their day, if only as pegs to hang discussion and research upon, just as the dogma that the sun went round the earth was neccessary in its day. It was necessary though it was nothing.

The dogma was false. But the sun shone all the time just the same, giving light and heat, and filling worlds with happiness. So of the theological dogmas. They change with knowledge. They are necessary, and yet they are nothing. But Christianity shines with its holy spirit of joy and life just the same through the ever changing dogmas. This is the real thing.

The Chinese believe an eclipse of the sun to be caused by a dog of colossal size eating it up. When an eclipse commences they collect together all the gongs in the country, and make as much noise on them as they can, with the object of frightening the dog away from the sun. Indeed, they find by experience that this measure is a successful one, and that after beating the gongs for a few hours the sun shines again as bright as ever. This is their dogma about eclipses. Erroneous! Yes, but it is better than none; for if they hadn't it or some such another they could never talk about the matter at all, and so could never arrive at a truer dogma.

So also in things spiritual. The soul must have its intellectual conception or dogma to cling to, just as the orchid must have its piece of dead wood to cling to. But the piece of dead wood is only a piece of dead wood. It is nothing, though it is necessary for the beautiful living plant to fasten itself upon. So a dogma is a mere dead image of the mind. It is nothing, though it is necessary. Without some conception to attach it

to, the living soul would at once cease to be a living soul. Still, as I say, the conception or dogma by itself is a dead thing. It is not the life. It does not make the heart beat and the pulse throb. Indeed, if the dogmas or intellectual conceptions be dwelt on beyond a certain very moderate degree, they deaden the heart, check the pulsation, and lessen the life.

Woe betide the mere emotionalist, who thinks his soul can live without dogma or intellectual conception and belief of some sort. Dogma is necessary to the soul, just as the skeleton is necessary to the body. The skeleton alone is but an assemblage of dry, dead, and ugly bones. Still it is necessary, for without it the living flesh, with its innumerable lovelinesses of form and expression, would have nothing to cling round. Remove these dead dry bones and all this life and beauty would at once collapse. Some of our teachers about the "unknown and unknowable" say that religious emotion is right, but that it is wrong to have any definite dogma. Now, no doubt, dogma by itself is but dry and dead bone. Still without it the passions and emotions, having no settled whereabouts, either evaporate altogether, or collapse into mere sensuality.

At one time the dogma about Christianity, as taught by Origen, Irenœus, and other fathers of the Church, was that the Devil demanded his victims, but Christ died to satisfy the devil, and by satisfying him saved the victims; next age there was another dogma, and so on. In Calvin's age the dogma was that Christ died to satisfy the Devil, but the Devil was not satisfied, and the victims were not saved.

Peter Lombard says in so many words that God set a trap for the Devil, and baited it with the blood of Christ; and that the Devil took the bait in exchange

for men's souls, which were due to him on account of their sins.

In the Middle Ages one dogma was that Purgatory and Hell are located (according to some) in the valley of Jehosephat, but according to others in the bowels of the earth. Etna, Stromboli, Hecla, and the other volcanoes were the mouths of hell, and within their craters shrieks, clanging chains, and howls of demons tormenting the souls of the endlessly lost, were plainly to be heard. Nothing could get them out but prayers of saints. Bellarmine tells us that St. Gregory got Trajan out by his prayers, but that it was mortal sin in him to have prayed at all for so vile a heathen; so Gregory was punished for it with perpetual pain in his stomach (perpetuo dolore stomachi.)

Another dogma of the early Christian semi-barbarians was that earth, air, water, and the bodies of men and of animals are full of demons; these demons being the off-spring of fallen angels, who loved the daughters of men. He who wishes to discover these demons must strew sifted ashes round his bed, and in the morning he will see their footprints like a cock's tread. They fly chiefly at night, and the Talmud forbids men to greet anyone after dark, lest it might be a devil. Tertullian says the demons are the off-spring of fallen angels, and their work is the destruction of the human race—that they blight fruit, lead men into every kind of sin, and reveal to women all the secrets of personal adornment. Origen says that men eat and drink with demons whenever they eat flesh sacrificed to idols. Jerome, Chrysostom, and all the early fathers state that the air is full of demons, and both Clement of Alexandria, and St. Thomas Aquinas says that all diseases, famines, and tempests, are caused by them. Such were the dogmas of those days.

In earlier stages still of civilization, dogmas are still more curious.

A Figian cannibal's emotions have reference, for the most part, to food; so he worships the God Matawaloo, who has eight stomachs, and who is always eating. This is his dogma.

In astronomy the Tongans have a very curious dogma to account for a day and night being twenty-four hours long. They say it used to be much less; that is, the sun used to go much too quick, but one day a man caught it in a noose, and it was compelled to go slower for the future. This is the Tongan's dogma even at the present day.

Amongst the South Australians the dogma is that the sun, moon, and stars are living beings who once lived on the earth.

About the creation of man the dogma amongst the ancient Peruvians was that the sun once came down to the earth, laid two eggs, and then went back again. From these two eggs men sprung.

The ancient American Indians had a dogma that the sun was the great supreme God, and the moon was his wife. But one American tribe, who inhabited a fearfully hot district, worshipped only the moon. They said the sun was not required.

In the days of Columbus, the dogma of science was that if a ship did succeed in reaching India, she could never get back again, because the rotundity of the globe would present a kind of mountain, up which it would be impossible to sail even with the most favourable wind.

A New Zealander said once to a missionary: "Think not that I am a man; that my origin is of the earth. I come from the heavens. My ancestors are all there; they are Gods, and I shall return to them. Superstitious

dogmas of a savage, it may be said. Perhaps so; but, at any rate, far nobler than the degrading dirt philosophy of the materialist, with his, at any rate, equally superstitious dogma about protoplasm being the cause of all things.

An old Yorkshire woman at her death left very particular instructions about her burial, especially insisting on being laid in the ground close to a butcher, who had in life been a very powerful man, and who had lately died. She said, "You see, when the day o' joodgement coomes, there's sure to be a deel o' scroodgin' and boostlin' and hoostlin'; and I wants to be near some one as I can depend on." This was her dogma about the matter. Erroneous, well and good. But not so erroneous as the dogma of many highly educated men of science, who call themselves her betters; namely, that it matters not whether they do good or ill deeds, for that there is no judgment to follow whatever in any sense.

In material science dogmas change unceasingly. A few years ago most men of science believed in Descartes' "Vortices." A dogma before that time was that the Antipodes could not exist, because it was impossible that men could walk about with their heads downwards.

At the present day there is a dogma (a very old one revived) that after cutting up matter into smaller and smaller pieces you at last come to an atom so hard or so something-that it is no longer divisable. Every dogma has its day. Its day goes, though it often comes back again sooner or later.

Each age thinks its own era the most wonderful in the history of the world, its own ideas the truest, and its own dogmas final. Each age thinks its own geese swans. Whereas, in truth, many of them are but the old cackling things with perhaps more or less new

plumage. Of all conceits conceit of knowledge is the most ridiculous and the most shallow. Charles Lamb calls knowledge "our ignorance classified."

Cowper says, "Knowledge is proud that she has learned so much, wisdom is humble that she knows no more."

It is the part of a wise man to believe a scientific theory when all distinguished experts or men of science are agreed about it. But this is not the case with the atomic theory. Dr. Tyndall we will say, a distinguished English scientific expert, tells us there *are* ultimate atoms so hard or so something that they cannot be divided or made smaller; whereas Dr. Büchner, a distinguished German scientific expert, tells us there are *not* ultimate atoms so hard or so something that they cannot be divided or become smaller; and Faraday, a more distinguished scientific expert than either of them, says, that instead of atoms there are only "centres of force." Thus the question rests where it was, and the atomic theory remains a mere dogma of the day, wanted, perhaps, for convenience as a hypothesis to work upon, but about the actual truth of which nothing can as yet be known.

"We may admit the conception of atoms," says G. H. Lewis, "even if we regard them as pure fictions." That is to say, the conception may be a useful scientific dogma for its day, even though there be no truth in it.

Sir H. Holland says in defence of the atomic theory that some things can only be explained or even approached or talked about through it; such as the phenomena of catalysis—questions regarding ozone and other allotropic elements—curious facts that came under the name of Sterorganization, &c., &c. Yes, but this is only what is true of every dogma of every age. At

one time the phenomena of this world could only be explained or even approached or talked about through the dogma that the sun and stars go round the earth once in twenty-four hours.

Again, the men of science say that their atomic and molecular theories are true, because they account for and are keys to the phenomena of definite proportions, isomorphism, allotropy, and other facts and doctrines of chemical science. But this, as I say, is only like all dogmas of all times. It used to be thought that such dogmas as "nature abhors a vaccuum," "omne vivum ex ovo," and a hundred other such, were true, because they accounted for and were keys to phenomena that were observed. But we know now how much these dogmas are worth—not that they were worthless in their day, but they have had their day. Every dogma has its day.

Men of science will say that there must be molecules, for that the contrary is inconceivable. But wise men know that inconceivability is no test whatever about what should be believed. We are all obliged to believe in innumerable things, though they are quite inconceivable; that is, though we cannot conceive *how* they can be true. For instance, the universe must have always existed, or it must have been made out of nothing. One of these we must believe to be true, but *how* either can be true is quite inconceivable. I well know that my friend Robinson the positivist tells me he can conceive the former, but then I don't believe him.

Pascal says that there are many cases where each of two contraries are inconceivable, but yet one of them *must* be true.

Lucretius or Epicurus, I forget which, thought that atoms of matter fastened on to each other by a hook, but that atoms of mind were round, and therefore moved

more readily. A dogma of the present day, as explained by Professor Clark, is that atoms of air or ether are unceasingly flying about at the rate of seventeen miles a minute, and thus that the only reason why we are not always being knocked down backwards by atoms hitting us in front is that an equal number of atoms are always hitting us behind, and so keeping us upright.

Twenty years ago the dogma was that no life existed at the bottom of deep seas. They dredged and found the bottom teeming with life. So much for that dogma. Till nearly the present time the dogma has been that spontaneous generation is impossible. Dr. Bastian says he has proved the contrary, and the dogma has ceased to be an undisputed dogma.

A Saturday Reviewer winds up his essay upon this discussion thus: "Dr. Bastion has fought a hard and prolonged fight against foemen (Professor Huxley and Sanderson) worthy of his steel, and he deserves the victory he has won."

On the other hand, proof is impossible one way or other; for, in the first place, who can set a limit to the minuteness of infusoria? But what can be known about creatures too small to be discovered by any means whatever? Mere human senses and instruments may, perhaps, be very course things, and only capable of discovering what, if we could see really small things, we should describe as "big as a haystack," or, "big as a barn-door," or by some such metaphorical expression. Again, Dr. Bastion rests his conclusions on the assumption that boiling kills all infusoria and their germs. But there can be no proof of this. As a rule, we find that the smaller the creature the stronger its constitution is, and the more it is able to endure. Perhaps by these little organisms 212° Fahrenheit, or even 500° may be looked upon as only a pleasantly warm and genial temperature.

I say that human senses and instruments to help them may be really very coarse things. Men of science boast a great deal about the wonders discovered by means of the spectrum analysis, and talk much of the discovery of such facts as that of the detection by its yellow spectrum line of less than a millionth part of a grain of sodium in the air. But everything is comparative. Perhaps to higher beings the millionth part of a grain of sodium may be as manifest without any help from instruments as snow-flakes are to us.

One dogma of science fifty years ago was that no steamer could carry coal enough to take it across the Atlantic. Indeed, a very distinguished man of science proved this by mathematical demonstration to be indisputably the case.

About the same time the dogma was that the revolution of the wheels of an engine could not possibly communicate movement to a train; and that if by any mischance movement to the train did occur, the passengers would all perish by suffocation from the impossibility of breathing during such rapid travelling. All this was proved beyond the possibility of doubt by a writer in the *Edinbro' Review.*

In religion dogmas are nothing, though they are necessary. "Let sects delight," as Dr. Watts sings—"let sects delight to bark and bite," over their dogmas, ceremonies, and forms of thought; the wise man knows all the time that these forms and dogmas are but means to an end, and that end is spiritual life; that is, righteousness and Godliness—to love God with all the heart and with all the soul (that is to say, passionately), and one's neighbour as oneself—to be true and just in all one's dealings—to visit the widows and fatherless (that is, to be pityful), and to keep oneself unspotted from

worldlinesses (or what Thackeray calls snobbishnesses). Forms and ceremonies are, of course, necessary in all departments of human life, as well as in divine worship. If we eat without order and ceremonies we should all scramble for our food like wild beasts, or, at most, like the Makalolo negroes, pass the roast leg of mutton from hand to hand round the table for each guest to take a bite out of it. For even that is a ceremony. Culinary dogmas of thought are still more necessary; and each nation must adopt those dogmas which are most suited to it. Of course, the only real thing and the only end to aim at is a healthy body; but each nation has to adopt certain dogmas or fixed forms of thought peculiar to itself as to the best means of attaining this bodily health. The Chinese dogma is that rice is the fitting kind of nutriment for sustaining life; the Esquimaux says blubber, and the Scotchman says oatmeal. Indeed, these food dogmas seem sometimes to encroach upon other departments, even upon religious ones. Sydney Smith said he had all his life been trying to understand something about the religious sectarian differences of the Scotch people, but without success; he knew it all had something to do with oatmeal, but he had never got further than that. Oatmeal seems also to affect matters matrimonial. At least, Sydney Smith said, that a Scotchman "Will persevere during many years endeavouring to prove metapheesically to the object of his affection that she ought to loave him, and at last, when the summer is fine and oatmeal plentiful, they marry." But what Sydney Smith says always has to be taken with the consideration that witty men think more of saying that which is funny than of saying that which is true.

Thus we see how each of the above several peoples believes in the dogma that his own particular kind of

food is the only true and right kind for the sustenance of the bodily frame; just in the same way as he believes that his own spiritual dogma is the only true and right kind for his spiritual sustenance.

Dogma or fixed opinion, that a thing is absolutely true until it is proved to be only defectively true, is necessary to mankind, to give them confidence in their actions, and, being necessary, it is universal.

Men believe every new generalization to be final and conclusive, although they have unceasingly been making new ones ever since mankind has existed.

Dogma in theology is nothing, but it is necessary; like a fire-place or a candlestick. A candlestick is not light, neither is a fire-place warmth; but each is necessary, and differs from others according to circumstances. A cultured man wants one kind of theological apparatus, a petty shopkeeper another, a Crim Tartar another, and a Choctaw another; but all want one of some kind, or their light would go out, and their warmth be lost, and nothing would be left but the savage brute, without light on the one hand, or the dead utilitarian and materialist without warmth on the other.

A religious dogma is not the real thing, but it is sometimes a help to the real thing. Theology tends to call it the real thing. Christ says, "If ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you." The theologians are apt to say, "If ye hold certain opinions, as, for instance, that ye are Homo*ou*sians and not Hommoo*i*sians, or that ye are Homoo*i*sians and not Homoo*u*sians—if ye hold these opinions, your heavenly Father will forgive your trespasses, but if ye do not hold them he will not forgive you.

Dogma must change, for we can only "see as through a glass darkly." In religious and moral philosophy where

(they being non-mathematical sciences) exact knowledge is unattainable, perhaps that dogma is best which is accompanied by the greatest perfection of character—the proof of the pudding, in fact.

The dogmas of Christian sects mean attempts that have been made by men of various races and character to explain what Christ was. The dogmas of one sect will explain one little bit of what Christ was, the dogmas of another sect another little bit. Calvin was like Christ in his passionate hatred of sin, so he explains that side of him. He was unlike Christ by as much as he was a hard theoretical logician, narrow-minded, unloving, and unloveable; so on that side Calvinism is a dead thing. Each sect explains its own one little facet of Christ, that is, of human nature; for Christ, as we Christians believe, was all in one—that is, perfect human nature, which means to man's *conceptions* perfect divine nature too, for he cannot *conceive* anything that is out of or beyond himself. He may and must believe in there being infinities beyond himself, but he can form no conception of any one part or fraction of any one of them. A man cannot get on to his own back; nor can he fly above himself.

One minor but valuable facet of human nature is Pantheism or seeing God in everything—in the grass of the field, in the mountains, in the plains, and in the clouds. There is much of this in the Psalms of David. Human nature is multiform but tied to itself. The inhabitants of the planets that revolve round the sun Sirius are to us as we are to jelly fish. So strive as we may we cannot reach to the height of their dogmas. Still, our conceptions are suited to us, and if we refuse to adopt them because we know they must be limited by our faculties, we run a great risk of sinking down to

the level of the jelly fish themselves. Indeed, we see occasional instances of this amongst utilitarians, soulless materialists, and third-class men of science. We can only see as through a glass darkly. But still we can see as through a glass darkly, and if we refuse this limited quantity of light we must live in total darkness.

Although we can say "I am certain" from faith, we cannot say "it is certain" from knowledge. My friend Robinson, who firmly believes that he knows with absolute certainty and correctness everything in the universe asks me what reason I have for stating that we cannot say of anything "it is certain," but that we can only have faith, and that what we call knowledge and dogma or truth is only more or less imperfect truth, and grows and alters ad infinitum. The answer to this is, that we infer it inductively from experience and observed facts, which observed facts are that all old dogmas that men believed to be certain have as men developed or retrogressed made way for new ones; that the slightest difference in the character or qualities makes a corresponding difference in the conceptions, and that no two people therefore think exactly alike, though they often think much alike, because their characters are much alike. "Quot homnes tot sententiæ," says the proverb. These are facts to be observed by all who *can* observe. And the inference from this is obvious to any one who can draw inferences; namely, that what has happened hitherto will happen again, and all our present dogmas on all subjects will alter for better or worse, according as we develop or retrogress.

All depends on what the particular soul is. "The good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is good. The evil man out of the evil treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is

evil." The logical man out of the logical treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is logical; the mathematical man out of the mathematical treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is mathematical; the poetical man out of the poetical treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is poetical. "To the pure all things are pure." To the impure all things are impure. "Virtue and goodness to the vile seem vile;" to the good they seem good, to the indifferent they seem nothing. The living soul is everything.

What we see in the world depends upon what we have eyes to see; what we believe depends upon what we have souls to believe. The colour that artists see, and therefore put into their pictures, depends upon their eye for colour. No two artists have exactly similar eyes for colour, so no two artists colour exactly alike. The artist who differs so much from the generality as to be called colour blind cannot distinguish red from green. Some are completely colour blind. They can see nothing but light and shade. Coleridge with the idealist says:

> "We receive but what we give,
> And in our life alone does nature live."

But this is going too far. Coleridge here denies the existence of matter and nature apart from our minds. But men who are not philosophers cannot escape (so long as they are in the flesh) from the belief that nature exists even apart from mens' minds, though *what* this nature seems undoubtedly depends entirely upon the kind of senses and mind which he has who perceives. The sheep is conscious of green grass, but of little else. But the bee does not even know there is such a thing in the world as green grass, for it is only conscious of the flowers and honey. The owl believes in nothiug but mice. And men are much the same. Nature to

each man is just what his mind is conscious of. The geologist is conscious of only the stones; the botanist of only the flowers. The former goes through a district chipping with his hammer at all the rocks, but he returns home without knowing that one single flower grows in the whole country. The botanist is the same the other way. Clergymen are conscious of little but the clerical world; lawyers of little but the world of law; the upper ten thousand are conscious of little beyond their own class; the lower ten million of little beyond theirs; the rich man is conscious of his yacht and of his race horses; the costermonger is conscious of his donkey and donkey cart, but he does not even know that there is such a thing in the world as a yacht; people who are in love are conscious of those who are not in love only just enough to wonder what they are for; young people wonder what old people are for; but old people do not look at the matter in exactly the same light; and so we might go on, *ad infinitum*; and it all shows that the world contains what we have minds to see, and what it contains depends upon the make of the mind that seeks its contents. Make a new kind of mind that never existed before, and new things that never were heard of before would at once become manifested to it.

Innumerable stories might be told to illustrate how circumscribed are the minds of most men, and how little conscious they are of the state of mind of those people whose circumstances are different from their own.

A certain millionaire used very good-naturedly to give advice to his acquaintances about money matters. His favorite maxim was "whatever you do, always keep a balance at your bankers of about a huudred thousand pounds, and then you are ready for anything." Now

very likely this man if he had been pressed closely would have been able to see and acknowledge that there are people to whom this advice would not be practically of much benefit, but this would not be his usual or normal state of consciousness.

A friend of mine was once talking to me about the folly of wishing for riches, and said that a man could be as happy on a moderate income as upon a large one. I asked him what he meant by a moderate income, and he said, "Well, about, we'll say, £20,000 a year. This, in fact, was about his own income.

A member of the very lowest class is before a magistrate for beating his wife. The magistrate asks him, "Have you anything to say in answer to this charge?"

Prisoner: Well, I'd like to ask your Worship if you're a married man yourself?

Magistrate: Yes, I am, if you must know.

Prisoner: Then I need'nt say another word.

The prisoner, to his great astonishment and disgust, gets six months. But why is he astonished and disgusted? Simply because he is completely unconscious that the habits of the magistrates' class differ totally from those of his own.

Town people are ignorant of country, country of town people. Simple minded folk, who live in the country and go to the parish church every day, would not be able to conceive the ignorance that exists in towns about religious matters, even amongst educated and literary people. "I'll bet you five shillings," said one of these people to his friend, "that you cannot say the Apostle's Creed from beginning to end." "Done," said the other, and then he repeated the Lord's Prayer right through without a mistake. "Gad," said the first, "I'd no notion you could have done it." And he paid up his five shillings

on the spot. But illustrations might be given without end and number.

Except sometimes in material matters, that is to say, the dead side of nature, dogmas and beliefs depend mostly on the character or sum total of the passions.

"It is undeniable," says J. Martineau, "that the faith of men is so immediate a product of their affections and conscience—that the logical thought stands chiefly in a negative relation."

The mere reasoner cannot understand this. Still even those who theoretically fall down and worship reasoning as the highest of all things, will often practically acknowledge its comparative insignificance. Mr. Buckle, an intellect worshipper if ever there was one, said that "No mere reasonings about immortality had ever much weight with him, but that when he remembered his mother he could not disbelieve in it." For a man to expect to believe with his reason is a simple absurdity; as absurd as any nonsense. As absurd as to talk of grilling a mutton chop on a block of ice. Ice won't grill a mutton chop.

We have all heard of the following problem. "Given the tonnage of a ship, her length, her breadth, and the height of her mainmast, to find the name of the captain." Now, this is generally allowed to be an absurdity. The name of a captain cannot be discovered only by these means. Still absurd as it is, it is not one quarter so absurd as trying to find a religious creed with reasoning and logic alone. And yet many people seem unable to recognize this absurdity, and actually make the attempt.

Perfect agreement between persons who form opinions for themselves is impossible, for no two persons are perfectly alike. Vast numbers of people form no opinions for themselves, but I am not talking of them. Opinion

means the mental result that comes from the objective external world and a living mind acting on one another. The objective external world is the same to all. But all minds are different, so the results must be different. And yet men are always fancying they can agree in opinion; and they write controversial books and make controversial speeches, generally with the view to show how they agree with some and disagree with others; but they really disagree more or less with all. Two controversialists may think they agree together, and even write books to prove their agreement; but it will always be found, on examination, that there is no agreement at all. It is impossible there should be, for no two men are alike. Two men constantly think they agree with each other, and that they are only opposing some one else, when really they are opposing each other. Like Brown and his friend Smith, who many years ago, when they were rather wildish young fellows, were staying at an hotel where they had a double-bedded room. One night, coming home a little the worse for whisky, they could not find a light, so they turned into bed in the dark. But by mistake they both got into the same one. "Hallo!" cried out Brown, "there's a fellow in my bed." "And there's one in mine too," said Smith. "Kick your fellow out, and I'll kick mine out," said Brown. So they set to work. In two minutes Smith was on the ground. "There!" cried Brown, "I've kicked my fellow out." "You are luckier than I am, groaned Smith from the floor; my fellow has kicked me out in a most brutal manner." This may seem a somewhat frivolous story, but my aim is to show how two people will sometimes think they are uniting in opposition to other persons, when they are really fighting tooth and nail with each other.

No doubt many think that we have arrived at such an exalted state of civilization and cultivation that our knowledge is about perfected and will alter no more; but the real truth is that we seem to be only just emerging out of barbarism. Only eighty or a hundred years ago the drunkenness that was common amongst all classes indicated a state of things differing very little from savagery. Dean Ramsay gives us some curious illustrations of this. In those days people were estimated according to their powers of drinking. Men at parties were compelled to drink. Lord Cockburn tells us that the only way he could escape when he was a young man was to slip under the table and pretend to be drunk. Mackenzie, the Scotch author, adopted this expedient one night, and whilst lying there his attention was called to a pair of small hands fumbling about his throat. On asking what it was, a voice replied, "Sir, I'm the lad that lowses the neck-cloths." In fact, he was ordered to untie the cravats of the prostrate, to prevent apoplexy or suffocation. In most houses servants were always kept ready to carry to their bedrooms those guests who became dead drunk. A common practice was to sit down to dinner at four o'clock on Saturday afternoon, and remain at table drinking all that night, all Sunday, and all Sunday night. Funerals were grand occasions for drinking bouts. Dean Ramsay tells us of an old maiden lady, who was known by the name of Miss Ketty, and who died about seventy years ago at Strathspey. Previous to her death she said to her nephew, "Willy, I'm deein', and as ye'll hae the charge o' a' I have, mind that as much whisky is to be used at my funeral as there was at my baptism." Willy did his best to carry out his aunt's dying injunctions. The

churchyard was ten miles distant, and it was almost night when the funeral party arrived. "But whaur's Miss Ketty?" asked the grave digger of the old lady's nephew. "In her coffin, to be sure," was the answer; "and get her into the earth as quick as you can." But coffin there was none. The whole party had got drunk, come the ten miles, and left the coffin behind them.

"Can I see your master," asked a visitor about eighty years ago of the butler at about 1 p.m.. "No, sir, he's at dinner." "Why, I thought he dined at four." "Yes, he does, sir, but he is not at dinner to-day, he is at dinner yesterday." And, in fact, in those days people would booze over their wine or punch for a day and a night together.

Mr. Arnold, condemning all dogmas, says, we are to believe nothing else about God, except that he is a "force," because nothing else can be verified or proved logically. That is, that men are to believe nothing else but what can be logically proved. Kant proved logically that the universe has existed for ever, and therefore that it was never created. He also proved logically that the universe has not existed for ever, and therefore that it has been created. No one has ever disproved the logical correctness of these proofs. Kant defied any one to do so, and no one has ever done so. I wish Mr. Arnold would tell us which of these logical proofs of Kant we are to believe and look on as verified, or whether we are to believe both, or whether we are to disbelieve both. The most logical minded man who ever lived was Mr. J. S. Mill. Trusting solely to his logic, Mr. Mill disbelieved in the existence of matter. That is to say, the existence of matter cannot be verified or logically proved. Does Mr. Arnold then tell us that we must not believe in the existence of matter?

A man who professes to believe nothing but what can be verified is bound in logic to go the whole hog with Mr. Mill, and believe in nothing beyond his own sensations and thoughts. All belief beyond this is faith not knowledge. Mr. Mill, a rigorous logician, saw this and carried it out like an honest man as he was. Faith or believing a thing that had not first been proved to his understanding was contrary to his principles. So he said out boldly there is no such thing as a tree or a haystack, there are only bundles of sensations of mine. One bundle I call a tree, another bundle I call a haystack.

Nothing to be believed but what can be verified or proved to the understanding by accurate scientific analysis! I am afraid we should be in a bad way if we acted upon this principle. Two boys are told by their father never to go near a horse's heels. One has faith and obeys; but the other wants verification. So he goes up to a young colt, pulls its tail, and has his brains kicked out. In Lincolnshire there is a place called Twigmore, where innumerable gulls breed. When the young ones break their shell they scuttle off at once in the direction of the water, sometimes in such a hurry that they carry their shells with them. But now and then some logical young gull wants verification before it acts in this precipitate manner, and so it stops to examine into the matter. What proof is there that it ought to run towards the water rather than in any other direction? These idiotic little infidels never live above a few hours. Faith in what cannot be proved to the understanding is as necessary to us as the air we breathe. If we haven't any we die, that is all, either spiritually or bodily, or both. But what am I to believe, says my friend Robinson to me out of so many faiths? That, I answered, is your business. If you believe right you

live, if wrong you die; or, at any rate, are wretched more or less. It is each man's own business, though, of course, I will give you any help I can.

Mr. M. Arnold, I say, eliminating all dogmas and attributes, except those which can be "verified," resolves the Deity into a force not ourselves that makes for righteousness; that is, by punishing unrighteousness.

A boy, who in early youth is whipped for bad behaviour, will sometimes see nothing in his corrector but a force not himself that makes for good conduct. As he grows older, and when some answering qualities begin to be developed in himself, he discovers, to his astonishment, that his punishment, instead of coming from a mere force, came from a loving father.

But Mr. Arnold, iu denying all attributes to the Deity except a force, which makes for righteousness, is wrong in his own showiug. For one object of his book is to show that righteousness makes for happiness, therefore a force which makes for righteousness is a force which makes for happiness. But a force which makes for happiness is a force whose attribute is goodness; that is, a force men, as they are made, must worship; that is, a God in the ordinary sense of the word. Therefore Mr. Arnold is wrong on his own showing.

Mr. Arnold wants verification, or proving of truth, before he believes a thing, But what, I repeat, does he mean by verification? What amount of proof is necessary to make him believe a thing? There are so many degrees in unbelief. Unbelief varies directly as analysis. Analysis will analyze everything above protoplasm into illusions. An extreme form of unbelief for want of verification is, as we have seen, that of Mr. Mill, who, saying truly enough, that nothing can be proved or verified to oneself but one's own sensations, holds that we therefore

ought to believe in them and in nothing else. For instance, he does not believe in Calcutta, but only in those sensations of his own, which collectively he calls Calcutta. Again, I say, I wonder whether Mr. Arnold has raised himself to Mr. Mill's height of unbelief. Or has he risen higher still, till he disbelieves, with Hegel, even in his own sensations being realities.

A man once said to Coleridge, "I never believe what I do not understand." "Sir," said Coleridge, "I fear your creed is a very short one."

Comteists and the third-class men of science say that as we cannot see God nothing can be known of his attributes, and, therefore, that we ought not to believe in his having any particular ones. I wonder whether these men believe in M. Comte having had any attributes. No one can know another man's mind, even if he does see him; he can only judge by his works what his mind is and what his attributes are. Now, for myself, though it is incapable of proof, I am quite certain from studying his works that some of M. Comte's attributes were energy, vanity, imagination, ingenuity, and arrogance.

In the same way, I can study God's works and infer from them some of his attributes. I can see all nature, with the exception of a number of men and women—some rich, some analytic, some vicious, and most idle, who, having taken themselves into their own hands and departed from the ways of God and nature (or whose ancestor's having done so), are wretched enough, I say that with these exceptions, I see all nature, even to every leaf and flower, appearing to rejoice unceasingly. I also see that a certain class of men who are confessedly so superior to all others, that they have to be called by special names, such as "saints," "prophets," "Godly men," "inspired poets," &c., &c.—I can see that these

men profess to be inspired with such vital force and blissful feelings of goodness and beauty, that they can only express them by such phrases as "the Grace of God in the heart," "inspiration from above," "God dwelling in them," "the Holy Spirit quickening their minds," &c., &c. When I say I see all these things, I cannot help inferring and believing (although it is incapable of mathematical proof) that two of the attributes of God are goodness and spiritual beauty.

It is observed to be quite as much (developed) human nature to believe that this "force" of Mr. Arnold's and the Comteists has attributes; that is, that it is a good force or God ("Le bon Dieu," as the French say,) as it is to believe that food is good to eat when we are hungry. There are instances of people disbelieving both these things, but just by as much as a man does disbelieve them, just by so much is he an exceptional and abnormal or what is called a mad person.

Perhaps in anything but mere physical matters that only relate to the dead side of nature, the nearest approach to human truth we can get is by studying the universal inspirations of mankind. This may not absolutely prove a thing true. Still, what better proof is there in the world? Certainly not reasoning analysis and logic, for these (when in their perfection, as in Mill, Coleridge, Berkeley, Hume, Hegel, and many of the German philosophers) land us in most absurd conclusions, such as there being in reality nothing that answer to our idea of matter and no world external to our own minds. Now, putting aside the lowest savages, a few of these natural inspired or instinctive beliefs are that parents should love their children, that malignant cruelty is wicked, that the human soul is immortal, that a great and good God exists, and that men are free agents. An

inspired man wants no proof. He *knows*. A mother inspired with the maternal inspiration—*knows* that she should love her child. But the question is, what are those to do who are not inspired, and yet who wish to do right and to have right beliefs. What is the conscientious mother to do who is without the maternal inspiration? Where is she to go to learn this? What, for instance, is Robinson's wife to do, for, in fact, she is a case in point. Indeed, Robinson married her because she had written an admirable treatise on the differential calculus, and translated a German work on "The Knowableness of the Unknowable." But she is a good woman, and wishes to do right, and to know what it is right to do. Well, I really think she cannot do better than try to find out what is the case with the enormous majority of mothers. Of course, she can go to the metaphysicians or philosophers if she likes, but I would not recommend her to do so. So with other faiths, religious or otherwise.

Professor Tyndall again condemns all dogma, that is, outward, visible, and verbal form or manifestation of religious thought and feeling. He says, "In religion there is a permanent indestructible element. It is not wise to mould this element into forms however new, for the furthest seeing cannot discern the ultimate form into which the religious sentiment will mould itself. "But men in this world *must* put their passions and feelings into some form, or the passions die. A friend of Robinson's, of the name of Thompson, married a wife. Now, Thompson had no notion of putting up with mere forms that might mould themselves anew as civilization progressed. Reality and reality alone was all he cared for. So he began by refusing to have any marriage ceremony performed. Afterwards he took great care to treat his

wife according to his principles. He never wished her good morning, he never wished her good night, and he never called her by her name. Names are mere forms. The woman herself is the real thing. If his wife were unwell he never asked her how she felt, for he said I hope she is better, that is the real thing; what is the good of going through the mere outward form of asking? He never gave her a kiss. He said, "I love her very much, what is the use of going through a mere form; the spirit is everything; what is a mere outward material ceremony, which may change as civilization advances? Indeed, the furthest sighted cannot discern the ultimate form the conjugal sentiment may take. Amongst the primitive black people in Australia, a lover knocks the object of his attachment down, renders her insensible, and then carries her off to his hut before she comes to herself. Even in our own latitudes, William the Conqueror courted his wife, Matilda of Flanders, by knocking her down and rolling her in the mud, upon which proof of his affection she was so overcome that she at once consented to marry him. At the present day the outward form the sentiment takes is kissing. But this again may change to something else as time goes on, so why tie oneself to any form at all." This was the way Thompson argued. Before six months were over Thompson had ceased to care two straws for his wife, or she for him. Indeed, she (very improperly but not altogether unnaturally) ran away with somebody else; whilst the spiritually minded Thompson himself got to care for nothing but the grossest animal pleasures, and soon killed himself by unrestrained indulgence.

Spiritualists in idea and theory are apt to be really, that is morally and practically, quite the contrary. F. Robertson was told in Germany that the German idealist

philosophers were, in fact and in life, often extremely carnal minded, and men of bad moral character. J. Scaliger said of his countrymen, the Germans, that though idealists in philosophy, they were materialists in practice. He also said that the women were bad, and were with good reason thrashed by the men. But this was a good many years ago.

We are not to have any religious opinions, says Dr. Tyndall, because some day they must give place to others. A poor Irishman, who never saw and cannot get any other food, holds the opinion or dogma that he should eat potatoes. I suppose Dr. Tyndall would tell him that he ought to do nothing of the kind, because some day he will hold the opinion that he should eat roast mutton. If the poor Irishman is brought over to Dr. Tyndall's views, and acts upon it, of course he is starved to death in a week. Men must put up with the best food they can get, or they die. They must also put up with the best dogmas or spiritual food they can get, and that their minds can take in, or they die (spiritually). Low dogmas are necessary stepping-stones to higher ones, and they again to higher still. If a child refuses to suck milk it will never rise to roast beef.

If only our scientific teachers could agree, we the poor public would know what to do. But each one of them has a different dogma. Each one has a different God. According to one "the survival of the fittest" is the cause of all things in heaven and earth. According to Mr. Arnold, it is a "A *force* which makes for righteousness," whilst another eminent man and anatomist seems to worship two tendencies, "the tendency to change," and "the tendency to remain the same." These two Gods are equal in power, and the result is, creation. By the way, if the tendency not to begin were as strong

as the tendency to begin, I wonder how "in the beginning" the first start was made. No doubt the answer is that there never was a beginning; that the tendency to change had the best of it, and that, in fact, there never was anything else but change. But, if so, the two Gods are *not* equal. The tendency to change must be strongest. I try not to be narrow-minded, and I am anxious to worship everything that is worthy of worship; but I am ashamed to say, I cannot worship a "tendency." I have tried and I cannot do it. I have done my best; I have lifted up my voice, and cried, "Holy, holy, holy, O thou two tendencies. Heaven and earth are full of thy glories. Glory be to thee, O tendencies most equal." With my whole heart I tried to sing this song. But it was no use. I felt no adoration at all. It was "Vox et prœterea nihil." I might just as well have tried to sing to the praise and glory of a couple of Daddy Longlegs. The conclusion I came to in my own mind was that these two tendencies cannot be the cause of all things. For the cause of all things must be an object of adoration; indeed, *the* object of that adoration, which is acknowledged by wise men to be about the highest exercise of the human spirit. The above mode of discussing the subject may be looked upon as somewhat irreverent; but, really, the notion of calling two tendencies the origin and cause of all created things, seems to me so indescribably comic, that it is impossible to speak of it seriously.

Another word about these two divinities. The tendency to remain the same must be purely negative, so, surely, it cannot be called a God at all. But if not, nothing remains but the tendency to change. This, then, is the God and Father of us all. This is the object to which in future mankind are to look up. "I'd rather be

a kitten and cry Mew," than have such a flabby creed fit for nothing higher than newts and tadpoles in a duck pond. Even a dog has his living master to look up to.

The case may be stated as follows: Man *must* believe in a God. Those who do not do so die out according to the law of "survival of the fittest," and are only represented (with a few individual exceptions) by that small minority called the criminal classes. Man *must* also form some definite ideas, conceptions, or dogmas about God, for it is man's nature to talk about what interests him, and to do this he *must* put his thoughts and opinions in some definite forms. But the only definite conceptions man can form about God *must* be taken from human attributes, for man cannot fly above himself or climb on to the outside of himself. Thus the dogma about God that men *must* have is that of a man spiritually perfect in wisdom, goodness, and power? for this is the highest thing of which he can form any conception. Thus we come to the facts that man *must* believe in a God, and that he *must* look upon him as a spiritually perfect man. But if God must be looked upon by mankind as a spiritually perfect man, it necessarily follows that man must be looked upon as a being "made after the image of God;" and the more excellent a man is, the more divine and Godlike he ought to be considered. This is the utmost dogma can do. Faith will and should believe in infinite inconceivabilities, but dogma or definite and expressed forms of thought cannot get beyond experience. Definite dogma must be content with things men comprehend (as they call it), comprehension only meaning certain classifications, distinctions, and resemblances. Faith and insight or wisdom know that everything is really supernatural, incomprehensible, and mysterious.

"Quot homines tot sententiæ." Or, in religious matters, "Quot homines tot dogmata." How then are we to known which dogma is best. Matthew Arnold well says that conduct (that is, character or the sum total of passions) is sixth eights of human life. Perhaps then the best way to find out the best dogmas is to observe what dogmas go along with the noblest conduct and characters. "But how," say the ignoble, "are we to know what conduct is noble?" You cannot know you poor wretches. "Virtue and goodness to the vile seem vile" says Shakespear. But the noble know. Like knows like. Absolutely complete and true dogma is unattainable by man, for he can only "see as through a glass darkly." "We have but faith we cannot know for knowledge is of things we see" says Tennyson, and again "Behold we know not anything." "Man can only be conscious of phenommena or the appearances of things not of the things themselves" is the common place of all thinkers. We live by "faith in the evidence of things not seen." Thus we come to the fact that the best test of dogma is "the proof of the pudding." "By their fruits shall ye know them." Those dogmas are best and most suitable to mankind which belong to those who live the best and noblest lives. The author of "Ecce Homo" says there is no record of any man not a Christian to whom we could apply the terms holy or Godly. Then doubtless the dogmas of those people who can be described as "Godly" are the best dogmas attainable by man until he can see "face to face." As to what a noble and godly life means each man must judge for himself as best he can. If he judges right so much the better for him, if wrong so much the worse. Proof to the mere intellect is impossible. He who has a soul will know. He who has'nt

one will not know—nothing can make him know, let him have the intellect of the devil himself. I say "the Devil," because he is a personification of intellect without goodness—that is to say without the Christian passions.

"By their fruits ye shall know them," not by their opinions. The best test of a dogma is the conduct or "fruits" that attend it. That dogma is best and truest which is most fitted for the inhabitants of this planet; that is to say which accompanies the greatest righteousness in the greatest numbers, one meaning or rather test of righteousness being according to Mr. Spencer, that kind of conduct or in other words "sum total of inborn and hereditary passions in each man" which has been found by practice in the course of ages, to cause most life and happiness, which life and happiness is shown by the possessors of them surviving, whilst the rest have died out. Conduct means really the passions or motive forces (modified more or less by reason) which produce it. If there is no passion or motive force, there can be no action or conduct.

If dogma A is observed to be the dogma of heartless devils and of men with only brutal passions; and dogma B is observed to be the dogma of angels or men with angelic passions, dogma B, incomplete and defective as it may be, is the best and truest dogma of the two, whatever mere logical processes may think they think about the truth of dogmas A and B.

Bill Sykes the ruffian murderer and burglar has a scotch terrier and a bull dog. The former worships his master, believes him to be an angel of light and never sees him without bounding and barking and licking his hand and expressing in every possible way his infinite joy in him. But the bull dog (Bills favorite of the two)

is quite free from these erroneous dogmas and illusions, and never gives way to demonstrations of any kind except now and then when he will fix his teeth in his masters leggings ; whereupon the latter swears at and kicks him with a grin of much glee and approbation. The rest of his time when he is not eating or sleeping, the bull-dog sulks in a corner watching, thinking and analyzing all that goes on, and showing no signs of life beyond now and then snarling when somebody notices him. Now, of these two animals, I suppose the analytic and merely negative or destructive philosopher will say that the bull-dog is the superior, because he has no dogmas about his master, and therefore is free from error. I, on the contrary, say that this bull-dog is almost as low down in the scale of creation as his master, whilst the terrier, with his undoubtedly defective dogmas about him, is infinitely his master's superior.

"By their fruits ye shall know them," not by their opinions and dogmas, or rather negation of dogmas; for the analyzing third-class men of science seem to estimate the wisdom of a man by the degree to which he carries disbelief in dogma. The greater the disbelief in dogma the wiser the man. But take his defective dogma from the terrier-dog and his joy and life would be gone. This dogma or opinion is not the life or joy, but it is its necessary accompaniment. By itself it is nothing, but it still is necessary. If the dog's dogma was that his master was a tiger who always wanted to eat him up, his passion of affection would become a passion of fear or hate. The dogma modifies the passion.

The dogma of the savage is that God is a fearful demon, so he fears and hates him. The dogma of the third-class man of science is that God is a force without attributes, so he is indifferent about him. The dogma

of the fully-developed or Christian man is that God is infinitely powerful and infinitely good, so he worships and rejoices in him. "We can only see as through a glass darkly." Still, this is the highest truth attained by man, incomplete as it must be. Dogma, conception, and thought are not life. Necessary as they are they are nothing by themselves.

I know well that Aristotle called thought the cause of all things. But this can be accounted for. When men first emerge from savagery they are so astonished to find they can think at all that some of them set up a worship of "thought." When men get wiser they learn that, as H. Spencer shows, the thinking faculty should be anything but an object of worship, inasmuch as it is only an instrument or means which its possessor uses—that thought or intellect cannot by itself do or create anything (though it often enough leads to non-doing), and that living action can only come from passion of some kind. "Let me stop and think," is the common phrase, and so long as a man only thinks there he will stop, like Hamlet, who can only think.

In another place Aristotle calls the creator of the world, "actus purus." But this is nonsense. It is the same as saying that "shoemaker" means "the act of making a shoe." I strongly suspect that Aristotle was an Irishman, although I never saw this stated. Of course, I know that he was the son of Alexander the Great's Grandfather's doctor. But this proves nothing one way or the other. The doctor may have come from Ireland. To call God "pure thought" means that God is not an object of worship. For to talk of men in general worshipping "pure thought" is absurd. One might as well talk of their worshipping an isosceles triangle. Men worship personified power and

personified goodness. Philosophers, with a few exceptions, cannot worship at all, though they may think they can worship "pure thought," or the negation of action and force. Worship is man's expression of his highest joy and happiness and passions. How can a man express what he has not got? What divine power and divine goodness mean must be something immeasurably beyond human conception. Still, we can believe in them, and that is enough. As to what they are man can, as I have said already, only judge by what power and goodness are in himself. He *must* go by himself for his conceptions, for he has only himself to go by. He can no more get to the outside of himself than a cat can sit on its own back.

Setting aside the lowest savages, the criminal classes, and a few philosophers, it is observed that all men worship the cause or creator of all things in some form or other. A man *must* also form some idea of the being he worships, and for this idea he must go to his own mind, for he has nothing else to go to. He cannot go to the mind of the man in the moon, or of those in the planet Mercury, or Venus, or Jupiter, or Uranus, for he knows nothing about their minds. To man's *conceptions* the word "God" means a perfect man. It can mean nothing else in idea and in dogma. By faith he believes in far more; in infinite and inconceivable powers. But faith is not conception. And yet man must have dogmas and conceptions for practical purposes, for otherwise he could not think or talk. Thought must have its forms. Thus he must and ought to anthropomorphise. The force of gravity is a mystery inconceivable to man's understanding. The fact that a dead lump of clay can act through empty space on a dead lump of chalk so as to draw the dead lump of chalk towards itself is an

astounding fact we must believe, though we can form no conception how the thing is accomplished, or what is the force employed by the lump of clay. We can give the force attributes which are within the range of our little minds; and we can talk about squares of distances, apples falling, and other manifestations, but the force itself is beyond dogma. Still we must have the dogmas, such as calling the force "attraction," or we could not think at all about the thing. The dogmas, no doubt, are wrong. The attraction or drawing towards in front may really be pushing behind or some force inconceivable to man's mind. But dogma there must be, or we could never think or talk about the matter, and therefore never gain better dogmas.

I understand that, in fact, one belief of some men of science of the day is that the old dogmas are wrong, and that the force we call attraction of gravity is really not a drawing in front at all, but a pushing behind—that heavenly bodies, for instance, instead of drawing each other in front are really being pushed towards each other from behind by the impact of innumerable atoms of ether that fly about with enormously great velocities. If this ever becomes demonstrated we shall have attained a higher scientific dogma than before—mounted another step—reached another spoke in the infinite ladder of science. Old dogmas are necessary stepping-stones to newer and better ones ad infinitum.

I repeat, that we do not know what gravitation means. Still I know that Mr. G. H. Lewis, in "Problems of Life and Mind," says that we do know what it means, because we know, for instance, that stones fall to the ground. But this is only knowing some manifestation of gravitation, not the force of gravitation itself. But the force itself Mr Lewis would banish from the minds of men as

being inscrutable. True to his positivist principles he bids men banish from their minds every thought and faith about what cannot be either seen or proved to the understanding, dubbing such things by the word "me-tempirical. But he and a few fellow Comteists are alone in this. They have the whole of mankind against them. Men, as distinguished from analyzing philosophers, know that to banish faith in all that is above them, and to close their souls to all that is unseen or unproved, is to throw away their highest selves, and to retrogress just by so much towards the nature of monkeys and pigs.

As in science so is dogma in religion.

"I believe in God the Father Almighty, and in Jesus Christ his son, and in the Holy Ghost."

What does this mean?

First, to numbers of people without minds to think it means nothing. Of the rest, it means something different to each one; for no two minds are alike. Still, to speak generally, it means, amongst other things, a man's best way of expressing his belief that the great cause of all things is unspeakably powerful; that Christ was all that men can conceive of what is most divine and most worthy of worship; and, lastly, that all men are capable of being inspired with some portion of the same Godly influence wherewith he was inspired. But whilst wise men hold that these forms of belief are most fitting in relation to men here below, at the same time they know that men can only "See as through a glass darkly;" therefore, that their beliefs and ideas must be infinitely inadequate, and that beyond them must lie realities which the human mind could probably not conceive at all, or would, perhaps, be driven mad by awe and wonder if it could.

As Lord Houghton says—

. . . . . "Perfect light
Would dazzle, not illuminate, our sight.
From earth it is enough to glimpse at Heaven."

Even as it is the wonders are too great for some sensitive souls, and then they lose their equilibrium, and pass the rest of their lives reasonless in mad-houses.

"The Deity," says Swedenborg, "is incomprehensible, even by the angels, for there is no ratio between the finite and the infinite."

We are obliged, says Herbert Spencer, to regard every phenomenon as a manifestation of some Incomprehensible Power, to whose presence we cannot imagine limits, although "omnipresence" is unthinkable.

Dogmas or forms of thought must change, develope, and become more noble as men change, develope, and become more noble; and as the meanings of the words they use change and develope. Just in the same way as the forms and ceremonies of social life, such as shaking hands and bowing, change as men change. An Englishman never turns his back on his sovereign, but a negro turns nothing else on his, under the idea that royalty is so awful a thing that he does not dare to look upon it. Sometimes, however, when he is quite overcome by his feelings of awe and veneration, he lies down on the ground and rolls himself over and over very violently, until he is exhausted; his intention then being to express his abject submission by grovelling in the dust at his sovereign's feet. In England, as I need not say, we do not show our loyalty in this manner. Again, Sir J. Lubbock, in one of his interesting lectures upon savages, tells us that amongst some of the Neilgherry hill tribes of India, the application of the thumb to the nose is regarded as a high form of respect. Amongst us at the present day in England this is not the case.

Do you in China want to insult a man? Then you must take off your hat in his presence. In England we do not do it in that way. If a Chinaman is puzzled he scratches his foot. An Englishman, under the same circumstances, scratches his head.

Endless such illustrations might be given of the alterations that take place in social customs according as nations alter and develop.

So it is also with dogmas or forms of thought. The higher the life the higher the dogma ad infinitum. The lower the life the lower the dogma.

C. Kingsley, in his charming "Water Babies," demonstrating how mind makes matter, not matter mind, imagines a highly civilized race of men becoming by vice and indolence persevered in through many thousands of years, redeveloped into apes and monkeys, unable to express themselves except by the one word, "Ubbaboo." This one word may be called their sole remaining dogma. But it does not require thousands of years. Just as there has now and then been a man who has in his own life time, by persevering exercise of his diviner faculties, become almost, as it were, a God upon earth; so does many a one by a life of indolence, selfishness, vice, and folly, fall lower and lower, till at length he is no better than an old monkey; and though he may be able to utter more words than merely "Ubbaboo," his talk is really stuff little less monkey like.

Christianity means the strong ruling passions of hope, joy, faith, adoration, burning interest, and delight (or grief, as the case may be,) in what is not self, and the conduct that necessarily results from these passions. Every passion must have its following action, or it would not be passion; just as every mere thought must have its following inaction, or it would not be mere thought.

Still, faith and hope want some ideal object, conception, dogma, or form of thought to cling to, like the orchid, which must have its bit of dead wood. The dead wood is not the beautiful living plant, but still the plant requires it. These dogmas, conceptions, and forms of thought differ more or less in every person, for no two are alike. Though even the lowest dogma, no doubt, shadows forth some truth, they must all be faulty, for we can only see as through a glass darkly. But the passions themselves are the real life-giving things. All life and action come from them, and vary as them. Still, I repeat, we all must have our dogmas also ; therefore woe to him who kills one without putting another in its place. The man who does so is worse than a murderer, for he murders the soul instead of only the body. Cursed is the wretched bookworm who, after studying away all his own soul and turning himself into a mere piece of passionless and analyzing or destructive machinery, tries to pull other men down to his own state of death in life. He should, like Prometheus, be chained to a dictionary for 30,000 years, for ever looking out words in it, for ever unable to find them, and with indigestion gnawing his duodenum. Truly cursed he is, for being passionless he is joyless. Yes, cursed is he that destroyeth his neighbour's dogma ; and blessed is he that enobleth it, yea, blessed is he that changeth it for a better one.

He who destroys his neighbour's dogma without giving him a better one is like unto the man who took from the Irishman his potato and left him to starve, because the potato was not turtle soup.

Here, as elsewhere, I have no doubt repeated what I have said before, but repetition is the secret of instruction.

Ye shall know men by their fruits not by their dogmas or opinions—not by what they think that they think.

The proof of the pudding is in the eating not in the knowledge of its ingredients. Indeed if a healthy man eats a good pudding it will afford him pleasure and nutriment just the same whether he knows what it is made of or not. Half our theologians seem to think that what nourishes the man is the *knowledge* that the pudding is made of flour, suet, and currants. Of course all knowledge is good to have if one can get it. Still by itself it is nothing. It is not life. Though in some cases it will act indirectly upon life for good or for ill. Mere knowledge by itself is mere knowledge by itself, and so long as it remains mere knowledge by itself and does not act on the life or affect "the fruits" one bit of knowledge is of no more account than another bit. The most complete, true and accurate knowledge of the divine attributes and of Gods system of governing the world would even if attainable not be of one jot more account *by itself* than the knowledge that tadpoles are young frogs.

I believe there are about five hundred different ways of making a plum pudding—all good ways, and some of them best suited for one person some for another. He who has a grand vitality and will bear strong meat cannot have the pudding made too rich. The richer it is the more it will nourish him. Those who are comparatively babes in digestion must be contented with plum pudding without the plums. Others again will do better if a good deal of rubbish like bran without any nutriment in itself, is mixed with the pudding. It seems to fill the stomach and help digestion. But I am getting too metaphorical. The European and Aryan races do not love metaphor. It seems to confuse them. If a Scotchman (the extreme manifestation of the Aryan type)—if a Scotchman, I say, reads this, he will be cursing

me as a heretic for resting my hopes of salvation too much upon bran. So I must try and set a watch before my mouth lest I offend him.

If there are five hundred different receipts for a plum pudding, there are five thousand different opinions about Christianity. There is almost equal difference of opinion amongst the so-called orthodox, and amongst the un-orthodox. What wonder then is it that we see some men who wish for right, but who have not hearts to know right, and who trust to dogma alone—what wonder is it that such men when they see how theological doctors differ, should often renounce the whole thing, and cease to believe in Christianity at all. It is like the doctors of medicine. One says that people should take little medicine; another that they should take much; another that they should take none at all. One says, "the smaller the dose the greater the effect; another that this is a ridiculous superstition. One says that each one of the innumerable varieties and shades of fever, from a common cold up to oriental plague, is caused by its own separate and special living animalcule or minute organism; another that this is a still more ridiculous superstition even than homœopathy. So we might go on for pages. What wonder is it that some reasoning people, who may be a little wanting in common sense, should renounce the whole thing, and contend that all curative measures are folly, and all doctors fools.

Once upon a time a man bought a horse, but he knew nothing about the management of the animal, so he consulted his friends, and asked them what sort of stable he should build, and how it should be lighted. One told him that a side window in a stable made a horse's eye on the side nearest it weak; another that a window in front hurts a horse's eyes with the glare; another that a

window behind him makes the animal squint; another that a window placed diagonally will make a horse shy when he goes along the road; another that a stable with a sky light would ruin a horse's health from making the stable too hot in summer, and too cold in winter. The only point where they all agreed was that the absence of any window at all inevitably makes a horse blind. What wonder is it that this poor man renounced riding exercise altogether, and lost no time in selling his horse before one of these dreadful things should happen to it.

Another object of Matthew Arnold's book is to wage war upon miracles, that is, upon some of the miracles; for, as he rightly says, our ignorance about disease, about life, and about death, being so complete as it is, the miracles of healing may be true.

A writer in the *Times*, not long ago, said, "In one sense and that the highest, everything that happens is a miracle. But if everything "that happens is a miracle, what becomes of the denial of the possibility of miracles?"

A HINT OR TWO ABOUT MIRACLES.

A few fibres of muscle acted on by a living mind will lift a hundred weight. Add a little more life or passion, and it will lift two hundred weight. Take these same fibres immediately after death, and a few ounces tears them asunder. What is this miraculous force we call vitality that can do such things?

We must never disbelieve a thing only because it is too wonderful to believe. We must find some better reason than that. Nothing can be too wonderful to believe, for everything is so unutterably wonderful that a wonder more or less is nothing. When I say wonderful I mean wonderful to the man whose soul is open to wonder, and who has not allowed it to become stupified

by familiarity, or obfuscated by materialism. Nothing is wonderful to a pig.

It is the abnormal and exceptional that makes ordinary people gape with astonishment. But as C. Kingsley says, "In proportion as a man is wise he wonders at the rule. The fool marvels at the earthquake, but the wise man sees the miracle that there is in the daily glory of the sunbeam."

One definition defines "miracle" as something that is contrary to the uniformity of nature. But what do men of science mean by uniformity of nature? No two living things ever did any action exactly alike. No two grains of sand even are exactly alike. Perhaps they mean that if external circumstances were and had always been exactly alike, the actions or the grains of sand *would be* exactly alike. Then why do they not say so? External circumstances never are exactly alike on two different occasions. Still there is a uniformity, taking the word in the right sense, as the old Hebrews well know. "In God is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

Some foolish people seem to think that the word "miraculous" means "impossible." But impossible things are impossible. Almighty power itself could not make the three angles of a triangle equal to fifteen right angles, nor a stone to be in two places at once, nor a gate-post to open its mouth and sing to the praise and glory of God. But where there is a living soul in the question the case is different, and the word impossible has no meaning, for we know nothing about living souls. Life, that is passion, is an inscrutable mystery, and must for ever remain so. I say passion, for the greater the passion the greater the life; a toad in a hole has some passion but very little; a dog has more, but a man is a

burning fiery furnace; at least some men are; some are like the toads. No man can say what miracle it is not in the power of passion to perform. The word miracle only means at bottom something that is unusual or inexplicable beyond a certain degree.

Put a cat in a bag; take it twenty miles; turn it out, and at once it trots home without making one wrong turn. This is a miracle.

Destroy a bat's senses of sight and hearing, and it will fly in and out amongst branches and impediments without ever touching one of them. This to men is a miracle.

"Why make much of miracles," says W. Whitman; "as for me, I know of nothing else but miracles."

"All things of the universe," says W. Whitman again, "are perfect miracles, each as divine as any."

Spinoza said, "We are surrounded with miracles;" also that "it is idle to object to miracles as violations of natural laws, because we know not the extent of nature."

"A man," says Emerson, "believes just as deep as he lives, and no deeper. A deep man believes in miracles, a shallow man believes in what his eyes can see, and he believes in that wrong."

Livingtone tells us that in Africa there is a kind of fish three feet in length that bring forth their young ones by the mouth, nourish them with their milk, prowl about on land like foxes, and burrow like rabbits. This is miraculous till we become accustomed to the idea, that is, it is extra-ordinary or contrary to ordinary experience. According to Hume's celebrated saying about miracles, it is more likely that Livingstone should lie than that statements that contradict experience should be true. I, on the contrary, should consider Livingstone lying to be the greater miracle of the two things. But, no doubt, the mere experiential people of Hume's school do not agree with me.

A man cannot believe if he has nothing to believe with. Mere sight by itself can only believe what the sight sees. It has nothing else to believe with. Mere understanding by itself can only believe what the understanding thinks it understands. It has nothing else to believe with. David Hume, as we all know, said, that it is more likely for men to lie or to be deceived than that anything contrary to experience should take place.

"A man," says Mr. Mosely, "who is wholly absorbed in intellectual pursuits, and is without the religious emotions, who does not hope and does not fear as a spiritual being, is not the best judge of religious evidences; for such a man is not possessed of his whole nature; he is but a fragment." This is quite true. But whilst the mere analyst is as Mr. Mosely says but a fragment of a man, and of no good beyond the special subject he lives to ferret out we must remember that the mere fragment of a man of the opposite kind is no good either, that is the man who believes *only* because he feels. This is the case with a vast number of lunatics, upon whom the most accurate demonstration is quite thrown away. They answer "what you say about black not being white may be indisputable, but I feel that I am right and therefore I *know* that black is white." Mr. G. H. Lewes tells us a story of a patient of M. Trelat in Paris who was convinced that he had discovered perpetual motion. All reasoning was vain, but at last he was got to confess that if M. Arago declared him wrong he would bow to that authority. An interview therefore was arranged with M. Arago, Humboldt being present; and the former clearly demonstrated the mechanical impossibility of the man's theories, and proved to him that they were wrong. The patient was for a moment stunned and then burst into tears. Arago

and Humboldt were much affected at the sight and they all hoped that the hallucination was dispelled. But it was not so. In five minutes the man was as firm as ever in his old opinion. So it is with most lunatics. They are reason proof. Daniel Webster had such power of reasoning that Sydney Smith said he gave him the idea of a steam engine in trowsers. But not even a steam engine of a hundred Daniel Webster power can turn a lunatic from his irrationality—the lunatic, that is, who is certain of something (beyond the feelings themselves) *only* because he *feels* it to be true and in opposition to all the rest of mankind.

"Miracles," says Neander, "belong to a region of holiness and freedom." Of course they do, because if there is such a thing as holiness it must have its manifestations, for a quality without manifestations is not a quality. Also, if holiness is rare, the manifestations of it must be rare; that is, they must be what is called miraculous. No doubt the average Englishman of the period does not believe in holiness. In England the word "saint" is a nickname. Still, the average Englishman of the period may be wrong.

By freedom Neander means inspiration, and a man letting himself go without being hampered with consciousness about himself—a thing science is beginning to recognize in its lower forms under the term of "unconscious cerebration." Action is only realized passion or motive force. Create in the world a new passion, and at once new action, or what is called miracle, must arise at the same time. Every passion must have its manifestation, and if the passion is new, the manifestation of it must be new. The word "miraculous" means 'new in kind."

Every passion must have a manifestation or it would not be a passion. For a passion means a motive force. But a force that moves nothing is not a force. So every passion must have its material manifestation to match. If it is a passion new in the world its material manifestation must be new. If it is an old passion in kind but new in degree, the manifestation will be old in kind but new in degree. Whatever the one is the other must be. Thus every new passion is a miracle or new spiritual phenomenon, which must be accompanied by its miracle in outward manifestation or new material phenomenon. The common motive force will be followed by common material phenomena, and the rare motive force will be followed by rare material phenomena. Hunger, a common motive force, is followed by eating, a common material phenomenon. Somnambulism, a rare and morbid form of motive force, is accompanied by material phenomena and exploits that are never observed except in cases of somnambulism.

The matter is simply as follows: Experience shows so invariably that it may be looked upon as an inviolable law, that every new development of life and passion is accompanied by some correspondingly new development of material manifestations, that is, by some miracle. A few analyzing people deny the possibility of this new, that is, miraculous manifestation; but it is more probable that these few analyzing people should be either dishonest in what they say or themselves deceived, than that the above inviolable law of nature should be violated.

Each man may be looked upon as a separate miracle. That is a being the exact like of which never existed before and never will exist again; a being the existence of which is contrary to experience.

Some reasoning and sceptical minds will assert in one breath that Christ was undoubtedly a prodigy of goodness (that is, noble passions), and that material prodigies or miracles are impossible; that is, they will believe in a spiritual miracle or unique spiritual phenomenon, but disbelieve in a material miracle or unique material phenomenon; that is, they believe in the greater wonder, but assert that the lesser wonder is impossible; they swallow a camel, but a gnat sticks in their throats.

Smith is fond of history, but his knowledge of nature is small. One day he read about a general who was opposed to an immense army. Before the battle this general assembled his few troops and addressed them. His words so inspired his soldiers with the noblest passions of courage and patriotism, that they at once went in and cut to pieces the enormous hosts that were opposed to them. Smith was delighted with this story, and never thought of doubting a word of it; and he was right, for the story was true. A few days afterwards Smith took a walk in the country with his friend Robinson, who is a naturalist. They came to a pond and saw some tadpoles. Robinson said that in a short time all their tails would come off, and that they would then be frogs. But Smith would not hear of it; indeed, he had no hesitation in calling Robinson an ass, and telling him that his credulity had been imposed upon. And yet Robinson was right. Now, here is Smith utterly unable to see the miracle of a man being so inspired with noble passion, that he at once turns each man he addresses into ten men instead of only one, and yet thinking a tadpole losing its tail so miraculous that he cannot believe it. He (very properly) swallows the camel, and yet he cannot get down the gnat.

All mankind are like Smith in so far as their knowledge of nature is small and must ever remain so. There are more things in nature than are dreamed of in their philosophy. Spiritual and material nature are alike inscrutable. We can only observe some of their outward manifestation, and make our little deductions from them, which deductions we call knowledge. Knowledge crawls on all fours; but faith, joy, and hope can fly how high, how far, and how miraculously no one can tell. Of course the proper kind of material is necessary on which to work miracles. "We see," says Dr. Farrar, "from the Gospels, that the richness and power displayed in the miracles was correlative to the faith of the recipients." No divine power in the world could make a gatepost weep for grief or laugh for joy. No one can suppose that the above-mentioned general could have turned each of his soldiers into ten soldiers if they had been analytic and utilitarian philosophers. Instead of cutting their multitudinous enemies to pieces they would have made an accurate computation of the opposing numbers seen at once the impossibility of successful resistence and turned tail then and there.

Get to the bottom of the thing and "miraculous" means the same and only the same, as extra-ordinary. Now the things done by an extraordinary man must be extraordinary or he would not be an extraordinary man. But most deniers of miracles grant that Christ was an extraordinary man. Then they are bound in logic to grant that the things he did were extraordinary or miraculous.

"The effects of Christ's work, says Dr. Farrar are even to the unbeliever indisputable and historical. It expelled cruelty; it curbed passion; it branded suicide; it punished and repressed an execrable infanticide; it

drove the shameless impurities of heathendom into congenial darkness. There was hardly a class whose wrongs it did not remedy. It rescued the gladiator; it freed the slave; it protected the captive; it nursed the sick; it sheltered the orphan; it elevated woman; it shrouded as with a halo of sacred innocence the tender years of the child. In every region of life its ameliorating influence was felt. It changed pity from a vice into a virtue. It elevated poverty from a curse into a beatitude. It enobled labour from a vulgarity into a dignity and a duty. It sanctified marriage. It revealed the angelic beauty of a purity of which men had despaired, and of a meekness at which they had scoffed. It created the very conception of charity, and broadened the limits of its obligation from the narrow circle of a neighbourhood to the widest horizons of the race. In all lands it has created hearts so pure and lives so peaceful, and homes so sweet that &c., &c., &c. In another place he says, "the words of Jesus wrought the mightiest revolution that has ever been witnessed in the world." Now if only a tenth part of this picture be true surely the existence of Christ was an unspeakably greater miracle than any thing to do with mere matter. I think few will deny that at any rate with respect to thousands and thousands of people during the last 1800 years the above picture is absolutely true; with respect to very great numbers more that it is partially true; and as to the rest—well "who can make a silk purse out of a sow's ear?" The range of human nature is enormous. At the bottom are malignant misanthropic devils. The perfection of this type is rare, but it is occasionally found. It is now and then met with in lunatic asylums. High above these come the mere animal type, and then every shade and variety up to the perfect and

complete Christian man. This type in its perfection is also very rare. Nobody supposes that Christianity works a miracle upon the malignant devil in a lunatic asylum as a general rule, though doubtless the thing is possible, where there is a Christ to work it.

"To a thinking stone," says Mr. Mosely, "chemical action would be inconceivable and miraculous. To a thinking mineral the laws of vegetable growth would be inconceivable and miraculous. To a thinking vegetable the laws of animal life would be inconceivable and miraculous. To a thinking animal the doings of men would be inconceivable and miraculous. To a thinking man the doings of superior beings would be inconceivable and miraculous. All this progressive succession of laws is perfectly conceivable backward, but an absolute mystery forward."

Every manifestation of life is to matter miraculous. A school-boy takes up a stone and throws it at a sparrow. But this is a miracle to the thinking stone, for the laws of gravitation, the only laws it knows, are suspended; so being of a rationalizing and even somewhat material turn of mind, the stone simply denies that it ever rose from the ground at all. It says "the laws of nature cannot be broken; and it is more likely that my senses deceived me, than that any law of nature should be suspended. It may be all very well for ignorant superstitious stones that have never had any scientific education to believe in such things, but the world is enlightened now; indeed, I strongly suspect that I know everything there is in it to be known. So if any other stone were to tell me that it had risen from the ground and flown through the air in the direction of a sparrow, I should tell that stone I did not believe it, and that it was more in accordance with experience for a stone to

be deceived than for the order of nature to be disturbed. I think there can be no doubt that this stone would be right in logic.

How matter is acted on must depend on the quality and quantity of "life" that acts upon it.

A small round pebble lies on the ground. The dead things around can do nothing with it. There it lies for a hundred years. At last a pig comes, turns it over, finds it not adapted for assimilation, and leaves it. But still the pig has moved the stone. Then comes a man with his higher kind of vitality and his "godlike intelligence." He picks the stone up, puts it into a gun, and shoots one of his fellow-creatures with it. This, to the pig, is a miracle. A higher being still would do something with the stone that would be a miracle to the man, and which, even if explained, he perhaps would not understand.

The only idea of Christianity, which our materialists and third-class men of science seem capable of forming is an idea connected with material miracles. They are like the old material minded Jews whom Christ condemned as "always seeking a sign." And no doubt if a man has not vitality in himself to recognize spiritual truth he has to depend upon some material prodigy to gape at. If he does not find this he says there is nothing to find, and when he has said this his little soul is satisfied.

I say the fuss people in these and all days make about material miracles, either defending or disproving them, arises from that vulgarity and materiality of mind which Christ was always condemning in those who were unceasingly "seeking a sign." The real miracle in this world is character. A spiritually great, powerful, beneficent, perfect character is the miracle of miracles; the rest is all "but leather and prunello." And yet

what books upon books are written about miracles! The last is one called "Supernatural Religion." Two thick volumes, full of learning and logic, mostly to prove what nobody doubts, that the early Christian semi-barbarians were superstitious and ignorant. At page 193 the author makes the astounding assertion that "belief in miracles disappears with education and science, and that now it is found in no place more enlightened than Naples or La-Salette." But what in the world does he mean? Does he ever read a newspaper or periodical of the day? I suppose not; for a man can hardly take up one at this present most educated and scientific era of the world without reading something about the people who call themselves spiritualists —who are to be counted by thousands upon thousands in all the so-called most civilized and scientific countries of the world—whose ranks are filled with men of all sorts from the hard headed lawyer and man of science down to the softest of soft headed valetudinarians and whose one unceasingly proclaimed statement is that they one and all, in consequence of their having repeatedly witnessed them, firmly believe in miracles—mere sheer material prodigies such as tables dancing and chairs tumbling about with nothing to make them do so, men raised up into the air without anything to raise them, and handling red hot burning coals without being burned. I say what in the world can the author of "Supernatural Religion" mean, and where can he have lived that he has never heard of such things.?

Perhaps he is like M. Comte, who for many years carefully abstained from reading anything whatever. He did not even read newspapers. His object was to prevent the pure emanations of his own mind from being diluted and vitiated by admixture. He said he acted in this way

for the sake of "hygiène cérébrale." Yes this must be the reason why the author of "Supernatural Religion" is so ignorant of what all the rest of the world knows so well. He has been cultivating his "Hygiène cérébrale."

A Hint or two more about this Book, "Supernatural Religion."

The author of it says, that "St. John's Gospel is not really written by St. John, but by some much later writer; and that he could not have written it, because the Gospel breathes forth nothing but gentleness and love, whereas St. John was so passionate and fiery that he was called a 'son of thunder.'" Now this is only another instance of the ignorance of human nature, which is always displayed by the *mere* thinker and critic—by men with nothing but critical intellect. Character only can judge of character. Other than mere thinkers know that he who is most capable of fiery passion is most capable of tenderness and love. It is only the strong who are strong enough to be gentle. It is only the strong man who can ride a horse with a light hand. Others can only ride with a weak one. Tenderness is a positive quality. It does not mean the absence of roughness. "The Godly," says Heine, "means steady, permanent, calm passion." The greater the passion (of the right kinds) the greater the strength, and the greater the power to be gentle. It is only the strong and burning nature that is strong enough for tenderness in any great degree. But this is all a mystery to the mere cold critic.

One day a little girl was crying bitterly because her doll's head had come off. Robinson, good naturedly, tried to console her; told her that she was a little fool for crying when there were such a lot more dolls in

the world, and promised if she would dry her tears, that he would give her a doll much bigger than the broken one. But the child only cried more than ever. Just then Jones came into the room. He at once took the child on his knee, seriously discussed the grievance with her, entered completely into her feelings, fastened the doll's head on again just as it had been before, and in two minutes the little girl was quite happy again. The fact is, Jones had strength to see into the child's heart, to feel for and to sympathise with her. Robinson had only strength to see clearly the material grievance and the small importance of it. He was nothing but a man of intellect to see *things*. Living souls were beyond him. He was not strong enough to be capable of tenderness.

To return to St. John's Gospel.

I do not deny that all obtainable knowledge on the subject of the wonderful bible writings as well as on all other subjects, wants obtaining. Still proof is impossible. But he knows inspired writing who has a soul to know. He who has not cannot know anything about the matter whatever his learning or his analytic and reasoning powers may be. Writing is valuable in proportion as it is inspired by wisdom and Godly passions. What is the mere *name* of the writer? A word perhaps of two syllables, perhaps of one. But it may be said, the name may be nothing itself, but it signifies the idea of the man who wrote. Yes but that idea is a totally wrong one, and no more like what the writer was than it is like any other man. Besides everybody's idea of him is a different one.

One of the writers against Christianity in the *Fortnightly Review*, asks whether what is called inspiration has told mankind anything that reason could not discover. Now what in the world does he mean by this? An inspired

musician is inspired to appreciate the beauty of harmonious sounds, so he *knows* them to be beautiful. Reason alone knows nothing about it. A man inspired with gratitude *knows* gratitude to be right. Reason alone knows nothing about it. A man inspired with Godly passions *knows* them to be right and divine. How can reason by itself teach such things. The man with nothing but reason cannot even know the meaning of the words, or he would not be a man with nothing but reason.

St. John's Gospel would remain just what it is whether St. John wrote it or not.

One evening Smith, Jones and Robinson went to a concert. One piece of music was so beautiful that it at once sent Jones into the seventh heaven. But Smith and Robinson passed the whole time of its performance discussing the name of the composer. Smith said "Mozart." Robinson said "Haydn." Indeed they got so heated over the question and talked so loud that they very much disturbed the audience, and they were on the point of being turned out of the room, when the piece came to an end, and they learned by the rapturous applause that whether the composition was by Mozart, or by Haydn, or by some altogether later composer, they had lost by their criticism ten minutes of heavenly pleasure.

Another day Robinson and Jones were dining together at a French Cafè. A superlatively good entrée was set before them. Robinson after carefully anatomatizing a taste of it was full of wondering conjectures about its ingredients and he discoursed with much eloquence upon the different modes of cooking in different countries, and showed clearly how a Frenchman and a Frenchman only could have concocted such an excellent dish. At

last his knowledge on the subject was exhausted, and he asked Jones to help him to some of it. But he was too late. Jones had eaten it all up. Jones did not care two straws whether it had been made by a French cook or an English one, nor even what the ingredients were called.

Another day in his own house Robinson absolutely went without his dinner because he had got it into his head that it had been cooked by his kitchen-maid instead of by the cook. He did not deny that the dinner was good, but he said he was convinced from the internal evidence that the cook had not made it; there was so much pepper in one dish and so little sugar in another. Besides which the external evidence—that, namely, of his wife, who assured him that she knew the cook had made it, though it might have satisfied some people, did not satisfy Robinson. Indeed, he had a habit of never believing a word his wife said, always arguing after this wise, and saying, "In the first place she may be mistaken in what she affirms, and in the second place she may, for some purpose of her own, be telling me what is not true." Doubt and scepticism have no limit but death. They are the opposition to life and hope. Still we could not do altogether without them in this imperfect world. But woe to the doubter himself. Woe to "der geist der stets verneint," to use Goethe's phrase. I always tell Robinson he will hang himself someday.

Mr. Punch gives us a list of things not generally known. Amongst them are the following ones: "That Nero was a misunderstood man. That Henry the Eighth was also a misunderstood man. He was really a model of virtues, especially of the domestic ones." "That a faithful servant was beheaded in the place of Charles the first." "That the Bishop of Lincoln is the

real owner of George Frederick, the horse that won the Derby." "That Sir Wilfrid Lawson is a sleeping partner in the firm of Bass & Co." "That Dr. Johnson was Junius·" "That Oliver Cromwell was the author of Paradise Lost, and Bacon of Shakespeare's Plays." To this list it seems we must now add that St. John was not the author of St. John's Gospel.

Tradition says that St. John wrote this gospel in his old age. Theological critics say that he did not write it because it is more theoretical than the other gospels. But men become more theoretical when they grow old. It is human nature to do so. But the mere analyzing critic knows nothing of human nature, for he has none of his own.

In a question of a simple matter of fact, tradition is far more to be depended on than the multifarious contradictory ratiocinations, fancies and opinions of opposition theologians and rival historians. If a simple fact is known to the inhabitants of a place, it will be handed down correctly when there is no interest in handing it down incorrectly. The minds of men are limited and indolent, and they adopt the opinions and statements which are easiest to adopt. Now in the case of a simple fact, truth is easiest. In a narration of complex circumstances falsehood is easiest, for it is easier to repeat a complex story incorrectly than correctly.

As to proof about things that are unprovable, that is in all but mathematical matters, everything depends on the ingenuity of the prover. Archbishop Whateley's proof that the first Napoleon never existed, was more convincing than the proof of the author of "Supernatural Religion," that St. John did not write St. John's Gospel just by so much as the Archbishop was a more

ingenious man, than the writer of "Supernatural Religion." Still the latter is an ingenious man, but the Archbishop was very ingenious. All, as I say, depends on the *mind* of the prover. Theologian A's proof that the Gospel was written by St. John but that the Apocalypse was not; Theologian B's proof that the Apocalypse was written by St. John but that the Gospel was not; Theologian C's proof that both were, and Theologian D's proof that neither were written by him, ingenious and convincing as they all are, are, I say, none of them so ingenious or so convincing as Whateley's proofs that there never was such a man as Napoleon. Find Theologian E with still more ingenuity even than that of the Archbishop, and his proofs will be more convincing even than those of the Archbishop. What men call proof is except in Mathematics a mere question of ingenuity. Does a question hold out double the ingenuity. Does it still hold out double it again and the thing is done.

Of course, the author of "Supernatural Religion" disbelieves, like the rest of his school, in the possibility of the occurrence of anything miraculous, or, in other words, in anything that is contrary beyond a certain degree to every-day experience; and he manifestly regards the question of material prodigies as a very important one.

As far as we mere ordinary mortals can with our imperfect records understand Christ, it seems as if he condemned altogether the importance people attach to signs and wonders, or what are called miracles; and when he did things that made people wonder, such as curing a sick person, he seemed to attribute the cure to the person cured, not to himself. It is the person's own faith, he repeatedly says, that cured him—new passions of hope

and joy, adoration, faith, &c., imparting the vitality which cured him, though, of course, it was Christ who inspired these passions. This does not seem to have been the view of some of the recorders of Christ's doings, but it does seem to have been his own.

The book called "Supernatural Religion," is full of ingenious proofs about miracles which conclusively prove Paley to be wrong in those points where Paley conclusively proves Hume to be wrong, &c., &c. Where premises are elastic or unknown and unknowable as premises in such matters must for ever be, any ordinarily intelligent logician can prove anything he wishes to prove. I do not profess myself to be much of a logician, but, at any rate, I could do that.

Again the proofs in "Supernatural Religion" as to who were and who were not the real writers of the New Testament are quite conclusive and prove all the conclusive proofs of previous illustrious critics, German and otherwise, to be completely false. One illustrious and very learned critic proves conclusively that St. John wrote the Gospel called by his name, but not the Apocalypse, which also is attributed to him. The next equally illustrious and learned critic who writes on the subject proves conclusively that St. John was the author of the Apocalypse, but not of the Gospel. The next equally great critic proves conclusively that he was the author of both, and the next that he was the author of neither. So it is also more or less with the other writings. Now I look upon this as a very happy state of things. A great many people take immense interest in these questions; their views are diametrically opposed to each other, and thus whatever opinions any one may entertain, he can always find some very illustrious man to endorse them.

Perhaps the day will come when it may occur to some critic to try and discover something worth discovering. Most of the above critics agree that Christ was at any rate the greatest teacher who ever lived. Surely then it would be as well to try and find out what he really was and what he really taught. Of course I know that the reason why the critics do not attempt this task is because of its difficulty. To do what they all do only requires an ingenious head. To know what Christ was and really taught requires at least a slight degree of approximation to Christ in soul, and this perhaps is given but to few. Still they might try. No doubt a mere analyzing scientist, whom Christ would have called a dead man would not bring his attempts to much. Still as I say he might try. He might at any rate examine the remains of men who had been distinguished in life for their Christian virtues, anatomize their medulla oblongata and nervous ganglionic centres and then tell social science congresses what he found there.

He who seeing through allegorical, metaphorical, poetical, and Eastern modes of thought and expression will go carefully over all the records of Christ's sayings and doings, and with real insight put them into language that can be comprehended by the Aryan and European races, will do a useful work.

But who is qualified for this? It never has been done well yet, for none of those who have tried have been qualified. Considerable learning and the extreme of genius and imagination combined with the extreme of Christian *character*, warmth and nobleness of moral and spiritual nature—these are the requisites. But experience shows us that as a rule where the one of these things exists the others are wanting. So we get only romances like that of Renan's, dry matter-of-fact theology, or superstitious nonsense.

Another difficulty is this: The highest truths and highest things can hardly be expressed, except by metaphor, allegory, parable, and poetry; that is, in the Eastern way. But the average Aryan and European mind cannot understand this way beyond a limited degree; it can only understand things put in a precise and scientific form. Therefore, first to understand and then to put into a scientific and precise form these things, which hardly can be expressed in this manner at all, must necessarily require a combination of gifts and graces, such as we never meet with in the flesh in our parts of the world.

In some cases this stupid Aryan literalism has, no doubt, led to materialising or turning into a mere material miracle for foolish people to gape at, some parables or metaphorical expressions.

As F. Robertson says, the higher things of the spirit can only be taught by means of illustrations and parables. Still explanatory illustrations might be found which would be suited to the European-type of intelligence and to modern times; only where is the man who could do the thing? Where shall we find the man who combines together in himself "the permanent passions without unrest," (to use H. Heine's phrase) of Godliness the imagination and insight of the poet, clear, hard-headed common sense and sufficient learning. When I talk of the difficulty of explanation, I know well that many people will say that there is little or nothing to explain. But so it must be. When Sydney Smith, who had no soul for musical harmony, was asked to explain the beauty of musical harmony, he answered that the best and truest way of explaining it was by denying that there was any beauty in it to explain. And he honestly believed what he said. Whenever a pig is asked to admire the glories of the heavens above and of the earth beneath, he says

at once that there are no such glories; that boiled potatoes are excellent, and barley-meal delicious, but that to talk about glorious beauties of nature is only to use certain metaphysical expressions which are without any meaning. And the pig is perfectly honest and sincere in saying this.

I repeat that parables, metaphors, and similes, are necessary. The objection is often made against a parable or simile, that it is not complete—that it does not go on all fours, as the phrase is. And this is quite true. A simile is never complete. It never goes on all fours. The only possible complete simile is an identical one; as for instance that a black dog is like a black dog. Still the fact remains that the highest truths can only be expressed by means of parables and similes.

Another object of Mr. Arnold's book is to show that Christianity means renunciation of the lower life.

A Hint or two about Renunciation.

Christianity does not mean renunciation of the lower life. It means the addition of a higher life—of a Godly spirit which sanctifies and makes, really instead of only shamly joyful the lower life. No doubt in some this will be impossible without renunciation, or going back to stoicism and Buddhism. Then the eye must be plucked out or the hand cut off. If a man is so imbecile that temperance is impossible, then there may be nothing for it but teetotalism or total abstinence—cutting off a part of his nature altogether. That is to say, partial suicide. Of course in real life most teachers of renunciation are mere pen and ink teachers who maunder about renunciation on paper and then go and eat as good a dinner as they can afford to pay for—"costly their dinner as their purse can buy."

Stoicism and renunciation carried out to their logical results mean suicide. And, in fact, Zeno the founder of stoicism amongst the Greeks, and Cato the high priest of stoicism amongst the Romans did hang themselves like honest straightforward men as they were. Most stoic philosophers no doubt do not hang themselves, but that only means that just by as much as they do not hang themselves, just by so much are they not stoic philosophers.

Life means vitality or the joys, griefs, passions, and happiness of life. Life varies as joy. The more joy the more life. Renounce the joys of life, and you by so much renounce life. The only way to do it completely is to hang oneself. "It is manifest," says Bishop Butler, "that nothing is of importance to man but happiness."

"Rejoice alway, and again I say rejoice."

Nothing is more curious than the way people have allowed themselves from time to time to be deceived into believing in the stoical teachings of mere renunciation, or merely refraining from doing wrong, by a number of old or elderly men who taught these negative doctrines, simply because they were old men without a passion left in them. One of the first of these was King Solomon with his "vanity of vanities." Then, or somewhat before, for I do not know which, came Buddha. He was a remarkably good looking man, who married a princess, and lived a jovial life for many years; but then when he was about sixty years old, and the princess was not quite so young as she had been, he deserted her and taught the vanity of all carnal enjoyments. He taught also self-renunciation when there was nothing left for him to renounce, freedom from vice when he was no longer tempted to commit any, contemplation when he had nothing else to do, the non-existence of an adorable

God when he no longer possessed life enough to adore one, and general passivity when he became incapable of activity. In modern times, as we all know to our cost, there have been hosts of utilitarian philosophers who have with unspeakable tediousness lingered out their declining years teaching the negative expediency of never doing anything that may interfere with the greatest happiness to the greatest numbers. They are mostly distinguished logicians, and yet they say in the same breath that men must act from reason, and not from emotion or passion; and also that their actions must be regulated so that the greatest good may accrue to the greatest numbers. But if men are not to act from emotion or passion, why should their actions be regulated in this or any other manner? Why should any one try to do good at all? From benevolence some one of them, who can think of nothing else, may say. Yes, but benevolence is an emotion or passion, and this is forbidden. From duty another may say. Yes, but duty is only a word signifying the passion for (in more or less degree) or hunger and thirst after righteousness. From self-interest then. Yes, but self-interest only means the selfish passions. I think then there is a little hitch in the logic here. Reason by itself cannot cause any action whatever, though it often checks or prevents action.

Buddha deserted his wife and family, and betook himself to mendicancy and dirt, under the idea that this was the highest kind of life; perhaps on the principle of Elwes, the rich miser, who said he was once so moved by a sermon on the duty of charity, that he had a great mind to beg.

Buddha, I repeat, according to our standard of the present day, was really only a dirty idle tramp, who deserted his wife and family, and went about preaching the

renunciation of all pleasures when he had become too old to care for them. In one respect his doctrines resembled much scientific speculation at the present day. That is, his only idea of God was as of a force without moral attributes. Take from any man all moral attributes, and at once he becomes incapable of believing in there being such things. A man who experiences the feeling of gratitude knows there is such a thing. A man without capacity to experience it disbelieves that there is such a thing. Christ the extreme opposite to Buddha taught divine attributes or a holy spirit, because he knew himself to be inspired by a spirit of Godliness, that is, by the highest known development of vitality—a calm permanent passion of joy and delight in, that is, love of, what is not self, together with its necessary attendant grief on occasion—grief or passion of disappointed love and joy. Our utilitarian philosophers in their sociological observations take no note of this highest of all the forces. Is it because they have none of it? To a man without the capacity it is a mere word or even joke. The notorious Gordon Bennett, a Roman Catholic, used to say, "We Roman Catholics are devilish holy." Some ears cannot hear the highest notes of an organ, though they have perfect hearing for ordinary sounds.

There can be no doubt that Buddha should have been put into the lock-up as a tramp and a vagrant, to say nothing of the penalties for deserting his wife and children. I do not know whether a man can be guilty of a greater crime than that of deserting his wife and children. Of course, I know the way people talk about the injustice of judging by the present standard of right and wrong, and about Buddha being a great man for the age the world was when he lived; but, in the first place, there is a little difference of opinion about what was the

age of the world then; for whereas some say that it was an inconceivable number of millions of years old, and others, that it has always existed, Archbishop Usher says that God created the world in the month of October of the year 3957 before Christ.

In the second place, we don't seem exactly agreed about what is the present standard of right and wrong. Some say utilitarianism. Some say Christianity. But if the latter, what is Christianity? Some say soft, feminine, and emotional sentimentality. Some say hard, logical Calvinism. Some say miracles. Mr. M. Arnold seems to think it means renunciation or stoicism. Whilst that great philosopher, Dr. Strauss, wipes it out altogether, and was looking about for something to put into its place—for he saw there must be something—but he died one day without having found it. At one time, many years ago, he seemed to think we should try again the heathen Gods and Goddesses; Jupiter, Neptune, Venus, Mercury, Bacchus, Priapus, and the others. But as he grew older and his vitality diminished with age, he naturally kept getting colder, more negative, and more unbelieving still. I doubt not that if he had lived only a few more years he would have reached the old Eastern Nirvana or death in life, and seen the great white light.

It is curious to observe the sort of crystalization of mind or turning into stone that takes place in some keen-headed men when they grow old. Age develops peculiarities. The avaricious become more avaricious, the soft-hearted sometimes become more emotional, and the hard man of analysis will develop a keen intellect that cuts like a razor, and is as hard and heartless as one.

We read in Lord Houghton's book that one of Lady Ashburton's aphorisms was the following: "In youth one doubts whether one has a body, in age one doubts

whether one has a soul." This, no doubt, is true in some cases. Brigham Young told Artemus Ward how he once wooed the youngest of four sisters. She answered favorably, but said "we are a united family, so if I marry you, you must also marry my three sisters, my mother, and my grandmother." "Well," continued Brigham, "I gained the consent of the three sisters and the mother, though not without some difficulty, but the grandmother gave her consent at once, saying "thank God I shall now get my oat-meal gruel regular." Now here is a case where nothing was left in old age but desire for the satisfaction of mere bodily requirements.

Of course, I know that some theorists assert that Buddha never existed, and that all the accounts about him are nothing but myths and allegories about the sun. So some German theorists whose intellects have become obfuscated by years of solitude, study, theorisings, and tobacco smoke, have asserted that Jesus Christ never existed, and that the New Testament narratives are nothing but myths. So again in ten thousand years our descendents will be told by half-crazy recluses that Napoleon never existed. They will be told that the account of him is nothing but a myth of dawn and sunrise—That Napoleon meant the sun; that the calamitous Russian war meant a disastrous storm that for a short time obscured the sun, and that St. Helena meant sunset, when the sun sunk down and became completely obscured. But the human mind is very limited, and rarely invents or builds from the ground. It only builds upon foundations already laid. And it is its nature to worship its heroes. Thus it is that some remarkable man is always the origin of myths, which, undoubtedly, may be heaped upon him without limit. The present tendency amongst historical theorists is to

deny the existence of remarkable men and to call all the accounts about them allegories about the sun. Mr. Tylor ridicules this tendency in his account of the "Song of Sixpence." Obviously, as he says, "the four and twenty black birds are the four and twenty hours. The pie is the earth, covered over at night by the overarching sky. When the pie was opened—that is, when the day breaks and the earth is opened out to the rays of the sun, the birds begin to sing. The king means the sun. The king counting out his money means the sun pouring out its golden rays upon the earth. The queen means the moon. The maid means the rosy-fingered dawn, who rises before the sun, her master, and hangs out the clouds, his clothes, across the sky. And the black bird who so tragically ends the tale by snipping off her nose means the hour of sunrise; snipping off her nose really meaning the dawn's nose being put out of joint (as we should express it in these days), and her being quenched by the rising sun.

After Buddha came Pythagoras who in the decline of his life taught passive contemplation. He would not receive any one as his pupil until he had gone through five years of absolute silence.

Then came Socrates a stoic who after the prime of his life was over, devoted himself to teaching renunciation or the mere negation of vice, and the stoical doctrine that he is the most divine man who has the fewest wants and wishes. If Socrates and the Stoics are right a pig must be superlatively divine for it has only three wants—straw, water and barley meal.

Socrates in the early part of his life served as a soldier and, as we are told, distinguished himself not only by patient endurance of extreme hardship but also by the most admirable and self-forgetting conduct. This

was the noble part of his life. He then returned home to Athens where he passed the declining years of his life teaching renunciation and Stoicism, and unceasingly talking and arguing; his object always being to convince his antagonist that he (the latter) was a fool. Indeed he made a point of never leaving his companion until he had quite convinced him and proved to him indisputably and to his entire satisfaction that he really was a fool. Now I have not a word to say against this. There can I suppose be no reasonable doubt that Socrates was in all cases right and that they all were fools. Still this was merely negative teaching.

After Socrates came Aristotle with his negative moral philosophy and his marvellously shallow belief in the power of the human intelligence to understand everything in heaven and earth.

Then came Christianity. Christianity did not emanate from declining life, and Christ did not teach stoicism or renunciation. So far was he from it indeed that he was blamed as being a gluttonous man, a wine bibber and a friend of publicans and sinners. He condemned those men who were of a sad countenance and his disciples were accused of eating and drinking instead of fasting. Christ did not teach renunciation but sanctification of life; not the destruction of part of a man's soul but an addition to it by the inspiration of divine passions in addition to those already existing,—passions called in technical theological phraseology an indwelling of the Holy Spirit—of divinity in man. Christ did not teach destruction of the lower passions for that ends in destruction of life of every kind. A man can at any rate vegetate without the christian passions but without the lower one he dies at once wholly and bodily.

After Christ, came the barbarous ignorance of the middle ages when men were so degraded that they worshipped renunciation or stoicism to the degree of looking on filthy lunatics crawling alive with vermin—lunatics such as Simeon Stilites, as the ideal of Christianity and of human nature.

Then came culture again and as I say with it up to the present day a great number of elderly people under the names of moral philosophers, Utilitarians, psychologists, metaphysicians, &c., &c., who have written, are writing and no doubt will write world without end, interminable treatises to show that it is wrong to do wrong, why it is wrong to do wrong, when it is wrong to do wrong, and how it is wrong to do wrong.

I say that Christ in opposition to all these philosophers and their negative renunciating platitudes about its being wrong to do wrong, and foolish to be foolish came into the world and taught something positive. He taught joy, hope, faith, all godly passions and all natural affections in their several places, and he taught that men who were inspired with these Godly passions were living men, and those who were not inspired with these Godly passions, he simply called dead men. "Let the dead bury the dead," he says on one occasion. He seemed to look on spiritual death and bodily death as much the same things.

It is observed that the stoic philosopher or teacher of the merely negative virtues is often personally a very great rogue, like Seneca and Sallust. Seneca an enormously rich usurer wrote a beautiful treatise in praise of poverty. South said that when Seneca recommended people to throw away their money it was with the view of picking it up himself.

The stoic, the utilitarian and the materialist are observed to be generally men without happiness. Who ever applied the term blessedness, (the expression for the highest form of happiness) to such men?

Sydney Smith describes Utilitarians as being hard as nails and dry as saw dust; that is men without happiness.

The renouncing and stoical Indian Yogi fixes his eyes on the sun and never moves for years. Birds build their nests on him, plants climb up him. Is he happy? Or is he not a dead man? A stoic proverb says, "It is better to be standing than running, sitting than standing, lying down than sitting, dead than lying down." Indeed the only logical result of Stoicism and renunciation consistantly carried out to the end is suicide. Stoicism always means much thinking about self and the end of that is unhappiness and perhaps madness.

On the other hand the French proverb says, l'amour fait naitre les fleurs sur les pas. "L'amour" meaning joy in what is not self, and without consciousness of self.

"Christ," says Dr. Farrar, "never sanctioned the unnatural affectation of stoicism."

"Vince malum bono," says the Christian proverb. "Overcome evil by good." But the mere renunciating or negative philosopher has nothing to say, except "Overcome evil by overcoming evil," which always ends by not overcoming evil at all.

"Blessed is he that desireth nothing, for behold he shall not be disappointed." This is the stoics beatitude.

Stoicism ends in stolid indifference, as a rule. Perhaps almost the lowest state to which any one can fall is that of the man who looks upon all things with indifference, or from what Thackeray calls "The don't-care-a-damn point of view."

"There's nothing true, there's nothing new, and I don't care a damn," said the Yankee.

One end of Stoicism is Cynicism that sneers at everything and cares for nothing. It is the lowest state of mind possible to a living being. The mind of a sheep or donkey is far higher. These creatures take immense interest in their clover and thistles, their shearings, shepherd dogs, donkey carts, and costermongers. Cynicism is the hopeless, faithless, passionless state that we read of in the New Testament, as the state of mind so sinful that it shall not be forgiven. The state, that is, of him who speaks against the Holy Ghost, or, (to put it in our European way) who says and thinks that there is no such thing as good and no difference between good and evil, but who calls good evil and evil good. The Hebrew way of putting this state is that there is no forgiveness for it. The European form of the same thing is the proverbial saying, that the rake may reform and the scamp mend his ways, but for the passionless, heartless, sneering devil there is no hope. It is observed that he never reforms, that is, there is no forgiveness for him.

"Self-righteous pitiless respectability," says Dr. Farrar, "is more hopeless than open and passionate sin."

Matthew Arnold says that conduct or righteousness is six-eighths of life, whereas art is one-eighth, and science the other. Some will disagree with this. Some will say conduct is all, whilst the artist will often claim the whole of life; and the mere man of science will, of course, be shocked at getting only one-eighth allowed him. And, naturally, a man does not like to be called only one-eighth of a man. Still we will take Arnold's estimate as a mean between extremes, all the more to be trusted, inasmuch as he is a charming poet himself, and,

therefore, likely to be biassed on that side. But, as I have said, he seems to think righteousness means little else but renunciation, or the negation of unrighteousness; whereas the fact is that the deepest righteousness is like the deepest truth, which, as Heine says, can only come from the deepest passion; and all passion is positive and not merely negative and renunciative.

By-the-bye, I wonder what the teaching of Strauss Schopenhauer and Co., comes from. Does it come from the deepest Godliness and the deepest passion and hunger and thirst after righteonsness, or does it come from what M. Arnold seems to call one eighth of a man?

Schopenhauer, as we all know, is the king of modern pessimists. His teaching is that the universe is the result of chance, that the chances have chanced to turn out ill, and that therefore there is nothing but misery in it. Verily "all seems jaundiced to the jaundiced eye." Schopenhauer is like the soldier whose nose, whilst he was asleep, was rubbed by his comrades with assafætida. When he woke he declared there was a bad smell in the guard-room. So he went out, and then declared that there was a bad smell out of doors too, and that the whole world stank.

We are none perfect so we all have to practise renunciation more or less. But it is not Christianity. For instance, those who are not fit for the perfect Christian's (that is Christ's or St. Pauls) view of the Sabbath day ought to keep it in one way or another—some perhaps even in the Scotch or Hebrew way. We have all heard stories of the customs of Jews, such as their sending for their Gentile servant on the Sabbath to snuff a candle, because it is contrary to the Jewish law for them to do any work on that day, but such things are only little jokes for little minds. If a man is fit for nothing higher,

he should be under the law, and renounce his natural inclinations in this, as in other things. Perfect Christianity is for most people a height to aim at, and work for, not a heaven to be at peace in. Savages are observed to have no Sabbath of any kind; and the criminal classes are observed to have none. So probably one way to become a savage or a criminal is to have none. Christ and St. Paul had nothing else so they made no difference between one day and another.

To Christ every day was a day of peace—the peace of God, as it is called—that is, no anxieties about himself, no strivings after "the praise of men", no seeking after riches; no personal ambitions of any kind; nothing but "the divine life," which H. Heine defines to mean "permanent passion without unrest."

The Latin races differ from the Scotch in character, so their sabbath will differ from theirs in character. Still they have one.

All the voluminous discussions about the Jewish sabbath being different from the Christian Sunday signify nothing. The only essential question in the thing is that of setting apart one day out of seven. What can it matter whether that day be called Saturday or Sunday? The quantity of ink that is wasted in the world is marvellous.

Another of Mr. Arnold's objects is to show that "God" means only a force not ourselves that makes for righteousness by punishing unrighteousness.

The development of the human race is like the development of the individual. The very young child looks upon his father as a mysterious and utterly incomprehensible power, without any known attributes. A little later on in life when he has been whipped for wrong doing, he looks upon him as a terrible and

avenging force, that makes for good conduct by punishing bad. A few years later on still, the school-boy looks upon him as the governer at home, who keeps him dreadfully short in the matter of pocket money. At last when the boy has grown up and become fully developed, he discovers to his astonishment that he is and always has been protected and cared for by a tender and loving father.

The third-class man of science of the period has gone back to the very young child's stage of development.

In resolving the Deity into a blind force without attributes, the third-class men of science and Comteists talk what seems gibberish to men in their present stage of development. These positivists go back in their ideas two thousand years to the Buddhists and Brahmans, whose language was word for word the same. They are like the old parrot Humboldt tells us he saw in South America, which talked incessantly; but none of the Indians could understand what it said, because it could only talk the language of the Atures, a tribe which had been extinct a great many years.

I one day compared my friend Robinson to the old parrot when he was thus talking to me after the manner of his school. And for a moment he hardly knew what to answer; for in the first place he thoroughly believes in the great advance made by mankind since the days of Buddha, and in the second place he cannot deny that the language of many positivists of the present period and that of the Buddhists is the same. Of course after a moment's thought he proved to me in a charming clear, logical and conclusive manner that although he is right when he says men have developed, I am quite wrong when I say so, and that although he cannot deny that the Buddhist talked just in the same way as he and

his school do, I am totally and altogether wrong in all I say on the subject. His demonstration on the subject gave me (as his demonstrations always do) very great pleasure, for few things please me more than watching the working of ingenuity. Given ingenuity sufficient, and as we all know anything can be turned into anything; such are the curious powers of the human mind. Gymnastic feats whether of logic or Chinese juggling are some times miraculous.

Mr. M. Arnold says that we must believe nothing about God but what can be verified, and all that can be verified is that there is a force not ourselves that makes for righteousness. In other words, he eliminates and destroys by analysis all the feelings and ideas men entertain about God, except that one of power or force. But why whilst he is about it stop there in his destruction. Destruction varies as analysis. The more you analyze the more you destroy, and the nearer you approach to death. Why, then, I say, whilst he is about it, does he not go on in his analysis till he denies with Comte, Mill, and Hume, that there is such a thing as cause at all. If verification or proof be the aim none but these men are logical and consistent. There is no proof of force or cause. There is only proof that certain things are observed to precede certain other things. Does Mr. Arnold call the evidence of things seen and observed by the senses verification? But the senses alone tell us that the earth stands still, and that the sun goes ronnd it. Some of the most distinguished astronomers of the present time are telling us that the sun is really neither hot nor light. No, the senses are proverbially deceptive. So it comes to the old story. We live by faith and hope, not by things proved. Hope that is realized is not hope. Faith that is proved is not faith. But few faiths can be

proved. Of the deepest faiths none can be proved. For instance, H. Spencer tells us that there is a vast unknowable, compared with which the knowable is as nothing. But the unknowable cannot be proved to the understanding. It is believed in by faith amounting, no doubt, in intelligent people to subjective certitude; but still it is only faith

Worship, say wise men, is the highest manifestation of human life. But who can worship a mere force without attributes? Matthew Arnold may think he can do so. He may think he can sing with King David, "I will pour out my heart in the voice of praise and thanksgiving," and he may cry out in a rapture of passionate exaltation "O clap your hands all ye people, and sing unto the force not ourselves that makes for righteousness, sing praises, sing praises unto our force." But Matthew Arnold is a poet, and his poetical imagination may inspire him with a worship even of mechanical force. But what are we to do who are not poets? Matthew Arnold says we cannot do without the Bible, and also that the word God only means "force not ourselves that makes for righteousness." So as we are, according to him, still to use the Bible, this phrase will have all through it to be substituted for the word God.

Much of Matthew Arnold's book is admirable. Nothing can be better than the way he insists upon the fact, that in individuals as in nations in the long run conduct is the all in all, and that from lack of righteousness down came Rome, Greece, and all the old Asiatic kingdoms of which we have hints from such books as the Arabian Nights, and from the mounds that cover the ruins of innumerable nameless cities:—down they all came toppling over like so many rotten and delapidated ninepins. Not that this last expression is Mr. Arnold's.

He puts it, I need not say, much better and with much more "sweet reasonableness."

The old Hebrew prophets seeing that unrighteousness is so monstrous and unnatural that it must bring nations to the ground prophesied as they did, and, of course, their prophecies came true. Our men of science are also prophesying. They are prophesying that England will come to an end soon, because there will be no more coal in the coal pits. As if any such thing could bring a nation of strong men to end. Effeminacy may do it. Dishonesty may do it. Luxury may do it. In one word vice, that is, imbecility may do it. Many minor things may help to do it ; as, for instance, the competitive examination system (which we have borrowed from the Chinese) may help to do it, if carried too far. If our generals of the future are mere bookworms and fact receptacles, of course, when we fight we shall be beaten. The Germans, who are great studiers of national character, call the English the Chinese of the West.

Again, Trade Unionism carried too far may help to bring a country to an end. Bad farming may help by exhausting the soil. Paternal, grand-paternal and grand-maternal legislation must tend the same way. Every folly must leave its mark just as well as every form of vice.

As to bad farming, the whole system of English farming is bad, with a very few exceptions. If a farm's yearly produce, or its equivalent, be not all eaten on it or an equivalent return made to the land in artificial manures, the soil must become gradually deteriorated. Few farmers keep half stock enough for this. If they did wheat might be grown on the same land every year as it is in China.

The Chinese are perhaps the only good farmers in the world, although they are absolutely without what we call science.

Some very bad grass land near Edinbro' has, as I understand, by good management with sewage been made to yield a hundred times more yearly produce than it used to do. It used to let for five shillings an acre. It lets now at more than £40 an acre each year. This is a practical proof of what all land has in it to do. If all the land in England were as productive perhaps she would not come quite to an end, even though her coal did run short. Produce from land is a mere question of capital and live stock. The produce of any tolerably good soil increases just in proportion as the quantity of well-fed living beings upon it is increased. There is no known limit to this. China again is an illustration.

The prophecies, I repeat, of the Hebrew prophets came true, because they were inspired by the knowledge that comes from appreciation of the necessity righteousness is to mankind, which knowledge came from the passion for or hunger and thirst after righteousness, with which they were inspired. They *knew* unrighteousness to be so monstrous and unnatural a thing that a nation that was unrighteous beyond a certain degree *must* come to an end. The mere scientist who is without any inspirations has only experience to go by. That is, he waits till a thing has taken place, and then sagaciously proclaims the truth of it.

Inspiration may be defined to be "subjective certitude that cannot be accounted for by reasonings or analyzings." This kind of certitude forms nine-tenths of the certitudes of human life, though in smaller matters it is called intuition and common sense.

"Practically righteous conduct," says Matthew Arnold, "is six-eighths of life, science one-eighth, and art the remaining eighth."

> "I slept and dreamed that life was beauty,
> I woke and found that life was duty."

"A handful of good life," says George Herbert, "is worth a bushel of learning."

"All," says W. Scott, "is moonshine compared with the education of the heart."

"The understanding's copper coin counts not, with the gold of love," says the Persian poet Hafiz.

"Goodness," says Bacon, "is the greatest of all things, being the character of God himself; and without it man is a busy, mischievous, wretched thing, no better than a kind of vermin."

"Vice," says Sir Arthur Helps, "is only dullness in an active instead of passive form."

Righteousness always means some force, some positive quantity, some strength; unrighteousness always means some want of force, some negation, some imbecility.

> "Then is the great unrighteous conqueror weak?
> The leader who to glut ambition's feast,
> With countless corses strews the reeking plain,
> His rampant will indulges like a beast
> Unchecked by conscience and her guiding rein—
> Who working upward consummates his plan
> By evil or by good as best he can;
> Crushing, proscribing, smiting, plundering, then
> Incensed and hymned as something more than man—
> Is he the greatest or the least of men?"
>
> C. Earle.

"He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." The fact is the Attilas of the world are wanted in it, but they are usually weak as water.

The really great things are done by the Christian or Godly passions.

"Whatsoever," says St. John, "is born of God overcometh the world." And, in fact, it is a simple observed fact, that divinely inspired passion does overcome the world. Talking of a few of the first Christians, Stopford Brooke truly says, "The whole body of the old society of Judaism and of Heathenism actually crumbled to pieces before these few resolute men."

But the analyzing destroyers of faiths are also ruthless Attilas. Dr. Strauss is an instance. He seems from all accounts to have been a solitary, irritable, pugnacious man, who passed his life at war with everybody. "I only write well," he says himself, "when I am in a rage." And there is no doubt that the style of all his writings is most excellent.

Strauss is only another instance, added to innumerable ones, of an unhappy, hopeless, faithless, joyless disposition, producing its inevitable fruit, destruction and negative opinions; that is, the denial of all positive faith, opinion, and dogma. Is the disposition joyous, hearty, and full of life? The opinions will be positive and full of faith of some kind. Is the disposition joyless? The opinions will be negative and full of doubt and denial. Poetry illustrates this.

"Which of our poets," asks Stopford Brooke, "could sing now with a full heart, the hundred and fourth Psalm?" Of course not one of them. They are all wanting in sufficient vitality and passionate joyousness. They are all more or less critics and doubters. No poetry worth anything was ever inspired by doubt. Faith, joy, and hope are absolute requisites.

All positive belief comes from the heart. Negation of belief comes from heartlessness, joylessness, and death in life. Critical analyzings mean death and destruction. Still, we must have analyzers and critics, for they sometimes do work that is wanted, such as clearing away foul superstitions. They are like scavengers. Not exalted people, but still necessary.

A man who is nothing but an analyzing man of science may be defined as "an expert in some department or departments of the dead side of nature."

Aristotle declares the essence of a thing to be "what it is to be." The mere analyzer declares the essence of a thing to be "what it once was before it was anything."

Strauss passed his life analyzing and trying to find out from what the scientific experts told him how things are developed; and, finally came, as we all know, to the conclusion that there was no developer.

One of the most curious manifestations of some analyzing intellects is this tendency to deny living or creative agency immediately they think they see how a thing is made. Thus, for instance, they think they can see how all life on the globe is developed out of protoplasm, and at once they infer that there is no developer. But surely this is strange confusion of mind. It is like a man believing in puddings being made by cooks, until some day he learns what the ingredients are, and how they have been mixed. Then he at once concludes that there has been no cook, and that the pudding has developed itself out of its primordial elements of raisins, wheat flour, sugar, butter, and suet. To a clear head knowing how a pudding has been developed, does not in the least affect the belief that somebody has developed it. Indeed, the inference that nobody has made it is a simple absurdity—it is inconsequential gibberish, as much as it

would be to say "Nobody made that pudding, because the moon is round, or because mice love cheese," or any other unconnected nonsense. People who disbelieve in cooks may or may not be right. But, at any rate, they must find some better reason to give for their disbelief than their merely having analyzed the ingredients of puddings, and thought they have found out the processes of their creation, for this, as I say, is but unconnected gibberish.

Amongst those who do not love vice its hatefulness is more generally seen than its pitiableness. And yet some see this latter. "Now, my friends," said a Scotch preacher at the end of his service, "let us pray for the Deevil; naebody prays for the puir Deevil."

In one sense everybody hungers and thirsts after righteousness. Everybody, that is, wants other people to be righteous.

"Man," says Sydney Smith, "is a benevolent animal. A never sees B in distress without wishing C to relieve him.

Some few men have thirsted after God and righteousness as "the hart thirsts after the water springs." It is *human* nature to look with great reverence up to such men. It is *philosophic* nature to analyze them, and to call them singular varieties of mankind.

"The children of wickedness," says Œschylus, "are like unto herself; but the children of righteousness are happy and beautiful."

Another object of Mr. Arnold's book is to show that Europeans must for ever go to the Bible for lessons in the higher matters, if only because the European races of men have little capacity to be inspired with a passion for or hunger and thirst after righteousness, although they can see its necessity inductively and by experience.

Again, he shows how Christ himself was so far above all men that they can only get glimmerings of what he really was and really meant. F. Robertson says, "As men in general are to a limpet, so is Christ to men in general."

"Put," says Dr. Farrar, "in the one scale all that Confucius, or Sakya Mouni (Buddha), or Zoroaster, or Socrates ever wrote or said—and they wrote and said many beautiful and holy words—and put in the other scale the Parable of the Prodigal Son alone, with all that this single parable connotes and means, and can any candid spirit doubt which scale would outweigh the other in divine adaptation to the wants of man."

It is a pity that a poet like Mr. Arnold, when he is fit for better things, should betake himself to destructive criticism—to taking something away from the souls of men, instead of adding something to them. Besides, it leads him to talking sad nonsense. What can be greater nonsense than his nicknaming the (so called) upper classes "barbarians," because, as he says, they are principally remarkable for dearth of ideas and the cultivation of their muscles? Surely the enormously larger class of agricultural labourers are at least as remarkable for these two things. Now as to dearth of ideas. Pitt, Fox, Russell, Palmerston, Gladstone, and most leading statesmen have belonged to this class he calls "the barbarians." He may say "These men's ideas were not original." Perhaps not. I wonder whether Matthew Arnold would like one of his own sons to be a great original genius. Such men are usually more or less recluse lunatics—slaves to some one idea that sometimes is, but more often is not of use to the world. Mad and often bad. Three-fourths of the original genius of the country says Charles Read are in the lunatic asylums. "Nullum ingenium sine

mixtura insaniæ," says (I think) Seneca. "Great wits to madness nearly is allied." "All men of great genius are monsters," says the German saying; the greatest geniuses are often the smallest men.

It is astonishing what nonsense is talked and written about the "upper classes." "The upper classes," as Bulwer said, "are just like the other tolerably educated classes, except, perhaps, that their manners are rather more simple and more free from awkwardnesses and affectations. Now and then, in the "upper classes," a great poet like Byron is born. Now and then a great scientific genius like Cavendish. Now and then a man of pre-eminent goodness. Now and then a great scoundrel. But all these things happen in one class just the same as in another, and in proportion to their respective numbers.

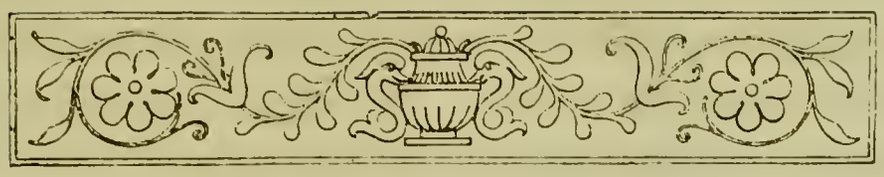
Much of Mr. Arnold's earlier critical writings consists of abuse of England and Englishmen. But this is only an unpatriotic trick of the mind that has always in all countries found practisers. Euripides, as translated by D'Arcy Thompson, says,—

> "I hate the man that keeps his praise
> For foreign policy and ways;
> And shows his wit and lack of sense,
> At his own countryman's expense."

I am forced to bring this book to an abrupt conclusion. I have just received some very sad news. My poor friend Robinson has hanged himself. I always told him he would. I have told him over and over again that the absence of faith with the necessarily accompanying absence of life, and hope, and joy makes thousands of people kill themselves; and now he has added himself to the number. I can do nothing without Robinson; because I was always wanting him to

serve for some illustration. So I cannot write anything more until I have found some one to take his place. After all, his death is perhaps, in one respect, fortunate. For without some such event one does not see why a rambling book like this should ever come to an end.

FINIS.



APPENDIX.

A

I have said that M. Comte was not quite a sane man. Most people have heard his name, few have read his writings. The best concise view of them I know, is contained in two articles contributed by Mr. Mill to the Westminster Review. They have been republished in one volume, and the account they give of an extraordinary man is very interesting.

My object in the few remarks that follow is to justify my assertion, that M. Comte's mind was a little off its balance, to say the least of it.

M. Comte's intellect was very great, and, therefore, his writings must and do contain many things that are ingenious, many things that are clever, and some things that are even wise. To give one instance of the latter, he strongly condemned devoting too much time to matters requiring abstract thought, on account of its tendency to produce "orgueil" and "secheresse" of character. Deficiencies in intellect he also looks upon as nothing when compared with deficiencies in will, character, passions, and feelings.

Comte's theory, which forms the foundation of his doctrines, is, that savages and uncultured persons are under the influence of theological ideas; that slightly

cultured persons are under the influence of metaphysical ideas ; and that perfectly cultured people are under the influence of positive ideas. In other words, that uncultured people believe that all the things they see are caused by God or Gods ; that slightly cultured people believe that they are caused by "nature" or "virtues" which are inherent in them ; and that perfectly cultivated people believe that they have had no cause or causes at all.

M. Comte does not believe in cause, but only in invariable sequences and antecedents. That is, if A, a strong man, knocks down B, a weak one, M. Comte does not believe B's fall is caused by A, but only that it is a consequence which is invariably observed to ensue when he receives a violent blow from A. Thus he makes no difference in the matter of causation between day invariably succeeding night, and the sun's rays causing warmth.

To M. Comte's three stages of human progress it may be answered,—

(1.) That the lowest savages do not believe in God, or in gods of any kind.

(2.) That the more cultured men become, the more instead of less do they believe in God.

(3.) That however it may have been with a few dreaming half-crazy book writers, (men sometimes of great genius,) the mass of mankind have always had too much common sense to believe that a general term such as "nature" was anything more than a convenient way of expressing in one word the visible works of God.

(4.) That whatever M. Comte thought himself able to do, no one else in his senses can believe, try as he will, that all he sees around him has had no cause.

Instead of Comte's fancy that belief marches from belief in many gods, through belief in one God, up to belief in no God, the real march is from belief in no God, through belief in many gods, up to belief in one God.

The lowest savages have no belief at all. Amongst those a little higher up we find belief in many gods. Indeed, to them, any bit of wood carved into the shape of a figure will do for a God, or Fetish, as it is called.

We are told of a Malay sailor who always carried one about him, and who trusted to it implicitly to keep him from harm. But one day he was flogged for some misdemeanor. This was a fatal blow to the Malay's faith in his Fetish, and he was overheard covering the wooden image with reproaches and railings. He said, "Is it for dis I have guarded you dese many years? Is it for dis I put parrots' feder in your tail, and gave you de best ob eberyting? Is it for dis," &c., &c.? and at last he finished by chucking his god overboard.

About Comte's "metaphysical" crotchet, whatever may have been the case with some fanciful book writers who used to be called realists, (in opposition to nominalists), and who believed that general terms, such as "nature" and "mankind," were positive entities instead of being single words used for convenience, to avoid having to employ long phrases; the mass of mankind have never been deluded into any such fancies.

The dreaming metaphysicians and notion spinners ignore all opinions but their own. All their writings are about each other's notions. They seem unconscious of the wisdom possessed by the mass of mankind which far exceeds theirs. But this wisdom is not found in books, and these people only see books. The wisdom of popular proverbs exceeds the wisdom of the self-called wise; and

yet popular proverbs form only a fractional indication of popular wisdom. Of course, popular folly too is colossal sometimes; but I am now talking of wisdom. The metaphysicians only know books. It is a necessary part of human nature to value what it knows and has to do with, and to depreciate what it has not to do with. The inhabitants of arid deserts wonder how people can live anywhere else. The Icelanders have a saying that God made Iceland, but left the rest of the world to be made by his subordinates. The Frenchman does not love the Englishman, the Englishman does not revere the Frenchman. Soldiers think little of Sailors, Sailors despise landlubbers in general, and lobsters, as they call them, in particular, &c.

I may say that no man with common sense ever thought that a general term like "nature" was anything more than a short comprehensive word used for convenience.

The more men are cultured the more concise language becomes by the coinage of these general terms.

The early savage, to express "five," has to say "one and one and one and one and one." In the course of ages he becomes sufficiently cultured to express all this by one word; in the meantime, as we are told by travellers, he refuses to have anything to do with any number larger than five, and, under the circumstances, this can hardly be wondered at. I will now mention as concisely as I can a few more of M. Comte's teachings.

The mass of mankind are to be treated like school boys. Every action of their lives is to be regulated, even to the most minute particulars, by his priesthood, who are to be composed of positive philosophers; who are to be surrounded with reverence, and who are *all to agree together upon all subjects.* Their government is a sort of parody upon the Roman Catholic system.

Elaborate services are to be held; but instead of the sign of the cross people are to touch with their forefinger the phrenological organs on their heads.

Comte was a thorough Frenchman in his worship of sytematization and classification. If a fact came in the way of his artificial system, so much the worse for the fact. Go it must. After the studies of his earlier life were over, he abstained on principle from all reading. He did this for the sake of mental health; by way he says of "hygiène cérébrale." He was afraid of his own ideas being impaired by admixture with those of other people. The result of this system of living on himself was a degree of self-conceit which Mr. Mill calls colossal.

M. Comte's system is one of parodies. He parodies Bacon, he parodies Christianity. Instead of the healthy moderation of Christian precepts, "to do unto others as you would have others do to you," and to be temperate in the gratification of natural impulses, M. Comte enjoins people never to give way to any natural impulse, as, for instance, never to eat merely because they are hungry, but to do everything according to starched rules to be drawn up by himself or his sacerdotal orders of positive philosophers, which rules are to be enacted with the sole view of benefiting his "Grand Etre," his "Fetish," his "metaphysical idea," his general term to which he superstitiously gives a living entity, like the "realists," whom he condemns, "L'Humanité."

There is no more nonsensical cant than the cant of humanity glorifying itself merely as humanity. What should we think of the inhabitants of the planet Venus always blowing their own trumpet in this rediculous manner? Why is anyone better for being in the shape of a man when he is really only a brute or a devil?

Granted that there are human or even divine possibilities in us all, if they are not realized, we are so much the worse instead of better. A good illustration of the three degrees of comparison is given by the incident of the sinking of the Northfleet a year or two ago, supposing the newspaper accounts to be correct. First the heroic self-sacrifice of the Captain. Secondly, the mere animal self-preserving instinct of the Navvies. Thirdly, the diabolical heartlessness of the Murillo's commander. The Navvies no doubt called themselves men, but they really at the moment were but a flock of terrified sheep. The Commander of the Murillo had it in his power to save every man, woman, and child, on board the Northfleet with perfect ease. He heard their despairing cries for help and then steamed quietly away.

"L'Humanité" says Comte is to be represented in sculpture by the figure of a woman of thirty with a child in her arms.

Men are to pray, but not to God. They are to pray to "Woman." They are to pray to "woman" because she is the "sexe aimant." The prayers are to consist of "commemoration" and "effusion."

Women are to pray to "Man."

M. Comte's worship of "L'Humanité" is simply going back to the customs of the ancient savage Indians of San Salvador. They like Comte worshipped abstract "Man" and "Woman." The former they called Quetzacottle. The latter they called Itziquye. And just like the Comteists the men worshipped Itziquye and the women worshiped Quetzacottle.

By the bye, I wonder how the Comteists define their term "L'humanité." The only possible definition I can think of, is, "every individual human being ever born or to be born." But what would they mean by human

beings? Would they include the anthropoid gentleman Mr. Darwin speaks of, and who are extinct now? But if so, where do they draw the line below them? Mr. Darwin says there is none.

Most Comteists believe in Darwin's theories.

But without going so low down in the scale as this, still the question arises where the line is to be drawn. Who are to be included in the term "l'humanité?" How for instance about the lower races of Africa. In one tribe when a man dies his body is immediately cut up and sold as butchers meat. In another tribe when a man dies his wives express their grief by throwing summersaults with an activity travellers describe as marvellous. In another tribe a great chief's death is celebrated by the execution and slaughter of thousands. Do all these too come under M. Comte's category of "l'humanité?"

And how about the Australian Savage? Australian Savages when hard pressed for food kill and eat their old women before their dogs, for they say "Old woman no use, dog kill kangaroo." Also, an Australian has often been known to kill his child in order that his wife may suckle a kangaroo dog puppy when it has lost its mother.

The following is the native Australian's mode of courtship:—He generally prefers to get his wife from some neighbouring tribe. We are told that when he has fixed his affections on a girl, he, on the earliest convenient day, steals up behind her and deals her a violent blow on the head with his club. The girl is stunned, and before she recovers her senses he carries her off to his home. This is the way he wins his bride. Is this man too to be included in Comte's "L'Humanité."

The Gallinonieros, Indians of California, kill their aged parents. They take them into the woods, throw them on their backs and fasten them to the ground. A stout pole is then placed across the throat, upon either end of which a person sits until life is extinct. I wonder whether we are to include the Gallinonieros in M. Comte's "L'Humanité."

But probably Comte expects men to worship the abstract idea "L'Humanité." Now, philosophers who have been created by a wise and merciful providence few and far between, may persuade themselves that this is possible, but men, as distinguished from philosophers, *must* have personality to worship. "Worship Comte, then," the Comteists will say. But men (again as distinguished from philosphers) cannot worship mere personified ingenuity or even personified intellect. They require for worship personified goodness or what they believe to be personified goodness.

"I can love *a* man," says Hare, "but the mere abstract, bodiless, soulless, notion—the logical entity *man* affords no substance for my affections to cling to."

The Comteists are like the philanthropists as distinguished from Christians; that is, they are men with an excited imagination over ideas of their own brains.

Many a (so-called) philanthropist is only a man with a heated imagination about "man" in the abstract.

"I have never known," says Coleridge, "a trader in philanthropy who was not wrong at heart somewhere or other. Often hostile to all individual men, he will lavish money and labour on the abstract notion "man."

Douglas Jerrold hated the cant of philanthropy. On one occasion when he saw himself described in print as a philanthropist, he exclaimed, "Zounds, it tempts a man to kill a child to get rid of the reputation."

For what is the professional philanthropist? Is he not apt to be a poor self important little creature, who having got some supposed benevolent hobby into his head fusses about, dunning for money to further it, and keeping his own the while carefully buttoned up in his pocket?

S. Smith, as we have seen, says "Man is a benevolent animal. A never sees B in distress but he wishes C to relieve him.

We are told of a great local magnate who

> "out of his great bounty
> Built a bridge at the expense of the county."

Men, says Comte, are to pray to "woman" every day for two hours, divided into three portions, the morning portion being the longest; the evening portion to be gone through in bed.

Comte gives very precise rules about when and how often a man is to open and shut his eyes whilst he is on his knees praying to "woman" or "l'humanité."

Judging from some of his instructions to his disciples, M. Comte must have been a man utterly destitute of all sense of the ridiculous. "Surely," says Mr. Mill after recounting some gravely enjoined absurdity like the above, "M. Comte never can have laughed in his life."

It is a great misfortune to be destitute of all sense of humour. Still the other extreme is perhaps worse. In some people the appreciation of the comic side of things is so intense that they can never look seriously and earnestly upon anything. There is a story of a German soldier, named Fritz, who was sentenced to be flogged for insubordination. On receiving the first lash he burst out laughing. The executioner not thinking this complimentary to himself, laid it on harder. German soldiers are trained to respectful silence before their

superior officers, but still Fritz could not quite repress all manifestation of his amusement, and now and then upon receiving a specially stinging cut he burst out again into an irrepressible guffaw. When the punishment was over the presiding officer naturally enquired of him the cause of his great mirth. This was too much for poor Fritz. With an uncontrollable roar of laughing, he cried out, "*Why, sir, I'm the wrong man; you've been flogging all this time the wrong man.*"

Now here is the extreme of the opposite principle to that of M. Comte. The one extreme can see nothing serious, the other extreme nothing ludicrous in anything whatever.

To return to M. Comte's teachings.

No woman is to work for her living.

No woman is to have any powers of government even domestic.

No woman is to have any property of her own.

The entire political government is to be in the hands of the rich—rich manufacturers. But nations are first to be broken up into small states about the size of Belgium.

One Pontiff, the high-priest of humanity, is to be at the head of the whole human race. M. Comte himself to be the first.

All occupation of the intellect on matters not immediately useful to the public is to be rigidly put down by the spiritual authorities, who are also to decide upon what is and what is not useful. Astronomy, for instance, may turn its attention to the sun, moon, and planets, but not to the distant stars.

All books in the world except one hundred volumes to be selected by M. Comte, are to be destroyed, as well as all animals and plants that are not decidedly useful to mankind.

In thirty years from the time he wrote, Comte said and really believed, that Positivism would be politically established in all civilized countries.

Instead of dating from the birth of Christ, people in all civilized countries will in future date from the beginning of the first French Revolution.

All temples for Comteist worship in all parts of the world are to point not towards the east, but towards the metropolis of humanity, "Paris."

Comte entertains a great respect for those persons who have "a fortunate inability to read." Amongst them alone, he says, can be found openness to truth, and minds unspoiled by private judgment.

Astronomy, he says, completely overthrows the doctrine of divine purpose in the arrangement of the solar system, because in many respects this system might greatly be improved, and by no means deserves the admiration bestowed upon it. The heavens according to Comte declare not the glory of God but the glory of Hipparchus, Kepler, and Newton.

The early part of his life Comte devoted to mathematics and matters of science; but at forty-five, he fell under "une angélique influence" in the person of an "ange incomparable," whose name was Clotilde de Vaux. This changed the whole current of his ideas, and led to his making "woman" the object of all worship. He calls Clotilde de Vaux the best personification of the supreme being; and even his maidservant, "l'incomparable Sophie," endowed, he says, with "a fortunate inability to read," became, in his mind, a model of perfection.

He says, that matter has life but not intelligence; and that before organized beings existed, every planet was alive, and gradually improved its own condition until

it was fit to receive living things, when all the life was transferred to them.

Christianity says, that we should not do things for the praise of men, but for the praise God—not in order to be seen of men, but the good we do, we should do in secret. "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." Christianity is a practical religion. It takes men as they are, and recognizing the human desire for reward, promises the love of God and eternal life, together with peace, joy, and happiness of mind.

What does M. Comte promise me?

He promises me the praise "of such a thing as I myself." Instead of hunger and thirst after righteousness, I am to hunger and thirst after the admiration of men. According to Comteism, the approval of his fellow creatures is to be the sole object of a man in all he does. The only logical inference I can draw from this is, that immediately a man thinks he has done a good action, he must at once send off an account of it to the *Times*, to the *Standard*, and to whatever newspaper happens to have the largest circulation in the world.

Only "The praise of men" in this life and eternal extinction at the end of it. This is M. Comte's sole "Gospel of glad tidings."

To the loving heart "says H. Heine," extinction after death is in spite of science inconceivable." Thus if the Comteists are right in their denial of a future state of existence we come to this fact that the more loving a man's heart is, the falser his opinions are, and the less loving a man's heart is, the truer his opinions are. And yet H. Heine says that the deepest truth can only come from the deepest love.

It is I repeat manifest that if the Comteists are right a loving heart is a mistake altogether, and the possessor of it is a lunatic whose ideas are all false.

The word "faith," of course, M. Comte banishes from language, but he takes from Christianity Christian charity. He gives it however a new name, "altruism," and then seems to think he has discovered a new thing.

In the matter of faith M. Comte is the opposite to St. Paul.

St. Paul says "the things which are seen are temporal (or, as we express it in these days, "phenomenal") the things which are not seen are 'eternal' (or as we should say in these days 'real' or 'absolutely true'). The Comteist (to all intents and purposes) says, "The things which are seen alone *are*; the things which are not seen have no existence."

What more shall we say about M. Comte's teaching about the "praise of men." Is it French vanity, or craving for admiration gone mad? Or is it an illustration of Mr. Galton's theory, that town life tends to produce helplessness of character, loss of healthy self-trust, and an imbecile dependence on the opinions and support of other people? Is it one of the indications of that deterioration of which we hear and read so much, and which is supposed to be caused in men by a too closely packed gregariousness? At any rate, Comteism is a town growth. Weak leaning upon others has hitherto been more a French than an English characteristic; and, I believe, Mr. Galton intended his theory to refer to the failures of the French people in their late war.

Dr. Farrar, in his life of Christ, says, "Jesus did not love cities, and scarcely ever slept within their precincts. He shrank from their congregated wretchedness, from their glaring publicity, from their feverish excitement, from their featureless monotony, with all the natura and instinctive dislike of delicate minds."

A certain degree of isolation seems almost necessary for much religiousness of mind. The unceasing petty gossip of towns, allows neither time nor inclination for consciousness of the awful mystery and importance of life, and the wonder of everything. Self-dependence, self-respect, sense of duty, and trust in God, are all connected. So also are the contraries to these things. A man is necessarily self-confident when he knows he is doing what is right and pleasing to God. Whereas a dweller in towns says to himself, "really I don't know whether I must do this thing. It will no doubt be pleasing to Mr. Brown, and perhaps also to Mr. Jones, but I am not at all sure about Mr. Robinson;" and thus hesitating, he ends by leaving undone what he ought to do, or by doing what he ought not to do.

Too much isolation on the other hand, of course, is apt to produce narrowness and torpidity of mind.

In what I say about life in large towns tending to deteriorate men, I merely quote common ideas of the day, that are prevalent. I give no opinions of my own for I have no knowledge upon the subject on which to found opinions; besides, living, as I do, mostly in the country my opinion would probably be biassed and therefore not worth much. I should think there may be much to be said on both sides. No doubt there are more varieties of vice in towns, but on the other hand there is for this very reason, more demand for the exercise of energy in fighting against it, and this demand ought to develop higher types of character than country life can do.

After all, poor M. Comte was but a French mouthpiece (a half crazy one I think most people will allow) of a narrow sect, the sect of Atheistic-Materialists, whose teaching is, that faith is folly, for what men believe in

are lies; that hope is folly, for what they hope for is a delusion; that worship is folly, for there is no being to worship; that reverence is folly, for there is nothing in the universe higher than men for them to look up to; that there is no God, and that men die like dogs. This is the good tidings of great joy this sect brings to all people. Whilst there is only infinite pity for the poor Godless, hopeless propounders of these miserable doctrines, condemnation cannot be too strong, hatred cannot be too intense, and ridicule cannot be too bitter for the doctrines themselves, of which the one sole aim is, to cause spiritual death. A murderer only causes bodily death.

These doctrines, if successful, would sweep away the progress of ages, and bring men back to be savages, ignorant of, or denying all meaning to the very words which indicate that progress.

Happily, the sect has comparatively little influence. The members of it do not even, as a rule, bring up their own children in their degrading beliefs.

These strangely credulous people have a superstitious belief in "law;" self-enacted, self-acting laws of nature. But the idea of a law without a maker of it is really inconceiveable to a sane mind. If law be defined to mean only invariable sequences and antecedents the inconceivability remains just the same. There must be some cause for their being invariable. Trying to conceive a self-enacted, self-acting law of nature is like trying to conceive the new licensing act to have been made by itself and policeman X carrying out its provisions without knowing what he is doing, and without having received orders to do so. They must invent a new word. Law means an enactment made and enforced by some living mind and will

The most distinguished men of science, such as Mr. Huxley, state, each in his own department, that M. Comte, when he enters upon that department, is altogether wrong in his facts and opinions. Nearly all moral and religious philosophers of repute state that, in their department, he is frightfully wrong.

Unselfishness, self-sacrifice, a reverential spirit, self-control, self-respect, humility, and trust in God, are usually observed to go together; and for those who possess these qualites in any very great degree, nearly all men, with the exception of the lowest savages, the criminal classes, some Utilitarians, and torpid-blooded philosphers, feel great veneration sometimes amounting to worship.

We learn from Mr. Mill that M. Comte's qualities were of an opposite discription for the most part; that although he wrote a great deal about what he called "altruism," he was really wrapt up in himself, and full of arrogance, vanity, and self-conceit; that he quarrelled fearfully with his wife so that they had to separate, though he confessed she was blameless; and that he was also always quarrelling with those with whom he had to do. Say what his admirers may, it is quite contrary to human nature to look up with any respect to such a man, whatever genius he may possess.

The writer of "The Natural History of Enthusiasm" discriminates very well between the man who really loves his fellow-creatures, and the man who only works up his imagination into an enthusiasm about humanity in general or mankind in the aggregate, showing that the latter will generally show utter heartlessness in the actual presence of actual people.

There is probably in most people hardly such a thing as a passionate love of humanity in the abstract

nor of humanity in the aggregate, whatever some Comteists who have heated their imaginations over a hobby may say to the contrary. Sentimentality or excitement of the imagination is not passion. Sentimentality about man in the aggregate, hatred of men in particular. This is observed to be the rule. M. Comte himself seems to have hated those who offended him with all his might and with all his strength.

The continent of Asia contains, say six hundred millions of people. Now supposing that some evening about seven o'clock, we all got news that in consequence of a convulsion of nature, this continent of Asia had become submerged under the ocean and that the six hundred million inhabitants, when the messenger departed for England, were left swimming about on the surface of the waters—What should we do? I think we should most of us be momentarily awestruck, and perhaps would say "how very sad," or "how very dreadful," or "how very shocking," according to what might be our customary ejaculation, and then when we had said this we should go down stairs and eat an excellent dinner. No doubt a few of us who had near relations in India would not eat any dinner that evening, and of these a still smaller number whose souls were wrapped up in some beloved son, or husband, or brother who happened to be amongst the lost ones, would die in the course of a year or two of what is called a broken heart, (a thing heartless people disbelieve in) but this would not be in consequence of their passionate grief at the loss of six hundred million Tartars, Chinese, Affgans, Hindoos, and Kamtschatkanese; it would not be for "l'humanté" in general, but for individual men in particular.

Comte had more than once in his life to be consigned to a lunatic asylum.

"It is wonderful" says Douglas Jerrold "how near conceit is to insanity; and yet how many folks are suffered to go free, and foaming with it."

H. Spencer says "considered apart from the question of its truth Comte's system of Positive Philosophy is a vast achievement;" but that he himself and the great body of men of science reject all Comtes' distinctive doctrines."

About Comte's "religion of humanity" H. Spencer says "However dominent it may be for a time it can never exclude the sentiment, alone properly religious, awakened by that which is behind humanity and behind all other things—can never shut out the thought of a power of which humanity is but a small product."

The Comteist's "worship" of "l'humanité" is probably in part a reaction from ultra-calvinism which taught the utter vileness of humanity. One superstition is often a reaction from some opposite superstition.

Comte's "L'Humanité" says Mr. Fitzjames Stephens "is an enormous agglomeration of bubbles which are continually bursting and ceasing to be. No one made or knows anything about it. Love it dearly O ye bubbles." "There is no God and Comte is his prophet." This is another common saying about M Comte's teaching.

Comte is a bitter enemy to liberty, and (strange in a Frenchman) to the opposing principle, "equality" also.

The English are supposed to be lovers of liberty, so how any Englishman can admire the liberty hating Comte is wonderful. I suppose the explanation is that their love for him as an atheist outweighs their hatred for him as an enemy to liberty.

M. Comte was temperate in his habits; almost, indeed, ascetic, except in the matter of snuff, of which he took great quantities. He was well-meaning and well-

moralled. The reason so much attention has been drawn to him and his wonderfully elaborated works is, that the old Calvinistic and Roman Catholic interpretations of Christianity have died out amongst most educated people, whilst the newer and truer interpretations have not yet become established. In the meantime men are all abroad, and are ready to take to any earnest man who sincerely believes in his own doctrines, and who preaches them with sufficient talent and vigour. Of M. Comte's earnestness, talent, and vigour there can be no doubt.

Almost any very energetic thinker will do perhaps some good if only by encouraging the discussion of important matters; besides which in the exact sciences, positivism, though not new since Bacon, is undoubtedly useful to counteract the opposite extreme of too much use of imagination.

No doubt an ingenious Comteist could pick out of M. Comte's works detached sentences that would seem inconsistent with the conclusions to which most people would come from their perusal. But this is sure to be so in the case of a man who wrote so voluminously as he did and whose brain was so heated that he had at times to be confined in lunatic asylums.

For instance, Mr. Frederick Harrison talks much about M. Comte's religion and his Conservatism. But to do so he has first to search very minutely Comte's writings, and then he has to give to "religion" and "Conservatism" meanings of his own totally different from those of everybody else. The fact is, negation of religion is the foundation of Comte's teaching, and, instead of being Conservative, it is utterly subversive of all the ways and all the thoughts of men as men have hitherto been made.

I myself like Mr. Frederick Harrison's writings. He seems to work himself up into a state of such noble rage, scorn, and hatred of his opponents—of all those who believe in God or who disbelieve in Comte—that the words come pouring from his pen with an eloquence that (if one puts aside every question about truth and wisdom) makes the perusal of them delightful. He seems to be like the German atheist, Dr. Strauss, who said he never could write well until he had worked himself up into a rage with somebody.

There is nothing like wrath to make a man write as if he means it. Lord Byron praising Gifford, the historian, says, " Gifford's merits as a historian are labour, learning, research, wrath, and partiality."

Truly Mr. Harrison does write as if he means it. One's imaginations are of course often totally false, but I always picture him with mane erect and eyeballs glaring, like a royal Bengal tigar in his den at the Zoological Gardens about feeding time, lashing his sides with his coat tails as he tears round his study, and hurling his "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," down upon the paper whole ink bottles at a time.

Passion is a grand thing, and yet there is passion and passion. No doubt Mr. F. Harrison's passions do not seem quite the kind H. Heine calls divine, and describes as " calm and permanent and without unrest." Still anything is better than passionlessness or *death* in life.

There is no hope for the dead. The dead are dead.

The word Religion means the relation between men and all they express by the word " divine," and especially the unseen, unprovable, undemonstrable, incomprehensible God who they yet believe by faith to exist and to be infinite in power and goodness. Comteism means the ignoring as if it were not, of all that is unseen, un-

provable, undemonstrable, or incomprehensible by man's imited senses and understanding, and the removal of the words divine and faith from the language of men. That is to say Comteism means the negation of religion.

I suppose the most distinguished English admirer of M. Comte is Mr. G. H. Lewes. He says "whatever is inaccessible to reason should be strictly interdicted by reason." But whose reason? The reason of no two people are alike. Does Mr. Lewes mean the reason of a Godly man, or of a poet, or of a philosopher, or of a Makalolo negro, or of an Andaman Indian? If of a philosopher of what sort of philosopher? Of a nihilistic philosopher, or of a realistic philosopher, or of an idealistic philosopher, or of a materialistic philosopher, or of a spiritualistic philosopher, or of a composite—that is materialistic-idealistic philosopher? The "reason" of each of one of these varieties is a different thing. Perhaps Mr. Lewes would claim the "reason" of a composite philosopher. But to say that everything inaccessible to the reason of this one little sect of "composite philosophers" is to be interdicted, is simply going back to old world priestcraft, which priestcraft to be sure is confessedly a part of the teaching of M. Comte.

Thou shalt not believe in or concern thyself in any way with aught that cannot be either seen, heard, or felt by the senses, or clearly understood by and demonstrated to the understanding of the positivist philosopher. This is Comte's first and great commandment.

The fact is nobody can know beforehand what will or what will not be accessible to human reason. Almost everything is inaccessible to the reason of the Terra del Fuego savage. What business has M. Comte to draw a line at his own mind, and say that beyond this line men must not attempt to reach? We have no reason for putting any limit to the possibilities of a living soul.

I have said that M. Comte placed a high value upon "inability to read." Another infinitely greater teacher than Comte—I mean Herbert Spencer—expresses doubts about everybody learning to read, write, and cypher, immediately bringing on the Millennium, as it is the fashion to believe.

A Hint or two about Education.

The ideas people have about education are very strange. I suppose most agree that the object of education is to make a man a good citizen, righteous in word and deed, and true and honest in all his dealings. And yet the only idea that prevails for bringing about this righteousness of life is, to teach a boy to read, write, and cipher; three undoubtedly ingenious tricks, and tricks that for several reasons ought to be taught in modern societies, but at the same time tricks that can have in and by themselves no more to do with righteous conduct than thimble-rig, cup-and-ball, or turning summersaults. It is like teaching a boy to play the French horn, in order that in after life he may earn his livelihood by making boots and shoes, or, to borrow Foote's absurdity, like "going into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf to make an apple pie."

If one man only knows practically how to grow turnips, and the other only knows the above tricks, the former is the better educated man of the two, for he has acquired a piece of actual knowledge, whereas the latter has but acquired some tricks that only may or may not lead to his acquiring knowledge.

Education is life long and in its full sense means every circumstance that influences a man's character during his life. In a more restricted sense it means the more important of these circumstances such as taught habits

of good conduct in childhood, a calling, marriage, children. A man who has lived all his life without a calling, without marriage, or without a family of children, cannot be called a completely educated man.

"It is a truth" says H. Spencer "yet remaining to be recognized, that thé last stage in the education and mental development of each man and woman is to be reached only through the proper discharge of parental duties."

A Hint or two about "Family Life" in a Nation.

There seems to be a close connection between the downfall of a nation and the extinction of "the family," or of domestic life amongst its inhabitants. Many people in illustration of this quote the contrast between France and Germany at the present time. The state of things in ancient Rome before its downfall is well known. Of the Jews during their last days, we read that a man might divorce his wife whenever he liked, and for whatever he liked; if, for instance, "she have over-salted his soup;" "if she spin in public;" "if she go with her head uncovered;" "if he should see any other woman who pleased him more." We read that "Rabbi Nachman, whenever he went to stay at a town for a short time, openyl sent round the crier for a wife during his abode there."

"The family" as a French writer truly says "is the unit from which spring all the virtues that go to form the active unselfish patriotic citizen." Solon no doubt thought otherwise. He thought domesticity led to effeminacy instead of the truth that it leads to everything that is manly and womanly, and contrary to effeminacy. So he made laws to check domesticity. But Solon must have been a born fool.

A woman often thinks her happiness depends upon having no children. But she is as great a fool as Solon, and does not know what is good for her own happiness. A man often thinks his happiness depends upon having no work. He too is as great a fool as Solon.

Burns writes—

> To make a happy fireside clime,
> To weans and wife,
> That's the true pathos and sublime
> Of human life.

Yes, but how about France where the family has no "weans"? Malthusianism and the law of compulsory division of property being the causes of this.

"You should acquire the faculty," said a fashionable, foolish, and fine London lady to her nephew, "of being at home in the best society." "I manage that very easily," was the answer, "by staying at home with my wife and family." Then on the other hand some have no homes, and of others the homes contain anything but the best society.

M. de Tocqueville said that the more he studied mankind, the more he thought that nothing was worth much but domestic happiness.

"No man," says Richter, "can either live piously or die righteously without a wife."

"There is no heaven," says the Persian proverb, "for the unmarried."

"If a man's home," says Sainte-Beuve, "at a certain period of life does not contain children, it will probably be found filled with follies and vice."

"Children," says Euripides, "are the life of men; the childless have little care, but their happiness is little worth."

A distinguished French writer calls "the home or family" the strength and wealth of a nation, instancing in support of this the predominance of the German and English races on the one hand, and the decadence of modern France and ancient Rome on the other. Probably there is much truth in this. No man can be a good citizen without training and education. These come in many ways. But the most important of these ways is a happy well ordered home in childhood.

Some think that great towns tend to the extinction of the home principle. I suppose that life in great towns is much the same in all ages. In ancient Rome, as Martial tells us, learned women were dreaded as wives; and Plautus tells us that the extravagant demands and habits of women were such that the taste for marriage was nearly lost.

In France "the family" was in a great degree destroyed by the law of compulsory division of property at a man's death. If a nation enacts laws, the carrying out of which is contrary to the natural working of things, otherwise to the laws of nature, or to what I prefer to call the laws of God, that nation must suffer for it. It may be said that what a whole nation does must accord with the laws of nature. But this is not so, for nations like individuals sometimes become insane. Surely, H. Spencer is right in saying that family life is an important part of education. Education means improvement and cultivation of character.

"To have loved Lady Elizabeth Hastings," said Steel, "was a liberal education."

"To read, write, and cipher," says the dried up scientist, "is a liberal education."

Science boasts greatly of its feats, but what we really want is education in its true sense, that is, the improve-

ment of human character, and therefore in human conduct. Accomplish this, and it will have reason to boast, for righteousness, which depends on character, is the one thing needful.

Jones is very nearly a perfect character, but rather too impulsive. Jackson, on the other hand, is a little too analytic. Now why cannot our men of science inoculate Jones with a little analytic lymph from Jackson's arm, and Jackson with a little impulsive lymph from Jones' arm? Then Jones and Jackson would both become perfect characters. I am aware that something of the kind has been reported from America, but at present we must receive it with caution. Whether it is that facts become vitiated by the long sea voyage, just as thorough bred horses have been known altogether to lose their high birth whilst crossing over from Ireland, and so ceasing to be thorough-bred have become qualified to run for half-bred stakes as soon as they got to England, or whether there is some other cause, that we do not yet understand, there can be no doubt that stories from America have at times been looked upon with some degree of suspicion as to their credibility. Still, all statements should be faithfully reported, and then the truth can be cleared up with time and investigation. The statement to which these remarks refer is the following one, which is said to have appeared in a New York newspaper.

The paragraph is headed "Transfusion of Blood," and states that a man named Simpson was nearly dead from consumption, when Dr. Hopkins, who attended him, decided to try the effect of transfusion of blood. For this purpose he procured a goat, and opening the patient's arm, he injected about two quarts of the animal's blood into the sufferer's system. Very soon Simpson began to

revive, but his revival was marked by unlooked for symptoms. In fact, immediately his strength returned, Simpson went down on all fours, lowered his head, and actually made a savage attempt to butt the doctor; indeed, it was not until Simpson's head had been plunged against his (the doctor's) stomach several times that he effected his retreat into an adjoining apartment. Mr. Simpson was following him with a view to renewing the attack, when, providentially, his attention was diverted to his mother-in-law, who happened at that moment to enter the room. One well-directed blow from Simpson's head floored the unfortunate lady, when he frolicked round her and made efforts to nibble the green flowers which formed the pattern of the carpet. Distressed by Simpson's condition, Dr. Hopkin's determined to undo the evil he had caused, and by heavily bribing his patient's Irish servant, he procured fresh blood from the faithful domestic, and Simpson was injected a second time. This second experiment was successful. Simpson is now quite well, but he talks with a brogue, and shocks his old friends by his strong democratic tendencies. He has only once butted since his last transfusion. This occurred one Sunday as he was going into church. Perhaps some one of the remaining corpuscules of the goat's blood got into his brain; but however this might be, he butted the sexton about half way up the aisle. The poor old man defended himself with his hymn book as well as he could, but it was not till some of the congregation had interfered that he was enabled to make good his retreat into a pew and close the door.

I repeat, that the above account at present wants authentication. But if it should turn out to be true, what an excellent thing it would be to get some of our philosophers injected so as to modify their inordinate

analyzings, which threaten to destroy half the words in the English language. Of some words they analyze the meaning away till nothing is left but a bit of dirt; of others, till nothing is left at all, whilst Mr. G. H. Lewes seems able to analyze any word into its opposite, as he has done in his last book, where he proves in the most charming manner that "cause" really means "effect." I have not a doubt that if he set to work he could prove that day means night, virtue vice, body soul, matter spirit, beauty ugliness, passion torpor, life death, black white.

Reading and writing should be taught, because in the present state of things in the world they make a man more useful to society, and help him to earn his livelihood. But this has nothing to do with education or improvement of character. Herbert Spencer and many others seem to think that learning to read and write has a tendency to lead to crime. And they quote Prussia, where there is most reading and writing taught, and most crime. But I should doubt about the tricks of reading and writing directly affecting crime one way or another. Still they may. More experience alone can show how this is.

Another theory is that learning to read and write produces deterioration of the intelligence. A man who trusts to his note-book ceases to trust to his memory, and the power of memory consequently suffers. A man who can cipher with his pen loses power to cipher with his head. No doubt there is much truth in this view. Still the gain in other ways may outweigh these losses.

Professor Fawcett affords an instance of memory from not trusting to note-books.

Dr. Moffat, the African Missionary, says that the illiterate Bechuana negroes will relate long series of

facts and observations with far more minute accuracy than Europeans, who read and write, can do.

Some people believe that Homer could neither read nor write.

Another point of view. In a country where all can read and write except the criminal classes, the mere fact of knowing these tricks may lead to a man who knows them associating with those who also know them, and, therefore, ceasing to associate with the criminal class. Then this man might be a respectable member of society, not because he can read and write, but because he associates with respectable people.

Supposing a country where only the criminal class learned to read and write (just as they alone now learn thimblerig) in such a country the fact of knowing these tricks might lead the man who knows them to associate with those who also know them, that is, with the criminal classes, and, therefore, ceasing to associate with the respectable classes. On this, however, we need not dwell, for at present the custom of what calls itself the civilized world is the other way.

Every question may be looked upon from a great many, say a thousand, different points of view, but these are a few of them about education. What things lead most to the happiness of mankind is the most difficult of all questions. Of course it is settled by the experience of ages that righteousness produces most happiness. But this brings us no nearer if we cannot find out what produces most righteousness. It may yet be proved that learning to read and write tends to righteousness. At any rate, the experiment is well worth trying.

Bishop Butler says, that "happiness" is manifestly the only important thing to mankind.

Schools for boys and girls are good things. They exercise a beneficial educational influence. They lead to boys being regular in their habits, and more or less industrious, besides keeping them out of mischief. But as I say these beneficial results would follow just the same if thimblerig, cup and ball, and balancing sticks on the chin were substituted for reading, writing, and cyphering. But the former would not be so useful in after life, and would be of little use to any one who might wish to educate himself in any way.

Thus it is that although reading and writing are by themselves mere tricks like thimblerig still they should perhaps be learned by all. Thimblerig need not be generally learned. The two former lead to men earning their livelihood in many ways ; the latter in only one. The two former without having themselves anything to do with education lead, in some cases to men educating themselves in some ways ; the latter cannot be turned to any such purpose.

We read in Mr. Jagor's account of the Philippine Islands, that reading, writing, and arithmetic are universal there. Yet somehow, notwithstanding this being the case, morals do not reach a very high standard. Mr. Jagor says that, "couples usually live unmarried to save the cost of the wedding ceremony ; and that the native girls esteem it an honour to bear children to Europeans, more especially when the father is the clergyman of the parish."

Mr. Spencer writes with exceeding scorn of the fanatical educationists (including all the utilitarians and third-class men of science), who believe that conduct is detetmined not by feeling and passions but by cognition—that "the spread of knowledge is the one thing needful for bettering behaviour." "This faith," he says,

"in lesson books and readings is one of the superstitions of the age." Verily the ignorance of human nature shown by this superstition does seem to me most marvellous. That any one can suppose that correct knowledge of facts in any department of life means virtuous conduct in that department—that knowledge about anatomy, for instance, acquired by patient and persevering habits of vivisection means kind and merciful treatment of animals is a very wonderful fact. Those of us who go to church offer up a prayer to God after each commandment, and say, "Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our *hearts* to keep this law. I suppose our third-class man of science when he goes there cannot utter such a foolish prayer as this; so, perhaps, he alters it, and says, "Lord, (if there be a Lord) have mercy upon us, and incline our *heads* to keep this law."

Everybody judging by himself wants people to be educated acording to his own habits and nature. The Linguist wants everybody to be taught languages—that is to learn the power, if not to talk in half a dozen languages, at any rate, to be silent in half a dozen languages. The Mathematician would have mathematics taught to all, the musician music; whilst Sir J. Lubbook, who has written such entertaining books on the prehistoric history of the world, wants all little children to be brought up on the material sciences—that is on knowledge of the dead side of nature. I must say myself that I think, for the generality of mankind who are without special aptitudes and talents for the material sciences, the spiritual or living side of nature, is the more profitable field for education, that is to say, the records of all the doings and sayings of living men and women, especially of noble and more or less divine men and women, and the writings of inspired poets, prophets and teachers; for as Mathew

Arnold truly says, conduct is six eights of human life, whereas science is only one eighth. For men with exceptional minds, exceptional studies may be best.

The highest business in education is of course the education of the highest parts of human nature. What that part is we all know—all, that is, except the criminal classes, and vicious people, together with some materiailsts, who are only conscious of the dead side of nature.

"A religionless man," says a celebrated teacher, "means a man who has never come into full flower. Some men never come into flower at all; and very clever men they often are in their way." Of course such men know nothing about the higher things in education.

Men of science would hardly believe the ignorance that reigns in what are called the educated classes about science. There is many a charming, clever, intelligent woman we meet every day who does not know whether the earth goes round the sun or the sun round the earth. Of course she ought to know about it. Still, what is she the worse for her ignorance about this fact in the dead side of nature? Her knowledge about her fellow creatures and the living side of nature is considerable, and her conduct in every respect irreproachable. She is true and just in all her dealings; she loves God with all her heart, and her neighbour as herself; she is passionately devoted to her children, and is happy, witty, and wise; she has much wisdom, though she has little knowlede about dead matter. What more could correct knowledge about the earth do. G. H. Lewes says that the object of knowledge is to regulate conduct. But what more could correct knowledge about the sun do to her conduct?

As in secular teachings so it is in religious matters. Each religious sect wants to have it all its own way, and compel everybody to learn its own doctrines to the exclusion of all the others, from the Roman Catholics, who would teach the cultivation of faith without the admixture of any reason, down through all the infinite varieties of Protestant and Dissenting communities till we come to the sect of Secularists, who would teach the cultivation of reasoning and analyzing without the admixture of any faith or religion. Every sect is a zealous propagandist of its own little facet of human nature, and a very happy arrangement this is, for every facet thus gets attention paid it. The human soul with its immense capacities, which undoubtedly become realized now and then, is practically and as a rule very limited and generally one facet is about enough for it.

Which is the best educated man, the intelligent lawyer or the intelligent farmer? Theodore Parker says the latter, because he really and practically knows a great number of real things in nature, whereas the lawyer only knows one art; that, namely, of demonstrating that Smith is a greater rogue by several shades than Brown, or that Brown is a greater rogue than Smith, for it is indifferent to him which. Now, this art is a very necessary one to society, but what is the lawyer the wiser when he has demonstrated his case, or at the end of his life which he has passed arguing innumerable such cases? Some even say that he is the foolisher, because he gets by habit to care not for truth, but only for success to his side. But I am not sufficiently acquainted with members of the profession to consider myself competent to give an opinion on this subject. No doubt of these two people the lawyer *seems* the better educated, because as talking is his profession, he

gets to talk much more plausibly than the farmer. Lord Brougham once went with some ladies over a brewery, and described to them the whole process of brewing in a very beautiful manner. The foreman who was with them, said, after they were gone, that he had been showing a party over the works, that one of them was a lawyer chap who explained everything, and that what he said was nothing but a parcel of lies from beginning to end.

"My son," says Euripedes, "turn away from law and state craft, and study the book of nature that God hath spread out before thee, and so thou wilt store up knowledge in thy brain and peace within thine heart." Still, some have not time to study the book of nature. They have their bread to earn by studying very different books.

Archishop Whately said that a really wise man can never be eloquent. Because eloquence requires a clear strong view of only one side of a question to the exclusion of all the others, and also because a speaker to be eloquent requires a firm belief that he thoroughly understands his subject to the bottom, a thing a wise man of course knows to be impossible whatever the subject may be. This without being true contains much truth. Hazlitt's list of qualities for a succesful orator are "force, self-confidence, want of refinement, shallowness of thought, absence of originality, being neither superior nor inferior to one's audience, passion, and clearness." But then Hazlitt was a metaphysican. And metaphysicans doubt too much to be eloquent.

A hint about "Free Education."

A man, the necessaries of whose life are provided by the state is a pauper. This is the meaning of the word

pauper. The fact of being a pauper is acknowledged to destroy all honest, healthy, active, independence of character. Now one of the necessaries of life is said to be teaching children to read, write, and cypher. If the state then teaches these tricks to the children of any man for nothing, the state just by so much turns that man into a pauper. Whether being a pauper is a good or a bad thing is another question.

The evils of illiterateness are much exaggerated by the literate.

People say for instance, that the agricultural labourer is too ignorant to have a vote. And no doubt he is ignorant. Even the marriage service, when he goes to be married is incomprehensible to him. He tries to repeat after the Clergyman what he has to say, but in many cases evidently without putting the slightest meaning to the words. A country Clergyman tells us very absurd stories. How one man who was being married, repeated after him with the greatest earnestness, "With my body I thee wash up, and with all my hurdle goods I thee and thou." Another man worked hard to get up the service beforehand, but he learnt the wrong one ; he got up the baptismal service. And when asked if "he would take this woman to be his wedded wife," he stoutly affirmed, "I renounce them all." The women seem to be a little better, but one of them professed solemnly that she would take her husband "to 'ave and to 'old, from this day fourtnit for better a horse, for richerer power, in siggerness, else to love cherries, and bay." Now I dare say all this is very true. Still I maintain that if an agricultural labourer is an honest, industrious, sober man, he is far more fit to have a vote than many a sharp educated, drunken, scoundrel, who lives in a town, and who therefore now has one.

Many a drunken blackguard has a vote merely because he lives in a town. This is supposed to be the right thing. But what (I want to know) has the equally drunken blackguard who lives in the country village done that he should not also have a vote? I do not know any particular good it would do. Still, if it is right and just in the one case it must be so in the other. We know almost nothing of consequences in this world beyond the fact that any wrong done or injustice committed must be sooner or later paid for by the community that does the wrong or commits the injustice. And the suffering must be exactly in proportion to the amount of the wrong or the amount of the injustice. Every cause must have its effect, and every action must have its consequences, although they can never be traced out accurately, generally not at all. Perhaps the wrong may be in allowing a drunken blackguard to have a vote at all wherever he lives, but if this is wrong we must suffer for it, that is all.

About a month after Dr. Kenealy was elected member for Stoke a working man there was asked if he had voted for him. "Yes," he replied somewhat dolefully, "I did, but I misdoubt somehow that I did right. Meat has gone up a half-penny a pound since we elected him." "Quam parvâ sapientiâ, &c., &c.

A hint about what is sometimes called higher education.

A much discussed question of the day is whether Greek should be taught at schools. But who is to decide? The man who is ignorant of Greek is not a judge, for he knows nothing about the matter. The Greek scholar is not a judge, for he is biassed in favour of his own favorite study. I suppose the common sense of the public will settle it sooner or later, one way or

the other. Up to the last one or two hundred years, when Europe was more ignorant, stupid, and barbarous, than ancient Greece, there can be no doubt that the study of Greek and of the Greeks was beneficial. Now that Europe is becoming, or, according to some, has become more wise and more civilized than ancient Greece, the gain from these studies becomes more and more doubtful.

I have made these observations about what is vulgarly called education in order to show that there may be something to say on the side of M. Comte when he talks of "a fortunate inability to read," although I myself think that the experiment in human society of teaching the trick pretty generally, ought to be tried. The consequences whatever they may be, will be learnt by experience and experiment.

B.

On reading over what I have written in this book, I find that on one or two occasions I have made quotations that I have obtained from newspapers.

Now of course I am aware that there is always much uncertainty about the truth of what is obtained from such sources, for it cannot be denied that statements found in newspapers are in many cases without foundation, and that they require, and indeed often get, contradiction.

An influential American newspaper not long ago announced the death of a fellow citizen, with circumstantial details about him. The very next day the editor received the following letter. "Sir, I notis a few errers in the obituary of myself which appeared in your paper of yesterday. I was born in Greenup, not Caldwell county, and my retirement from bisness was not

owin to ill helth but tew a little trouble I had in connection with a horse, and the cors of my death was not small pox. Please make corrections for which I enclose 50 cents."

But we need not go to America for instances. Only last year there appeared in "*The Telegraph*" a most harrowing account of an attack made in the Zoological Gardens, by an infuriated Rhinoceros upon two of the keepers, who were cleaning out its place. The account, which filled a column, showed how these two poor men were tossed, gored, and trampled upon by the enraged beast, and how after this had been going on for a quarter of an hour, they were at length carried out by main force, absolutely insensible, and in a state of frightful mutilation. Next day Frank Buckland sent to the newspapers the truth about the matter. He said that the two men had walked out quietly by themselves, after only receiving a few slight bruises, and that the Rhinoceros had spent most of his rage on an old watering pot that had been left in the place.

On the other hand, we must not forget that the information obtained from newspapers is often in the highest degree valuable and useful. Not long ago a French newspaper announced that a banker's house in the country had been robbed in the night, and went on to say, "But, unfortunately, the thieves, in their hurry, had failed to open the second drawer on the right hand side of the escritoire, in which was a large sum of money in bank notes." Two days later the editor received the following letter: "Mr. Editor, I cannot sufficiently thank you for the information given in your excellent paper. It was in every respect correct, as I found on going last night for the second time to the house of M. Z—. The notes were there, and are now in my possession. I do not sign my name. You will understand my scruples."

In making these remarks about newspapers, I merely wish to say that although I have made one or two quotations from them, of course, I cannot vouch for their accuracy. One of these quotations was from a report of a speech by Sir W. Harcourt, and another was from a report of a speech by Mr. Reed.

I have now finished this book, Appendices and all, for the present. No one can tell the effect of anything he may do. Even though the wisest wisdom be written, none can say that anybody will be the wiser for it; for as we have all learned from a celebrated parable good seed is no use without good ground to put it into. Still, if nothing else, I suspect the book may cause a laugh here or there, and that will be something, at any rate. I say this because I have myself laughed at one or two of the stories in it, and every one judges of others by himself. He who has been the occasion in the world of a genuine laugh has just by so much done good in it; for laughter (if it be the right laughter in the right place) is good. I infer this inductively, from observing the organized life that is around us. Lowest of all are evil-minded scoundrels. They are observed never to laugh. "A perception of the comic," says R. W. Emerson, "appears to be an essential element in a fine character. It is a pledge of sanity, a protection from gloomy insanities. A rogue alive to the ludicrous is still convertible." Higher up than the scoundrel come the lower forms of life, such as the mollusca and jelly fish. Jelly fish never laugh. Higher up than the jelly fish comes "the languid swell." He, too, never laughs. The exertion is too great. A

little higher we find the philosopher who analyzes and only analyzes. He also is never seen to laugh. Hazlitt says that the mere abstract thinker loses all capacity for emotion of any kind. Rising higher still we come to the lowest savages, such as the Andaman Indians. These again never laugh. I put the Andaman Indian above the languid swell and the merely abstract analyzer, because an Andaman can take a lively and even passionate interest and pleasure in the things around him, if it be only in his bow, in his canoe, in his arrows, in his cow's tail and other personal ornaments, and even perhaps in some cases in his squaw. The languid swell takes interest in nothing. Rising higher we at last arrive at laughter. The superior savages and negroes laugh almost as much as the developed Christian man, though the causes of their laughter are usually low and coarse. Finally, all developed and civilized peoples are observed to laugh much on occasion. In certain souls the laughter no doubt is very quiet laughter, and runs easily into weeping; but grief is only joy turned the other way up, and, at any rate, shows the capacity which circumstances and a pitying disposition may have so directed that the down side has become the uppermost one. Such souls, though incomplete, are often most lovely ones. The unhappiness they experience and meet with blinds their eyes to all that is happy, and good, and beautiful in the world. Their joy is turned into disappointed joy or sorrow, and they live their lives conscious only of the misery that is around them, striving unceasingly to alleviate it, but not sympathizing with nor attempting to add to the happiness. The misanthropic man of the

Schopenhauer type is also conscious only of the evil and misery, but the difference is that he makes no attempt to alleviate it, that instead of pity there is hatred, and that he lives apart from his fellow-creatures, reviling the world and all that is therein. Christ (so far as we can understand from our imperfect records) rejoiced with those that did rejoice, and mourned with those that mourned.

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